

Class ..... Book .....

Accession No. 7888

Pacific Theological Seminary

LIBRARY

GIFT OF

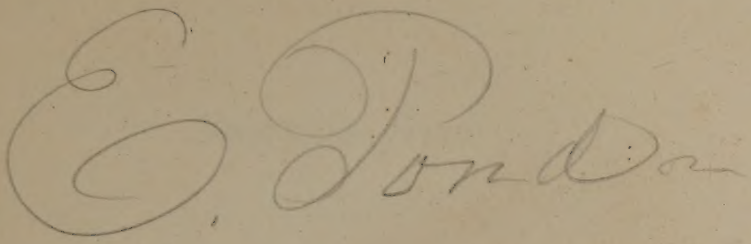
Rev W.C. Pond.

DUE TO THE NATURE OF THE BINDING
THIS BOOK CANNOT CIRCULATE

IT CAN BE PHOTOCOPIED

PLEASE PHOTOCOPY CAREFULLY.

THANK YOU



HOUSEHOLD READING:

Selections from

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

[By C. A. Richardson]

1849-1866.



Property of
CBPac
Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library

BOSTON:
GALEN JAMES & CO., 15 CORNHILL.
1867.

BX
9115
C6
1867

X
R393

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
GALEN JAMES & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,
CAMBRIDGE.

PREFACE.

AN attempt has been made, in this volume, to compile from the columns of the "Congregationalist" a book which, as its title indicates, shall be adapted to household reading; and it is believed that its contents will prove attractive and useful to all classes, young and old, and equally acceptable in all evangelical denominations.

The aim has been to include as large a number of writers as consistent with the plan of the work; and the principal difficulty has been to *select* from the great amount of material furnished by the files of the paper. In some instances only a part of the original article has been used; and, with very few exceptions, it has been impossible for the authors to read their proof. Therefore they should not be held accountable for any errors in newspaper printing which may have been copied into this volume. It has been necessary to omit many articles of great merit, by other writers, simply from the fact that the time or circumstances in which they were written, or the topics treated, rendered them inappropriate in a work of this character, it being necessary to regard the tastes and preferences of those for whom it is prepared. This explanation, it is hoped, will be satisfactory to those who might otherwise justly expect to find themselves represented.

A greater number of volumes and tracts have probably been compiled from the columns of the "Congregationalist" than from any other religious paper of its age, which dates back to 1849. The first work of the kind was Professor Thomas C. Upham's "Letters Æsthetic, Social, and Moral," a volume of 586 pages, which was published at Brunswick, Maine, in 1855. It was not stereotyped, and the edition was quickly exhausted. Rev. Dr. Joseph S. Clark's "Congregational Churches in Massachusetts" was issued in 1858. "Street Thoughts," by Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D. D., soon followed, a single chapter of the book having appeared in the "Congregationalist" each week of the preceding year. "Helps over Hard Places," one volume for boys and one for girls, consisting of the inimitable stories furnished by Lynde Palmer, were republished by the American Tract Society in 1862, and have had a very extensive sale. Articles by Gail Hamilton, who first became known to the public through the columns of the "Congregationalist," and was for several years one of its most valued contributors, have been republished in "Country Living and Country Thinking," and other volumes from her pen. Sophie May's "Little Prudy," an extremely popular book with children, was issued in 1864; and other articles from the "Congregationalist," by the same author, have been republished in the later volumes of the "Prudy Books."

"The Potomac and the Rapidan," a volume of over four hundred pages, compiled from the popular army letters of Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., was also issued in 1864. Numerous articles by Rev. John Todd, D. D., have been republished in a set of four books called "Mountain Gems," and in other

volumes from his able and ingenious pen. His Sermon on Future Punishment, published originally in the "Congregationalist," was adopted and printed by the American Tract Society, both in Boston and New York, and was also translated and circulated very extensively in Turkey. Several articles by Julia Gill, and her sister, Frances Lee, have been republished in books. Quite a number of productions from the pen of James William Kimball have found extensive circulation through the press of the American Tract Society; and many other articles from the "Congregationalist" have also been republished as tracts. "Charity Chapters" is the title of a little volume of stories for children, by Tracy Towne, republished by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. The poem at the close of this volume, entitled "No Sect in Heaven," has been very widely printed. Four years since, the London reprint alone had reached its twenty-sixth thousand.

A fair estimate of the character, scope, ability, and popularity of the "Congregationalist" may be formed from these pages and the names of contributors in the table of Contents; and the aim of its conductors in the future will be not to fall below the standards of the past.

C. A. R.

Boston, December 1, 1866.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

DATE.	TITLE.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
Feb. 23, 1866.	Pastor Harms	*Prof. E. A. Park*	1
Feb. 22, 1861.	The Journey's End	*Rev. J. S. C. Abbott*	21
May 21, 1866.	Draw, not drive	*Mrs. E. N. Horton*	23
Dec. 18, 1857.	The Crooked Disciple	*Mrs. J. D. Chaplin*	27
April 4, 1862.	Death by Edification	*Rev. Wooster Parker*	31
Jan. 19, 1866.	The Old Folks at Home	*Rev. John Todd, D.D.*	42
Sept. 28, 1860.	The One Thing Needful	*Gail Hamilton*	47
March 11, 1864.	Dr. Emmons	*Rev. Alexis W. Ide*	50
Feb. 24, 1865.	Geology and Genesis	*W. D. Gunning*	51
Feb. 9, 1866.	The Old Wagon-Wheels	*Rev. George Trask*	57
Nov. 3, 1865.	A Reminiscence of Dr. Wayland	*Rev. Elias Nason*	66
June 23, 1865.	Preparation for Public Prayer	*Rev. Pliny H. White*	68
May 18, 1866.	Fear, the Basis of all Law		72
Jan. 4, 1861.	Paper Flowers	*Rev. I. P. Langworthy*	78
Feb. 24, 1865.	Something about Tunnelling	*A. D. Richardson*	81
Feb. 24, 1865.	Singing in Church	*Rev. J. K. Nutting*	84
Nov. 17, 1865.	Building around Home	*Rev. Lewis Sabin, D.D.*	87
Feb. 16, 1866.	Shall I quit the Ministry?		92
Oct. 4, 1861.	A Soldier's Funeral	*Rev. A. H. Quint, D.D.*	95
Nov. 27, 1863.	Obtaining Help in the Country	*Mrs. S. A. F. Herbert*	99
March 30, 1866.	Zionward	*Rev. Sam'l Wolcott, D.D.*	101
Feb. 7, 1865.	The Pastor's Reward	*Rev. P. C. Headley*	107
June 26, 1861.	Paying a Physician in Germany		110
Oct. 3, 1862.	Virginia Dare	*Frances Lee*	112
Nov. 30 and Dec. 7, 1849.	Servetus and Calvin	*Rev. Joseph Haven, D.D.*	117
Jan. 13, 1865.	The Bridle on the Wrong Horse	*Rev. Abraham Burnham*	128
Oct. 7, 1859.	Why I cannot be a Universalist	*Rev. Zachary Eddy, D.D.*	132
May 5, 1865.	Reminiscences of Cobden	*Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.*	141
Feb. 14, 1864.	Cards	*Mrs. P. H. Phelps*	144
Oct. 5, 1866.	That Sum in Addition	*Rev. H. B. Hooker, D.D.*	147
March 30, 1866.	Sojourner Truth	*Rev. H. L. Hammond*	149
March 30, 1866.	Preventives of Intemperance	*Prof. J. M. Hoppin*	152
June 1, 1866.	Willing	*C. A. Richardson*	160
Oct. 12, 1849.	Thomas Scott, the Commentator	*Rev. I. N. Tarbox*	167
March 6, 1863.	A Rational Conversion	*Rev. W. H. Willcox*	175

Sept. 15, 1865.	The Name of God	*Rev. Selah Merrill*	178
Oct. 5, 1866.	Stephen Arnold Douglas	*Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.*	179
May 17, 1861.	Our National Flag	*Rev. H. M. Dexter, D.D.*	183
April 14, 1865.	General Lee's Surrender	*Samuel Burnham*	190
April 21, 1865.	Assassination of the President	*Samuel Burnham*	193
April 21, 1865.	Abraham Lincoln	*Rev. H. M. Dexter, D.D.*	194
April 21, 1865.	President Lincoln's Funeral	*Samuel Burnham*	197
April 28, 1865.	The Assassination	*Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D.*	199
May 11, 1866.	President Lincoln	*Prof. W. S. Tyler*	202
March 30, 1866.	A Talk with President Lincoln	*Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.*	208
Oct. 30, 1857.	Vain Thoughts	*Rev. P. B. Day, D.D.*	216
Dec. 10, 1858.	Speak about Christ!	*Rev. J. A. Copp, D.D.*	218
May 22, 1857.	Brother Croaker	*Rev. G. B. Willcox*	227
April 27, 1866.	No Fear for the Christian	*Mrs. S. G. Ashton*	230
April 26, 1850.	Regeneration	*Rev. Edw. Beecher, D.D.*	232
Dec. 15, 1853.	The Flower in the Desert	*Prof. Thomas C. Upham*	233
1862.	A Virginia Schoolma'am	*Rev. A. H. Quint, D.D.*	234
July 28, 1865.	Ministerial Irreverence	*Rev. A. H. Plumb*	237
March 30, 1866.	An Antiquarian Dinner	*Rev. W. L. Gage*	240
Feb. 20, 1857.	How are You?	*Rev. H. D. Walker*	246
Oct. 19, 1866.	I can't love Him	*J. W. Kimball*	248
May 8, 1863.	The Power of Little Things	*Rev. William Warren*	254
Sept. 21, 1860.	How long shall I live?	*Rev. J. S. Sewall*	255
Sept. 25, 1863.	Advice to young Preachers	*Rev. Enoch Pond, D.D.*	259
Dec. 11, 1863.	Anecdotes of Clergymen	*Mrs. F. D. Holmes*	266
May 10, 1861.	The jesting Deacon	*Rev. J. S. Clark, D.D.*	267
April 27, 1860.	I can't repent	*Rev. L. H. Cobb*	270
April 29, 1857.	Thomas Guthrie	*Rev. J. O. Means*	271
Aug. 25, 1865.	Death in the Ball-Room	*Rev. Leander Thompson*	275
July 20, 1866.	Preparation Necessary	*Rev. A. W. Burnham, D.D.*	277
Jan. 8, 1864.	Jesus weeping	*Rev. H. M. Dexter, D.D.*	280
Dec. 3, 1858.	Giving as we spend	*Rev. W. M. Thayer*	281
June 1, 1858.	Theological Controversy	*Rev. W. A. Stearns, D.D.*	283
Jan. 5, 1866.	A Freedman's Wedding	*Rev. Horace James*	285
April 11, 1862.	Parental Influence	*Rev. M. S. Howard*	287
Oct. 19, 1866.	The English Government	*Rev. C. Cushing*	289
March 3, 1863.	Usefulness of Faultfinders	*Rev. William Phipps*	294
May 25, 1866.	Honor for Thieves	*Samuel Burnham*	295
March 2, 1860.	"We esteemed Him not"	*Rev. E. W. Gilman*	298
Dec. 17, 1858.	Two Dying Boys	*Rev. George B. Jewett*	299
Feb. 8, 1856.	Pendants and Pillars	*Rev. D. Butler*	303
Jan. 12, 1866.	Luke Short	*Rev. J. A. Vinton*	305
April 20, 1866.	Andersonville Prison	*Rev. Hiram Eddy*	307
Sept. 4, 1863.	Gone! — so suddenly	*Rev. Lyman Whiting*	310
Oct. 19, 1866.	God's Anger	*Rev. C. E. Bliss*	312
Aug. 17, 1866.	The Pleasures of Travel	*Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D.*	314
Oct. 23, 1863.	God is Love	*Rev. W. T. Briggs*	315
June 26, 1863.	Extemporaneous Preaching	*Worthington Hooker, M.D.*	321
Dec. 28, 1855.	Length of Life	*Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D.*	324

June 27, 1862.	N. H. Female Cent Institution	*Rev. William Clark*	327
Jan. 30, 1863.	N. E. Homes in Koordistan	*Rev. Justin Perkins, D.D.*	330
April 2, 1858.	The First Death-Bed	*Rev. Mortimer Blake*	332
Jan. 6, 1860.	Testimony of the Stars	*C. C. Coffin*	334
March 2, 1862.	Grace abounding	*Rev. T. E. Bliss*	341
May 25, 1866.	The Bible in the Pulpit	*Rev. James G. Vose*	344
May 31, 1861.	Gone	*Gail Hamilton*	346
Feb. 17, 1865.	Opinions of a Negro	*Rev. E. P. Smith*	351
March 2, 1860.	System in Benevolence	*Rev. D. T. Fiske, D.D.*	355
Feb. 8, 1861.	Monica and her Son	*Rev. J. Jay Dana*	356
Oct. 12, 1866.	Forms and Ceremonies	*Rev. Jonas King, D.D.*	362
Feb. 6, 1857.	Do your Best	*Rev. A. C. Adams*	364
Dec. 25, 1853.	Not a New Idea in it	*Rev. H. M. Dexter, D.D.*	366
July 27, 1860.	High Street, Edinburgh	*Rev. W. L. Gage*	371
Dec. 21, 1860.	A Laughing-Stock	*Rev. I. P. Langworthy*	375
May 1, 1857.	Fickle Piety	*Rev. J. W. Wellman*	377
March 18, 1864.	The Prayer-Meeting	*Rev. J. E. B. Jewett*	386
April 15, 1864.	A Word in Season	*Mrs. C. L. Blake*	387
Dec. 19, 1862.	Dead	*Mrs. J. N. Stevens*	389
Oct. 4, 1861.	Prayer in a Perilous Position	*Rev. M. K. Cross*	393
Oct. 8, 1858.	Iago	*Prof. J. M. Hoppin*	394
Dec. 8, 1865.	The First Glass	*Rev. George Trask*	399
Aug. 5, 1864.	Deacon Rising's Dancing-School	*Rev. John Todd, D.D.*	399
Oct. 16, 1863.	Endless Roads	*Rev. J. S. Sewall*	409
Nov. 1, 1861.	Brother Grimwood	*Lynde Palmer*	410
Jan. 31, 1851.	Hypocrisy	*Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D.*	414
April 12, 1861.	Eleonora, a Poor Sinner	*Rev. J. S. C. Abbott*	417
Sept. 14, 1866.	Science and the Bible	*Rev. I. N. Tarbox*	420
April 25, 1862.	The Night of Despair	*Rev. P. C. Headley*	422
Dec. 29, 1865.	Professing Christ	*Mrs. E. N. Horton*	423
July 21, 1864.	Crazy Catherine	*Julia Gill*	425
July 16, 1858.	Blackburn and the Lawyer	*Rev. J. T. Tucker*	433
Nov. 20, 1857.	Man not made for Perdition	*Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D.*	435
March 17, 1865.	The Angry Inquirer	*Rev. Leander Thompson*	439
May 8, 1857.	Morning Musings	*Rev. D. P. Noyes*	441
April 24, 1857.	Heat within aids Heat without	*Rev. E. W. Gilman*	444
Sept. 11, 1857.	Pay that thou owest	*C. A. Richardson*	446
Sept. 5, 1866.	Scene on Mount Washington	*Rev. Jonathan Edwards*	448
June 1, 1855.	Peace in Trial	*Rev. W. C. Jackson*	454
Jan. 28, 1859.	The Minister's Monday	*Rev. George T. Dole*	457
March 24, 1861.	Progress by Convulsion	*Rev. S. McCall*	459
Aug. 24, 1866.	Origin of Musical Syllables	*Rev. J. A. Vinton*	461
July 27, 1866.	Eminent English Preachers	*Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.*	464
April 13, 1866.	Soldiers' Monuments	*Hon. Amasa Walker*	470
Dec. 2, 1859.	Home Debts	*Rev. J. M. Chamberlain*	474
Dec. 16, 1859.	Laban Wheaton's Question	*Rev. George Allen*	476
July 24, 1863.	The Darkened Cage	*Rev. P. C. Headley*	479
Aug. 28, 1863.	Christ as a Preacher	*Rev. C. W. Torrey*	479
March 30, 1855.	Maranatha	*Rev. Timothy A. Taylor*	485

June	10, 1859.	The Silence of Scripture . . .	*Rev. Jonathan Brace*	488
May	18, 1866.	Our Senior Deacon		491
Sept.	4, 1857.	Christian Doctrines		497

JUVENILE.

Feb.	15, 1861.	Wings, some Day	*N. L. E.*	25
Oct.	28, 1864.	Kitty's Rebellion	*Jenny Bradford* . . .	37
April	13, 1860.	The Young Conqueror	*Lynde Palmer*	47
Dec.	9, 1864.	Take my Hand, Papa	*S. E. Bridgman* . . .	78
Jan.	18, 1858.	Reproved by a Child	*Mrs. J. N. Stevens* . .	91
Sept.	19, 1856.	The Broken Wagon	*Mrs. M. J. Richardson* .	104
May	26, 1865.	Fred's Goliath	*S. C. Dunning*	129
Feb.	15, 1861.	Dreamed it	*Rev. A. M. Richardson* .	138
Sept.	12, 1856.	What are you thinking about? .	*Lucy Larcom*	161
July	7, 1865.	The Bewitched Gun	*Frances Lee*	163
Aug.	19, 1864.	Eleanor's Story	*Tracy Towne*	213
July	13, 1866.	Not lost, but gone before . . .	*Genesee*	222
Aug.	30, 1861.	Prudy's Knitting-Work	*Sophie May*	251
March	31, 1865.	Miss Daffodil	*Miss E. Stuart Phelps* .	317
Dec.	21, 1860.	A Reform-School Scene . . .	*Rev. T. D. P. Stone* . .	323
July	11, 1862.	Little Willie	*Ellen S. Eastman* . .	338
Sept.	13, 1861.	The Little Teacher	*Sophie May*	380
Jan.	16, 1857.	Coasting	*Mrs. M. J. Richardson* .	405
Jan.	2, 1863.	Herbert's New Year	*Miss C. M. Packard* .	428
Aug.	1, 1856.	Charley Grey's Dream	*Mrs. C. H. Haskell* . .	450
Nov.	20, 1863.	Good at a Bargain	*Mrs. P. H. Phelps* . .	482

POETRY.

Nov.	2, 1860.	Let me go	*Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D.*	20
Feb.	5, 1864.	Anglo-Saxon Whittling Song .	*Rev. I. N. Tarbox* . .	34
May	4, 1866.	Waiting	*Julia Gill*	46
Feb.	16, 1866.	A Child's Evening Hymn . . .	*Miss C. M. Packard* .	59
April	27, 1866.	The Village Clock		70
Feb.	5, 1858.	My Angel-Dress	*Lucy Larcom*	86
Jan.	1, 1866.	Textual Song	*E. W. B. Canning* . .	98
Oct.	5, 1866.	Up there, Mother		108
Oct.	7, 1859.	Six Little Feet on the Fender .		127
July	29, 1864.	The Sweetest Word	*Mrs. S. A. F. Herbert* .	139
May	31, 1861.	Ministry of the Departed . . .	*Mrs. S. J. H. Tenney* .	158
Oct.	5, 1866.	Unfinished Life	*Mrs. M. S. Corning* . .	173
Oct.	11, 1861.	The Isle of the Long Ago . . .	*B. F. Taylor*	189
May	18, 1866.	Hearken, Little One	*N. F. Carter*	212
Sept.	4, 1863.	Losing and Living	*Rev. H. W. Parker* . .	220
		Deeds of Kindness		245
Aug.	6, 1858.	Invitation to the Sabbath School	*Rev. Owen Street* . . .	258
Feb.	7, 1862.	Cast down, but not destroyed .	*Rev. Edwin Johnson* . .	278

March 3, 1866.	Fellowship	*Marie Mason*	288
Jan. 26, 1863.	The Bitter Cup	*Rev. W. C. Richards*	302
Dec. 15, 1865.	Our Baby	*L. A. H. B.*	313
March 20, 1863.	A Winter Sunrise	*M. G. Benjamin*	329
Oct. 26, 1860.	The Mourner's Prayer	*Miss S. P. Newman*	343
Feb. 4, 1859.	Monica and Augustine	*Lucy Larcom*	359
July 4, 1856.	In Affliction	*Rev. E. P. Dyer*	370
July 6, 1866.	A little Child shall lead them	*Mrs. C. E. Reed*	392
April 1, 1864.	Come up Hither	*Mrs. A. B. C. Keene*	404
Jan. 29, 1864.	The Wee-Bit Bairn	*Rev. J. E. Rankin*	419
Nov. 9, 1866.	Cradle Song	*Samuel Burnham*	434
March 9, 1866.	To my Grandmother		453
July 27, 1866.	When thou hast shut thy Door	*Mary E. Atkinson*	469
Sept. 23, 1859.	Departed Friends	*Joseph S. Ropes*	481
Nov. 20, 1863.	Lily Bell	*Miss L. T. Larkin*	490
Sept. 7, 1860.	No Sect in Heaven	*Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland*	493

HOUSEHOLD READING.

PASTOR HARMS.

HUNDREDS and thousands of Christians, in all parts of the world, will hear with peculiar grief that Louis Harms, the pastor of Herrmannsburg, in the kingdom of Hanover, is no longer among the living. He was about fifty-seven years of age at the time of his decease, but he seems to have performed the work of a century. He was born in Herrmannsburg about the year 1809, and he supposed himself to have been descended from the great Herrmann [Harms] who gave the name to the town. The influence of Pastor Harms over his parish is the more remarkable as he was a native of it, and had honor among those who knew him in his childhood. He was born in the parsonage itself. His father was the former pastor of the church, and was remarkable for his severe discipline of his children. They were trained to all the manly sports; and Louis, when quite a boy, was noted as a wrestler and boxer, and as expert in all the athletic exercises. Many incidents are narrated of his early feats, his daring, his inflexible spirit.

One of these incidents, illustrating the rigid discipline of the parsonage, is the following. When Louis and his brother were small boys, they agreed to leap down the long flight of stairs in their father's house. Louis performed his part of the agreement, but the feat was too perilous for the brother; he was seized with a sudden fear, and refused to keep his promise. Louis pushed him down the stairs, and the brother

made a loud outcry, his face being covered with blood, and his whole body bruised and pained. The father, with his wonted dignity, came from the study; bade the wounded boy give *his* version of the quarrel; then turned to Louis with the question, "What sayest *thou?*" Louis answered, "My brother promised to jump down stairs, but he broke his promise, and I pushed him down." The father asked the bruised child, "Is this so?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the pastor, "Louis hath the right"; and retired to his study.

Throughout his subsequent life, Pastor Harms exhibited a firm, self-reliant, unyielding will, and an intense love of activity, all of which were foreshadowed in many an incident of his boyhood. He did not shrink from what he considered justice, and was willing to endure any amount of suffering in a good cause.

The great Lüneburger Heath, of which Herrmannsburg is one of the villages, contains about a hundred square miles, and is inhabited by a simple-hearted peasantry, who obtain their support by cultivating the soil, by keeping sheep, and especially by keeping bees. A great value is attached to the Lüneburger honey. The inhabitants of this extensive Heath are ardently attached to it; and they loved their pastor the more, as he cherished for it an affection so intense and peculiar. He had made extensive and learned researches into its early history; he loved to point out the exact localities where the battles were fought, centuries ago, by the Pagan tribes; where human victims, according to tradition, were immolated long before the Christian missionary came to the Heath; where the first Christian sermon was preached; where the first Pagan ruler of the Heath was baptized; where Tilly breakfasted with his army as they marched through Herrmannsburg; where various thrilling scenes were enacted during and before the Thirty Years' War. Perhaps he was more learned than any other man in the history of this entire region. He was also a great student of Livy, Tacitus, and other ancient historians.

Before he came to the pastorate of Herrmannsburg there was not much religious activity in the church. Either rationalism or a dead orthodoxy prevailed through the land. He had not labored long, however, before the whole community caught the sympathy of his own spirit. The schools came under his influence, and he seemed to have as much control over them as an American pastor has over his Sunday school. On two days in the week the scholars were called to give an account of his sermons. The people became regular attendants at church, devout observers of the Sabbath, and strict in maintaining family prayer. Notwithstanding all that is said about the Puritan usages of New England, there is not perhaps a single New England community which exhibits so many external signs of religious zeal as are shown in this German parish. Many of the peasants have committed to memory a large part of the hymn-book, and large portions of the Bible; some of them the entire Epistle to the Romans. On a Monday morning I met a carpenter going to his day-labor. "How do you do?" I asked. "I cannot *but* be well," he replied, "having so many religious privileges as I enjoy here. I removed to Herrmannsburg from a distant town, for the sake of hearing Pastor Harms, and I am rewarded every Sabbath for my removal." A stranger is apt to regard the villagers as living almost altogether for the church and for missions. "Are there not some unbelievers in the parish?" I asked my landlord. "There is one, and only one," was the landlord's reply.

The parish is about ten miles square, contains seven villages, and about forty-five hundred inhabitants. From these villages men, women, and children come flocking to their sanctuary, which is regarded by them with a reverence like that of the ancient Jews for their temple in Jerusalem. Pastor Harms will not allow this venerable edifice to be torn down or remodelled. He has spent money enough in repairing it to have erected a new edifice; but as it was built in A. D. 975, and as his ancestors, and the ancestors of some of his

people, have worshipped in it for nearly nine hundred years, he regards the very structure as a means of grace. Into this church come about a thousand worshippers at each of the two exercises on the Sabbath; and about four hundred every Wednesday; for Wednesday is a lecture day, and nearly the whole of it consecrated to religious services. The people are comfortably clad; none are allowed to suffer through indigence; and no beggar is tolerated in the parish. Pastor Harms had a singular enmity to beggars of every kind.

He was also very severe upon all the fashionable pleasures of the world. "Alas!" I heard him say in the pulpit, "how many in this kingdom *act* themselves into hell from the theatre; *sing* themselves into hell from the opera; *drink* themselves into hell from the tavern; *play* themselves into hell from the card-table; *dance* themselves into hell from the ball-room; *laugh* themselves into hell from the evening carousal." In the same sermon he said: "I love to dwell in the country, because it is comparatively so pure from vice. I am never at ease when I am in the city. My happiest moment in the city is when I turn my back upon it, and start for my dear, still home. It was so with my Redeemer. When he must needs go to the city, he went, for thus it became him to fulfil all righteousness; but he could not spend his *evenings* there; he left it when the sun set, and went to the silent and sweet cottage of Bethany, which reminds me of my own Herrmannsburg." An oft-repeated saying of Harms is, "I am a Lüneburger, body and soul; and there is not a country in the world that I would put before the Lüneburger Heath; and next to being a Lüneburger, I am a Herrmannsburger, and I hold that Herrmannsburg is the best and prettiest village on the Heath." It is by such sayings, and by acts proving them to be sincere, that he bound his villagers to him in a degree seldom surpassed.

He especially loved to perpetuate in his parish the old religious customs. Over many a door of his village is printed some verse of the Bible, or some stanza of a hymn. The

front door of a house near the parsonage is surmounted with these words: "O God! bless our outgoing; in like manner our incoming; bless our daily bread, bless what we do, and our abstaining from what we do not; bless us with a happy death, and make us heirs of Heaven. Amen." At sunrise, sunset, and midday the church-bell is tolled for two or three minutes, and at the first stroke of the bell men, women, and children stop their work, wherever they are, — in the house or the field or the street, — and offer a silent prayer. Usually they repeat three times the words of the Litany: "O Lamb of God! who takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us." Once I saw a company of seventeen men on their way to a wedding at the church, when suddenly they stopped, took off their hats, and seemed to be devout in prayer until the bell ceased tolling. Often during the evening, as men walked the streets, they sang the old church hymns. Nearly every villager could sing, and the religious tunes seemed to be the only favorites. Therefore, the singing of his congregation in the sanctuary was enthusiastic as well as general.

Pastor Harms was a monarchist, yet often preached against the measures of the Hanoverian government, and more than once prepared his people to resist them. The King, however, revered him, and even sought his company. On one occasion when Harms was in the city of Hanover, his Majesty despatched one of the high officers of the government to the pastor, and requested him to accompany the officer in the state-carriage to the palace. "Give my regards to the King," said Harms, "and tell him that I would obey his order if my duty allowed; *but I must go home and attend to my parish.*" The officer was astonished, and anticipated the indignation of his Majesty; but the King, receiving the reply, remarked, "Pastor Harms is the man for me."

It is natural to suppose that parishioners so ardently beloved, and so tenderly cared for, would cherish an unbounded confidence in their pastor. They looked up to him as their

father. In this respect, his parish was a fair representative of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Germany and in Scotland.

Almost every day from ten o'clock until twelve in the morning, and from four until six in the afternoon, he held a reception for his parishioners, and they would go, one by one, into his study, and unfold their troubles about the hiring or buying of a tract of land, or about the remedy for some disease, but more especially about their spiritual affairs, their sins and temptations. A stranger was sometimes obliged to wait several days, before he could gain admittance to this thronged study. The anteroom, at these reception hours, reminded me of the waiting-room of some eminent city physician at his set time of consultation with his invalid visitors. But the character of Pastor Harms as a philanthropist is best known to the churches by his missionary enterprise.

The peasants of Herrmannsburg knew little or nothing of Foreign Missions until he became their minister. About the year 1846 he began his pastoral life among them; and as early as 1849 he formed the plan of establishing in his parish a seminary for the training of ministers for Pagan lands. He designed to educate young peasants who had already learned some trade, and who could therefore introduce the arts of Christian life, as well as the ordinances of the Christian Church, into heathen countries. He desired to train pastors who had been farmers, shepherds, carpenters, tailors, blacksmiths, shoemakers, bakers; and who would thus sustain themselves in some degree, while they instructed the heathen in things temporal and spiritual. But how could he found such a seminary? He was the son of a poor country minister, and of course had no money. His parishioners were indigent and had no rich relatives. He despised beggars, and would not solicit funds from *men*. He wrote, with regard to one of his difficulties, and has often made a similar statement with regard to many other of his enterprises: "No

one encouraged me, but the reverse; and even the truest friends and brethren hinted that I was not quite in my senses. When Duke George of Saxony lay on his death-bed, and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul, whether to the Lord Christ and his dear merits, or to the Pope and his good works, there spoke a trusty courtier to him, 'Your Grace, STRAIGHT FORWARD MAKES THE BEST RUNNER!' That word had lain fast in my soul. I had knocked at men's doors and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good and for the glory of God. What was to be done? '*Straight forward makes the best runner!*' I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in His hand, and, as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, with a voice that almost startled me in my quiet room, 'FORWARD NOW, IN GOD'S NAME!' From that moment there never came a thought of doubt in my mind."* He prayed to God. Funds began to pour in upon him. He erected a large edifice. He had more applicants for admission to the seminary than he could accommodate. He prayed again. He received funds from distant parts of Germany, from Russia, from Great Britain, from America. He erected another edifice. There are now two large buildings, capable of accommodating forty-eight students and two teachers with their families. The rooms are now filled with pupils. A large farm is also given to the seminary, on which the students labor at stated times for the "common's table." One young man in the village gave his own house and lands, valued at about five thousand dollars, to the mission school, and also gave himself as a foreign missionary. He entered the seminary as a pupil, and became a faithful preacher. A third instructor or professor, a nobleman, removed his family to Herrmannsburg, and now *gives* his services to the school; yet Pastor Harms has never solicited a farthing from *men*. He calls his mission school "*swimming iron*"; for he regards it as sustained by a constant supernatural care.

* Praying and Working, p. 336.

He narrates hundreds of remarkable interpositions in his behalf. Once he prayed to God for a medicine-chest which his missionaries needed; and he soon received a letter enclosing money for a medicine-chest. He writes: "A short time ago, I had to pay a merchant five hundred and fifty crowns; and, when the day of payment was near, I had only four hundred. Then I prayed to the Lord Jesus that he would provide me with the deficiency. On the day before the time of payment three letters were brought, one from Schwerin with twenty, one from Bücksburg with twenty-five, and one from Berlin with a hundred crowns. On the evening of the same day a laborer brought me ten crowns, so that I had not only enough, but five over." *

In 1853 eight candidates had gone through their four years' course of study at the mission school. They were to be sent to the eastern coast of Africa. But how were they to be sent? "We must build a ship," said Pastor Harms, "not only to take out this band, but also to take out successive companies of Christian teachers and colonists, and to convey to them from time to time such provisions and mechanical tools as they may need for their health and for their handicrafts in Africa." Build a ship? The Herrmannsburgers had never seen the Atlantic Ocean; they lived at a distance from any port of even the German Sea; they had no money to build a ship; the majority of them had never seen a ship. But "*Straight forward is the best runner.*" Pastor Harms prayed to God. From various directions funds came pouring in; the ship was built; it was stored with provisions by the farmers of Herrmannsburg; and there has seldom been a more joyous gala-day than the 18th of October, 1853, when the Candace set sail from Hamburg. Fruits and flowers, grain and meats, hoes, ploughs, and harrows, the long brass trumpets and other instruments of music, were put on board; a Christmas-tree also, as the missionaries were

* Praying and Working, p. 365. This volume, by the way, is not always accurate.

expecting to keep that festival on the ocean. The report was spread at one time that the Candace was sunk and lost. "What shall we now do?" was the question put to the pastor; and his reply was, "Humble ourselves, confess our sins, pray for forgiveness, and *build a new ship*." But the report was not true. The ship made a good voyage, and is still on the ocean, is still beloved as if it were a living herald, having transported more than fifty missionaries and more than a hundred colonists. They have now eight or nine mission stations in Africa; more than forty thousand acres of land appropriated to the missionary service; more than a hundred baptized converts. Preachers have also gone from the school at Herrmannsburg to Australia, to the East Indies, and to the Western States of our own country. The journals of these missionaries are sometimes like a romance.

In 1854 Pastor Harms felt the need of diffusing missionary intelligence more extensively among his countrymen. He therefore formed the plan of establishing a missionary journal. But how shall we publish one, so far from any large town? "Let us have a printing-press on the Heath," was his reply. Accordingly a printing-office was opened at Herrmannsburg; the Missionary Journal was commenced, and in less than eight years it attained a circulation of fourteen thousand,—a larger circulation than any periodical, except two, in all Germany. It is still continued, and abounds with spirit-stirring essays from Pastor Harms, and racy letters from his missionaries. The children of many a Christian family in Prussia, in Würtemburg, in Hesse Cassel, welcome this monthly journal as the most entertaining of their books for the Sabbath. It awakens a lively interest in behalf of the school at Herrmannsburg. At the annual missionary festival in June, which continues two days in this quiet village, six thousand persons come together, some from the most distant parts of Germany, and engage in religious festivities, charming and certain parts of them appearing almost romantic. Every missionary student becomes a musician, and learns to play

the long brass trumpet of Germany; and as the procession of these students marches through the village, playing an old psalm-tune on these powerful instruments, the effect is thrilling upon the strangers who have come to the missionary festival.

Besides editing his mission journal, and devoting so much care to the mission school, Pastor Harms has published several volumes of sermons, and a large number of miscellaneous, and some political pamphlets. How, then, does he provide for his pulpit? The most remarkable feature of his life is manifested on the Sabbath. I spent three Sabbaths with him in the autumn of 1863. I supposed, for a time, that his parish was then in a state of special religious excitement. I asked, "How long has this excitement continued?" "About seventeen years," was the reply; "ever since Pastor Harms has been among us." I was assured that the exercises on these three Sabbaths were fair specimens of his ordinary services in the sanctuary, but that they were far less imposing than his services at the great festivals of the Church, Good Friday, Easter, Christmas, and at the Missionary Jubilee in June. The character, then, of Pastor Harms may be best delineated by describing his usual method of conducting his Sabbath worship. A single day is a specimen of the year.

I went into the old church at half after nine in the morning. The service did not begin until half after ten; but the throng of worshippers was so great that it was necessary for strangers to go an hour beforehand, in order to obtain an eligible seat. The house was filled long before the ringing of the church-bell. At the first stroke of the bell, the audience rose and offered a silent prayer. When the pastor entered, the audience rose again, with as much apparent awe as if John the Baptist were risen from the dead, and had come into this church of the wilderness. His first appearance was that of a man worn down with care and thought. His chest was narrow, his form bent, his face pale, and an indescribable solemnity marked his countenance. He stood leaning against

the altar, for he seemed too weak to keep himself erect without support. He commenced the service by chanting a prayer in a low, tremulous tone; and yet the thousand worshippers who thronged the pews, galleries, aisles, and stairs preserved such a stillness that he could be heard in every nook and corner of the house. After the singing of a hymn by the congregation, he commenced the exposition of a Psalm. He recited every verse *memoriter*, and explained it with singular felicity. Having spent a half-hour in his exposition, he took his Bible and *read* the entire Psalm with such emphasis as to recall his previous comments. The ordinance of baptism was then administered to several infants, all born since the preceding Sabbath; and the sponsors were addressed with peculiar fervor. The congregation sang another hymn; and then the pastor ascended the pulpit, and read his text, the audience rising as he read it; after giving a rich exposition of the text, he announced the subject of his discourse; then offered an earnest prayer; stated the several divisions of his sermon; illustrated and enforced each of these topics with singular clearness; his voice often rising to the highest notes, even to a shriek, and sometimes breaking so as to become painful by its shrillness.

In one of his discourses he said: "A few days ago, a man came to me, asking, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I told him, 'Believe.' He replied, 'What shall I believe?' 'Do you not know?' I answered. 'Is it enough for me,' he asked, 'to believe all that the Bible says?' 'No,' I answered. 'Is it enough that I believe all that the Bible *and* the catechism teach?' 'No,' I answered; 'you must believe more.' 'What more?' he asked again. I told him, 'You must not only say, as the Bible and catechism tell you, I believe that an atonement has been made, but you must say, I believe that the atonement has been made for ME.'" As the Pastor added this last word, *me*, his voice would have pierced the ear of every hearer in the largest cathedral. His sharp emphasis and his penetrating tones kept his auditors awake,

in despite of the deadening atmosphere of his ill-ventilated church.

He studied to use, and he did use, the language of the common people; he quoted apt and racy proverbs, sometimes made a sarcastic remark, occasionally provoked a smile, was terrific in his denunciations of popular sins, and exhibited the tenderest concern for his people, and the general interests of truth. He preferred the concrete to the abstract, did not speak of holiness so often as of God, nor of sin so often as of the Devil. His main power lay in his lively style, the quickness of his transitions, the boldness of his personifications, his clearness of thought, his rich stores of Biblical knowledge, the constant variety of his ministrations, and his striking exhibitions of faith in Divine Providence, and especially in the redemptive scheme. Whenever I heard him, he closed his discourse with an appeal solemn so as to be in a good sense awful.

After his sermon he offered an extemporaneous prayer. Although he was eminently liturgical in his spirit, yet he seldom confined himself to the liturgy of his Church, — very often he made but very little use of it, — and his free utterances in supplication were remarkable sometimes for their terseness, and sometimes for their childlike simplicity. On one Sabbath he prayed, "Bless our dear seminary, all its teachers and pupils, and all the missionaries who have gone from it to the lands far away. Bless our missionary ship. Bless all the dear children who have been baptized to-day, and their parents. Bless the children in our schools, and their teachers. Bless all this people; the young and the old. Bless the carpenter, the tradesman, the farmer. Bless the harvest. Bless the cattle. *Bless the bees.*" I asked a nobleman who had come to hear him from Würtemberg, "Is it *common* to pray for the bees of Lüneberger Heath?" His quick reply was, "What Pastor Harms does, that call not thou common."

After the prayer came the administration of the Lord's

Supper. This ordinance is administered every Sabbath to about two hundred of the communicants. The church consists of about two thousand, each one of whom partakes of the supper four or five times in the year. On each of the three Sabbaths of my visit I saw about seventy-five males and about a hundred and twenty-five females unite in the celebration. The females were attired in a peculiar garb, appropriate to the ordinance. By far the larger part of the worshippers, perhaps nine tenths, who came into the church, remained to witness the sacramental feast. The galleries and the stairs remained crowded with spectators. The pastor *chanted* the words of the Institution, and although his voice was harsh, yet the effect of his tones was subduing. The entire audience seemed to be melted. The awe depicted on their countenances indicated that it was perhaps mingled with superstition. The people were dismissed at ten minutes after two, the whole service having continued three hours and forty minutes.

At a quarter after three in the afternoon the old stone sanctuary was filled again, though with a somewhat different congregation. First came the congregational singing; then the chanting of a prayer by the Pastor. He next spent about half an hour in expounding a chapter of the New Testament, first repeating the verses *memoriter*, and explaining each verse as he proceeded, and then *reading* the entire chapter, giving to every word a rich suggestiveness. He had committed to memory large portions, — it was *said* that he had learned by heart the whole of the Bible, — but he was always particular to *read* what he had previously recited without the book. He judged that the occasional *reading* is rhetorically more impressive than the mere *reciting* of the sacred text, and that at certain times the *appearance* of reading is more oratorical than the appearance of speaking *memoriter* or *extempore*. After a second animated congregational song, he began to catechise the audience. He walked slowly from the altar to the porch, addressing questions, at the very top of his voice, to

the children and adults, at the right hand and the left of the broad aisle. The congregation was one immense Bible-class. One woman gave a wrong reply to his question; the Pastor looked at her; she began to weep. One boy made a sad blunder; the Pastor looked at him, and made a long pause, and then boxed his ears. A theological student missed the answer; there was a marked silence, — but no corporeal chastisement. Pastor Harms was often very affectionate in his manner of questioning the children, was patient under the slight mistakes of the men and women; but whenever he discovered signs of signal remissness, he was as severe as John the Baptist. He closed the service with the responsive singing of the men, women, and children, and with one of his beautiful, extemporaneous prayers, and dismissed the large assembly at a quarter after six. The service continued three hours, beginning with the daylight of the afternoon, but continuing during the last hour with the light of lamps and candles which the worshippers brought with them. It was a scene for a painter.

It was common for strangers to come from a distance, in order to attend divine service at Herrmannsburg; counts and countesses were often seen among the peasants in the congregation. The strangers went from the church to the parsonage, and partook of a slight repast with Pastor Harms and his family. He was never married, but lived with his sister, a finely educated lady. We were engaged in busy conversation around the table, when suddenly the hum subsided, for the Pastor was entering the room. He came with his long pipe in his mouth, craved the blessing, sat down, drank two cups of coffee, ate not a morsel, but continued smoking his pipe, and saying not one word. After sitting twenty minutes at the table, his guests conversing with each other in low tones, if at all, he rose, returned thanks, and left the room, all eyes being fixed on him as he walked out.

At seven o'clock he went into the large hall of the parsonage, and delivered a practical sermon in the Low German

(the *patois*) dialect, to about two hundred of the villagers. He *read* his text from a folio Low German Bible, presented him by the King of Hanover. As soon as he had closed the sermon, he began his weekly concert, somewhat resembling our monthly concert of prayer for missions. He read letters from his missionaries in the East Indies, in Australia and in America, all addressing him as "Dear Father." The disclosures in these letters concerning the United States were quite similar to the disclosures concerning the Zulus. Some of the peasants cast side glances at me, as they had heard that I belonged to one of the tribes to which they were annually sending missionaries. While some of our divines seldom speak of Germany except in terms of disparagement, it was interesting to see that the peasants of Herrmannsburg were intent on evangelizing our divines as well as our lay brethren. It was indeed a sublime spectacle, these humble Christians on a secluded heath, manifesting such a personal interest in the four quarters of the globe, and coming into intimate relations, through their pastor, with Egypt and Missouri, the black, the copper-colored, and the white races. It was obvious that Pastor Harms had his hand upon all the continents of the earth. At the close of this delightful service, each member of the congregation went up to him, shook his hand, and bade him "good night." "May the Redeemer bless you," was his parting word to several who appeared to be in tears.

At ten o'clock in the evening, about twenty of the neighbors and strangers went to the parsonage, in order to unite with the good man in his family devotions. This service continued one hour. The assembly sung a hymn; the Pastor read a chapter of the Bible, and expounded it without looking from the book. I supposed that he was reading from a printed commentary, so choice and exact was his language; but I afterwards learned that it was an extemporaneous exposition. He offered a lengthened but affecting prayer. His lungs wheezed, so that it was painful to hear him; still we

forgot our pains while we were listening, his thoughts were so fresh and good. Two clergymen were present, one of them an eminent Lutheran divine; *but he did not ask either of them to utter a word.*

Several countesses from different parts of Germany and Russia were wont to spend a large part of the year at Herrmannsburg, partly for the purpose of attending the daily evening exercise of family prayer at the parsonage. It was, in fact, a *daily prayer-meeting*, and had been continued about seventeen years. The parsonage was considered as open every evening, from ten until eleven o'clock, for all the villagers who might desire to spend that hour in a religious service.

After having been engaged more than nine hours of the Sabbath in public or social worship, Pastor Harms repaired to his study. His custom was to spend twelve hours every day over his books or correspondence. In the course of the year he wrote about three thousand letters, — to his distant parishioners, to his fifty missionaries, and to the friends who sent their contributions to the mission cause. He seldom retired to rest before two or three o'clock at night. His printer and publisher told me: "I was printing a volume of his sermons, and I went to him on a Saturday evening, and stated that I must have 'more copy' on Monday morning. He replied (for he never would make me a definite *promise*), 'I have no more; I do not know that I can send you any more so soon.' But, after the services on the Sabbath, he wrote an entire sermon, not on the subject of his discourses during the day, and not on any subject which he had ever preached upon, but an entirely new sermon; and his manuscript did not contain a single interlineation or erasure. His copy seldom contained one. He sent the sermon to me on Monday morning." Such statements may appear incredible; but Pastor Harms was so afflicted with a painful disease that he was sometimes unable to sleep an hour during the whole night. He refused to take an opiate; and intellectual labor

became his main relief. Perhaps this may be some apology for his imprudence in taxing his resources.

Sometimes it appears unaccountable that he could live so long, and labor at all, with such an ill-advised physical regimen; but his faith in God, and especially his faith in prayer, sustained his body as well as his soul. His faith gave him power with men. His character was itself eloquence. If he was a monarch in his parish, it was the monarchy of principle. He often made remarks which appear extravagant; but he made them with such sincerity and fervor that the very boldness of them became itself a force. Three times I heard him say, from the altar of his church: "The parents who neglect to offer their children to God at the baptismal altar, within eight days after the children's birth, are worse than robbers and murderers; for robbers take merely the material wealth, and murderers take merely the temporal life, of their victims; but such parents, *so far as in them lies*, deprive their children of spiritual wealth, and of eternal life; for it is in baptism that the Holy Ghost is given to the children." In addressing the communicants at the Wednesday lecture, he said: "When I pronounce you forgiven, you are forgiven in heaven; and when I refuse to declare your sins remitted, the remission of them is refused in heaven." Once I heard him say from the pulpit: "Our dear Lord suffered the real pains of hell; and he would have been even now suffering the same, had he not prayed, 'Let this cup pass from me!' He begged; and the Apostle says, 'He was heard, in that he feared.' In the fifth verse of Luther's translation of the Eighth Psalm it is said of our Redeemer, 'Thou hast caused him to be forsaken of God for a short time.' Now when God forsakes a man, the forsaken one is in hell. Yet was our Lord there but a short time. Still, for him to bear the pains of hell, even during one minute, was a greater suffering, yea, a thousand-fold greater, than for all other men to endure them during a whole eternity; for this was the suffering of God himself. When the Jews slew him, they slew God." I

asked one of his more intelligent parishioners, "Do his hearers believe such statements?" His answer was, "They believe in the main what the Pastor teaches, but *do not rise with him into all his inspirations.*"

He had some peculiar views on the subject of insurance companies. He said: "It is wrong for a farmer to insure his crop against the hail-storm, or against any *strictly Providential* evil; although it is right for him to insure his barn or house against fire, for the fire may be the result of *man's* carelessness." Still he did not allow his Seminary buildings to be insured against fire; he believed that God would protect them, in answer to his children's entreaties. —— Several years ago, when the Queen of Hanover died, a form of prayer was prescribed by the ministry, and the pastors were ordered to offer it in their churches. The prayer alluded to the piety of the Queen, in terms which Pastor Harms did not approve. He refused to read it; no influences from the crown could intimidate him. —— When he published the intentions of marriage between his parishioners he occasionally stated which of the betrothed parties *had* a good character, and which of them had *not.* —— He was very strict in his Lutheranism, and refused to admit the members of the Prussian Church to the Lord's Supper, as that church was formed by a *union* of the Lutheran and the Reformed. He abhorred compromises. He would thus exclude from the table of his church such men as Neander, and even Hengstenberg. He was terrific in his denunciations of Calvinism. I stood within five yards of him, and heard him in one sermon pour forth the most powerful invectives against the Calvinistic doctrines, the Congregational Church polity, the republican form of government in the state, with special allusion to America. It was a *faithful* discourse. I admired his zeal and trueheartedness. He expressed the same opinion about America which many of our divines express about Germany.

But with all this fidelity in reproof, and with an imperturbable reserve of manner toward men who interfered with his

studies, he combined a genuine kindliness of feeling. When he thought it right for him to thaw out his icy manners, he was gentle and childlike, full of wit as well as intelligence. He was a great favorite at wedding festivals, and sometimes indulged in an inimitable humor with his guests. He inspired a love as well as reverence for him. I can never forget the affecting tones and the hearty words with which he bade me his last farewell: "I do not trouble myself about such matters as my health of body. It is true that I am suffering much every day, and more every night. I do not wish it to be otherwise. The Saviour is my physician; I desire no other. I love to lie awake through the entire night, because I can then commune with Him. I should not be happy, if I thought that I was to be kept much longer in the world. O, that would be a sad thought, — to be kept away from home so long! I am glad to have heard so much about Andover and New England; I had formed a different opinion of your country. I rejoice that you observe the Lord's Day so well in New England. Hold fast this good old usage. And now I shall never see you again. May the Lord be ever gracious to you! Farewell, — farewell!" Thus I took my leave of this plain-spoken, outspoken man, with the feeling that I had seen greater scholars than he, more genial and mellow Christians than he; but I never saw a man so wonderful, so much like a being of another world and a superior race.

LET ME GO.

"I'm weary, I'm weary, let me go home!"
Dying words of NEANDER.

I 'M weary, weary, let me go!
For now the pulse of life declineth;
My spirit chides its lingering flow,
For her immortal life she pineth.

I feel the chill night-shadows fall,
The sleep steals on that knows no waking;
Yet will I hear blest voices call,
And bright above the day is breaking.

Not now the purple and the gold
Of trailing clouds at sunset glowing,
These dim and fading eyes behold;
But splendors from the Godhead flowing.

'T is not the crimson orient beam,
O'er mountain-tops in beauty glancing;
Light from the throne! a flooding stream!
'T is the Eternal Sun advancing!

As oft, when waked the summer morn,
Sweet breath of flowers the breezes bore me,
In this serener, fairer dawn,
Perfumes from Paradise float o'er me.

As when, by sultry heats oppressed,
I've sought still shades cool waters keeping,
So long I for that holier rest,
Where heaven's own living streams are sweeping.

The joy of life hath been to stand
With spirits noble, true, confiding;
O joy unthought, — to reach the band
Of spotless souls with God abiding!

Ye loved of earth! — this fond farewell,
That now divides us, cannot sever;
Swift flying years their round shall tell,
And our glad souls be one forever!

On the far-off celestial hills,
I see the tranquil sunshine lying;
And God himself my spirit fills
With perfect peace; — and this is dying!

Methinks I hear the rustling wings
Of unseen messengers descending,
And notes from softly trembling strings,
With myriad voices sweetly blending.

O thou, my Lord adored! this soul
Oft, oft its warm desires hath told thee;
Now wearily the moments roll,
Until these waiting eyes behold thee.

Ah, stay my spirit here no more,
That for her home so fondly yearneth;
There joy's bright cup is brimming o'er,
There love's pure flame forever burneth!

THE JOURNEY'S END.

WE have read of caravans of pilgrims, who, after months of weary travel, approach the Holy City. They have been drenched by storms, burned by blazing suns, pinched with hunger, and choked with the dust of the desert. Their shoes are worn out, their garments soiled and tattered, their feet blistered; and their tottering limbs can hardly sustain their steps. Through days of suffering, and nights of sleeplessness, and constantly assailed by merciless foes, they have

toiled along, until now they approach the end of their pilgrimage.

The sun, breaking through the clouds of a lurid day, is just sinking behind the hills of Lebanon. The pilgrims ascend an eminence, and lo, Jerusalem is before them! Its turrets, towers, pinnacles, and domes all ablaze in golden splendor, reflecting the rays of the setting sun. A scene of almost supernatural enthusiasm ensues.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" is shouted from hot and blistered lips. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" is re-echoed through the long lines of the rear. The lame, the fainting, the dying are animated with new life, as they rush forward, to catch a glimpse of that sacred city where their Saviour bled and died.

Tears gush from all eyes. Some, overwhelmed with joyous emotion, prostrate themselves upon the ground, and breathe a silent prayer of gratitude and thanksgiving. Some throw their arms into the air and shout wildly, in the outbursting of their rapture, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah." All past fatigues, perils, sufferings, are forgotten. Their pilgrimage is ended, their goal is gained.

But O, when the pilgrim of earth, weary of the long, painful, perilous journey, arrives within sight of the celestial city, — a sight so brilliant that no mortal eye, undazzled, can look upon it, — as he gazes upon the splendor of the metropolis of God's empire, and listens to the music of its choirs, and knows that, in that city, the Saviour has a mansion prepared for him, with robe, with harp, and crown, and that he there shall repose in peace forever, can language tell his joy? The imagination sinks exhausted in the vain attempt to compass such blessedness.

DRAW, NOT DRIVE.

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago a very special religious interest prevailed in nearly all the churches of our order in a sister State. Pastors, evangelists, and private Christians were generally busy in gathering the spiritual harvest. One small village, however, snugly nestled between the hills, seemed an exception to this almost universal quickening, as no conversions were reported within its limits. Tarrytown seemed to be "left out in the cold."

"What is the matter with your people?" was asked of the pastor, Mr. G——, as he met a brother minister one day.

"They are all determined to go to perdition," was the sharp answer. "I've hammered away at them all winter; but they don't seem to heed it. The most terrible pictures which I can paint of the guilt and condemnation of the sinner do not drive a single soul to the refuge; and I am well-nigh discouraged. I wish *you* would preach for me half a day to-morrow, Mr. N——."

"I can help you in the afternoon, if that will suit you, Brother G——, as my own pulpit will be supplied by an agent."

"Come by all means," was the response.

"What is your own theme to-morrow?" inquired Mr. N—— as they parted.

"One of the most solemn which I could find, Brother N——: God a consuming fire to the ungodly."

Mr. G——'s clerical brother pondered deeply that evening upon the state of things at Tarrytown, and sought Divine aid in the selection of his message for the coming day. He suspected that Mr. G—— had dwelt too long and too constantly upon the severer themes of the Bible; that he had exhibited its warnings and threatenings almost to the exclusion of its invitations and promises; and thus had made re-

ligion too much a thing of gloom and fear. So he resolved to try the power of the Gospel allurements, — to draw rather than drive.

When he entered the Tarrytown pulpit, his suspicions were confirmed by the general aspect of the congregation. The people looked goaded and sullen. Mr. N—— announced his text, — 2 Cor. v. 11, — "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we *persuade* men."

He told his audience that he had not come to abate the force or to lessen the severity of the Bible denunciations against sin and impenitence; but rather, under a full conviction of their truth and justness, to show them the way of escape, and, if possible, persuade them to embrace it.

So he held up before them three wondrous pictures of the grace and mercy of God. First, the counsels of the Godhead, in view of the foreseen guilt and ruin of men, planning the amazing scheme of their recovery and salvation,— the Father laying upon his only and well-beloved Son the burden of a world's redemption, — the Son, with tender compassion and eager love, saying cheerfully, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!" — and the Holy Spirit pledged to his renewing and sanctifying work.

Next, the entrance of the blessed Redeemer upon his life of self-sacrifice, his holy instructions, his tender invitations, his perfect example, his cheerful endurance of poverty, humiliation, and persecution, his death of agony, his glorious resurrection and return to his heavenly home.

Last, the results of that wondrous plan of saving love, — the proffer of a Saviour so freely made to the guilty and the lost; the promise of salvation to all who would seek it in the appointed way; the offer of all needed help and grace; and the Holy Spirit's blessed strivings with the heart and conscience of the sinner, by which those who heeded them were sweetly led to Christ.

As these touching and beautiful pictures of Gospel grace were successively held up to the sight of his hearers, Mr.

N—— saw the careless aroused, the indifferent interested, and the sullen melted. And when he made a personal application of his subject, by entreating wandering Christians to return to their neglected duties and their forsaken God, and with tones of love and tears of pity pleaded with the impenitent to come to Jesus, the Holy Ghost went from heart to heart, making the word preached "a savor of life unto life."

The pastor, Mr. G——, listened to his brother's discourse with bowed head and folded hands; and when the services were closed, and he saw his people, silent and tearful, going softly out, he grasped Mr. N——'s hand warmly and thankfully, with a hearty acknowledgment of his error.

"I see my fault, now, dear brother," he said, — "I see what was the trouble. I was trying to drive my hearers to heaven, instead of seeking to draw them 'with cords of love, and with the bands of a man.' Henceforth, I will remember that it is sometimes better to *draw* than to *drive*."

WINGS, SOME DAY.

PASSENGERS on board of one of the many ferry-boats that are constantly plying between the opposite shores of the Mersey may occasionally see, on warm, bright days, a poor crippled boy, whose body has grown to almost man's size, but whose limbs, withered and helpless, are still those of a child.

He wheels himself about on a small carriage, similar to that the boys use in play; and while the little boat threads its way among the ships of all nations that are anchored in the river, he adds not a little to the pleasure of the sail by playing, on his concertina, airs that show no mean degree of musical skill. The few pennies that he always receives, but does not ask for, are never grudgingly bestowed, and are

given not more in pay for the music than for the simple honesty that shines in the boy's blue eyes.

One so helpless, it would seem, could only be a burden to those who loved him, — could certainly do nothing towards fulfilling the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Was it so? Was there no service of love for the lame boy, no work for him in the vineyard? The question was answered one day.

"Walter," said a gentleman who had often met him, "how is it, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get so worn out?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face; but, after hesitating a moment, he said, —

"My mother has younger children, sir; and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing with them."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard, "what a life to lead! what has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear that started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away, showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart, —

"I 'm looking forward to have wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! Poor cripple, and dependent on charity, yet doing, in his measure, the Master's will, and patiently waiting for the future! he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

THE CROOKED DISCIPLE.

HE was born crooked, and there was no such thing as straightening him. Well had it been for him had this deformity appertained only to the outer man ; but, alas ! the crook was within, twisting his spirit, cramping his mind, and also marking his manners. His poor mother could never fathom the mysteries of his odd nature, never decide upon just the right way to train him. Sometimes she fancied he required a more stringent hand than did his brothers, and again that " his was a temper that could not be *driven*." So, between alternate strictness and indulgence, our hero's temper was doubly twisted and snarled.

At school he stood aloof from all, and became, at play-time, almost as much a fixture in the yard as the old pump against which he leaned, looking suspiciously at his merry companions. If any one asked, " Why don't you play ? " he replied, with a lugubrious face, and a mournful whine, " Nobody wants to play with me." Boys rarely have time to coax each other to be happy,—alas! how few *men* ever turn out of their chosen way to ask the cause of another's dejection ! — so they hooted, shouted, and whistled ; flew their kites, bowled their balls, and sailed their tiny barks ; leaving him the privilege of growing fast to the pump, if he chose to do so. If there was but one unoccupied seat in the school-room, it was sure to be in the same form with his. He expected to be shunned; the other boys to be repulsed ; and thus our crooked youth grew up to be a crooked man.

He married, and then everybody who knew his wife thought he would be obliged to be happy, in spite of himself. Not he ; he had maintained his ground too long to give it up on so slight a cause ! When congratulated on being the choice of so worthy a maiden, he mournfully replied, " She did n't *choose* me ; she took me because she could n't get the

schoolmaster." He was then told that she declined an offer from that dignitary, for his sake; he said, "Well, then, I suppose she was afraid she would never have another; and girls will marry anybody rather than be old maids." Her friends all felt that she was completely blindfolded by Cupid's bondage, for no other reason could be given for a cheerful, noble-hearted woman's linking herself to one with his uncomfortable peculiarities. At school she used to pity, while others ridiculed him; that pity had ripened into love. When his first son was born he said very little. He did not accuse him of making his advent from some sinister motive; for he, poor innocent, made no pretensions to disinterestedness. But when in little more than a year another boy followed, he really looked wounded as if the world could not hold babies, unless he were crowded out to make room for them. When asked to name the young intruder, he drew a deep sigh, and said, "I suppose we may as well call him Gad."

The hopeful wife rejoiced in these dear gifts of God and said, "If they grow up to be good men they will be a blessing to us and to the world." "O, but there 's the *if* in the way!" croaked out the father; and then in the spirit of prophecy he foretold the trouble and noise and expense they would bring before they grew up. We need not tell parents that these were fulfilled with a minuteness which amazed the seer himself. They were roguish, noisy, thoughtless, and boylike, bent on getting all the fun they could out of life. When he saw these propensities, he shook his head, saying, "These boys are very much like their mother!" And so they were in their hopeful, cheerful, and generous spirits. She was one of those meek, enduring creatures with whom a merciful Heaven almost invariably links such men. Nothing could irritate, nothing discourage, and nothing, short of positive harshness, wound her. "Bearing all things," was a prominent article in her creed. She wept all her grief away in a secrecy as sacred as that in which she prayed. No neighbor, no, not her own mother, ever heard from her lips

that her husband was not faultless. She did really win the love and respect of the crooked man, and after four or five years' companionship he was half tempted to tell her and the world so; but he did n't want to be so much like his good neighbors. He had *said* he should never be happy, and did not want to contradict himself.

Notwithstanding everything and everybody were against him, he succeeded before middle life in laying up a competency; and, to make sure that fraud should not take what sagacity had earned, he resolved to retire from business, — a false step for a restless man. Now, as every one feared, matters grew worse with him. Having more leisure than he knew what to do with, he began to meddle with things quite out of his sphere. Household affairs were all wrong. Breakfast came too late; and when his patient wife ordered it early, then there was no reason in driving a man of leisure out of bed like a day-laborer! The furnace made the house too hot, the grates kept it too cold. If friends came often, "company was a bore"; if seldom, "it was for ceremony, not for friendship."

Under such circumstances, many a good woman would have felt bound to accuse her husband of unkindness; but the sole rebuke of this wife lay in the strong contrast between her own life of thankfulness and peace, and his of ingratitude and discontent. But her time to speak came at length. Would that every Christian woman watched for the *right time;* then would they oftener save their irreligious husbands.

The autumn of a bounteous year smiled upon them, but nothing was right with the crooked man. "The grass is n't near so heavy as it promised to be, and my man has found five diseased potatoes in the acre he has dug. It 's going to be a hard winter; indeed, times are hard enough already! I don't know, for my part, what the world is coming to! Everything goes wrong," he said for the twentieth time.

"My dear," asked his wife in a tone of gentleness, "did it

ever strike you that something might be wrong in *you;* that *your own heart* might be impure, and tinge with its dark hue all around you, and especially the good things which God and not you have showered upon us?"

The crooked man started. Could it be that the patient, affectionate woman, who for long years had gratified all his whims, had dared to rebuke him? These few simple words were as nails in a sure place, and God suffered her, who had so long and so uncomplainingly carried the cross, to lay it down; while with his own soft hand he wiped away those secret tears, and placed a crown of joy upon her brow. Her husband became a new man; not free from all his natural oddities, but yet a "new man," in the sight of Him "who knoweth our frame, who remembereth that we are dust."

Now, when it was noised abroad that the crooked man had become straight, the world expected too much. They looked to see him who from the cradle had been silent and morose become suddenly as tender and winning as John when on his Master's bosom; to see the brow, lined with care and discontent, shine like that of the Redeemer on the Mount of Transfiguration. Even Christians, who knew the struggles through which he was passing, expected to see the new-born soul a full-grown man at once, the "saved-so-as-by-fire" an almost sanctified disciple. In this they were all disappointed; he was yet "in the flesh," yet vexed by his besetting sins. This the world saw, and cried, "What do ye more than others?" but they did not see the inward struggle, nor hear the secret groan, "O wretched man that I am!" Many foretold his fall and watched for his halting, but after long months they were obliged to admit that, although still crooked, he was now a crooked *disciple.* They saw, and he felt, the change, — "the Spirit witnessing with his spirit that he was born of God."

Through many doubts, and in much fear of self, our poor friend lived several years after this change. His efforts to live the life of a Christian were, as one has well expressed it,

"all rowing up stream, against both wind and tide"; and yet he rowed on manfully to the end. His natural defects, nurtured by injudicious training, and habits which had become as second nature, were as so many quicksands, threatening his frail bark with destruction. True, his course was sometimes irregular and fitful, and he was censured by those who, standing on shore, knew neither the strength of the current nor the weakness of his arm. But there was One who, though himself holy and undefiled, bore with all his crooked ways, and guided his weary spirit into the desired haven. That Friend stood by him in his mortal hour, placing beneath him the everlasting arms; and should *we* come off conquerors, we may yet greet him in the land of love, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

Why cannot fallen man bear with his erring brother as does He who knew no sin? It is because self-righteousness blinds us. We see the mote against which, perhaps, he is praying and struggling, while the beam in our own eye may give us little trouble, — may be cherished as some precious thing, — a darling sin, with which we may fear to part. O for that charity which cometh from above! Let us fall into the hands of God rather than of man.

DEATH BY EDIFICATION.

ALMOST everything good is capable of being used in excess, perverted, misapplied, so as to be injurious rather than useful. Edification is not an exception. What is "good to the use of edifying" is not good for everything, and may not be what is at all times needed. In many of our churches there is great misapprehension as to the object of *prayer-meetings*, — social meetings as we call them. Many Christians seem to think the object is to teach, to give in-

struction, to make and hear religious *speeches*, in connection with two or three prayers, and singing. And so most neither pray nor speak, for the reason, as they say, that others can do it better, more to edification.

Now this is an entire misapprehension of the object; and the tendency is injurious. We have a social nature, and our religion should be socially manifested and developed, for mutual encouragement, comfort, and strength. We want to hear our brethren pray, and speak of their views of practical Christian truths; we want to know how their courage is kept up; what it is that steadies their hope, and sustains their faith, — the working of Christian feeling and life in them. The object is not so much to get or give instruction as to stir the feelings and encourage each other by prayers and words which show the working of Christian principles and hopes. This is practically one of the most effectual ways of edifying. It greatly edifies a minister, it helps him to hear the brethren pray, and to notice by their remarks what interests them and helps them on as Christians. And to him it is often a grief, a sad discouragement, that he hears so few of his brethren pray or speak in the prayer-meeting, where all meet on common ground and with a common interest.

The special object here is not exposition, doctrine, instruction. Our church-members would have become apostles, if these could have made them so. They are stuffed and stupefied with them, like a man eating three dinners a day. The prayer-meeting is designed mutually to encourage and aid each other in practical Christian life. And two or three facts are worthy of notice.

One is this: Unconverted persons, young people, like to go to prayer-meetings when many take part in prayer and short remarks, rather than to those where the minister and two or three others do the whole. This is the fact. No matter how able the minister is, no matter how well he and one or two others speak, as to use of language and scope of thought. There is to them, and must be, a sameness, a stiffness, a kind

of formality about it, which does not interest so much as when the meeting is freer, and spontaneous prayer, and a few words, are heard from several. No careful observer can fail to see and admit that this certainly is the general fact. And it is surprising that we do not profit more by the hint it gives us. If we would secure the attendance and interest of the young and unconverted, this shows how it is to be done.

Another fact is: Christians in a quickened and revived state do not think so much of this edification. Now, when they go into the prayer-meeting, it is with no expectation of making some excellent remarks, nor to listen to those who can speak the best, — not at all; but to pour out their warm hearts in prayer with and for their friends; to speak a word for Christ, and stir the feelings and hearts of others if they may. It is a state of mind very different from this chronic habit, this morbid appetite for edification. And the effect both on themselves and others is very different.

Another fact is: Prayer-meetings, sustained only by the minister and two or three others, are not best for the Church. The experiment has been tried long, and in a great many places, but results have shown that such churches are not practically the strong ones. Strong they may be in wealth, in numbers, in intelligence; but strong and vigorous as working churches, as practical, aggressive Christian forces and influences, they are not. Many weaker and feebler ones are stronger. No minister whose eyes have been open, and who has had twenty years of experience and observation, can fail to see and admit the fact. And the reason is as obvious as the fact. A few have acted for the whole. Many have done nothing, tried to do nothing, but to sit still, and be instructed and edified. The life, the feeling, the faith and hope, the experience of the whole, have not been contributed for the benefit of each; and in point of fact, it will be found that the ready working ones have really got most instruction and edification, and by a certain law of growth. As a man may eat more than he can digest, and more than ministers to his

strength, so these silent, hearing disciples, who want nothing but instruction and edification, really do not get it so much as others.

Many a poor and feeble church — with preaching only a part of the time, benefited it may be by poverty and weakness, compelled and determined to stand close to each other, each ready and resolved to do his part — can be pointed to to-day, whose members do vastly more for each other, and exert a far greater comparative Christian influence on the population, than is true of larger and stronger churches who are so content to be edified. It may well be doubted whether many silent disciples in our prayer-meetings would not really be benefited by being deprived of their privileges, provided they could be roused to the responsibility and activity of witnesses for Christ. Then they would do better for themselves and for others. Is it right, is it just to Christ and his Church, to withhold now? Brother, this means you. Too many Christians and churches are now pining by being edified. And of too many, a true verdict and an honest epitaph would be, — *Died of Edification.*

ANGLO-SAXON WHITTLING SONG.

"Your Yankee is always to be found with a jackknife, and when he has nothing else to do, is eternally whittling." — *Growling Old Traveller.*

IN the olden time of England, the days of Norman pride,
The mail-clad chieftain buckled on his broadsword at his side,
And, mounted on his trusty steed, from land to land he strayed,
And ever as he wandered on, he whittled with his blade.
O, those dreamy days of whittling.

He was out in search of monsters, — of giants grim and tall;
He was hunting up the griffins, — the dragons great and small;
He broke in through the oak doors of many a castle gate,
And what he whittled when within, 't is needless to relate.
O, those foolish days of whittling.

But when the pomp of feudal pride like a dream had passed away,
And everywhere the knightly steel was rusting to decay,
The common people drew their blades in quite another cause,
And in the place of giants grim, they whittled up the laws.
O, those stern old days of whittling.

They whittled down the royal throne, with all its ancient might,
And many a tough old cavalier was whittled out of sight;
They whittled off the king's head, and set it on the wall,
They whittled out a Commonwealth, but it could not last at all.
O, those fiery days of whittling.

There came across the stormy deep a stern and iron band,
A solemn look on every face, — their hatchets in their hand;
They whittled down the forest oak, the chestnut and the pine,
And planted in the wilderness the rose-tree and the vine.
O, those fearful days of whittling.

They made themselves a clearing, and housed their little freight,
Then put their Sunday coats on, and whittled out a state;
They cut it round so perfectly, they whittled it so "true,"
That it still stands in beauty for all the world to view.
O, those grand old days of whittling.

When England sent her hirelings, with cannon, gun, and blade,
To break and batter down the state which these good men had made,
The people seized for weapons whatever came to hand,
And whittled these intruders back, and drove them from the land.
O, heroic days of whittling.

In men of Saxon blood it stays — this love of whittling — still,
And something must be whittled, to pacify the will;
When the old wars were over, and peace came back again,
They took to whittling mountains, and filling vale and glen.
O, those peaceful days of whittling.

They whittled out the railroad path through hill and rock and sand,
And sent their snorting engines to thunder through the land;
Sails whitened all the harbors, the mountain valleys stirred,
And the hum and roar of labor through all the land was heard.
O, those busy days of whittling.

But there long had dwelt among us a gaunt and hideous Wrong,
Set round with ancient guaranties, with legal ramparts strong,
With look and tone defiant, it feared not God or man,
But snatched on every side for power to work its wicked plan,
All ripe and dry for whittling.

Of old this Wrong was humble, asking with pious cry,
This only, to be left alone, in its own time to die;
But, fed by this first yielding, bolder and bolder grown,
Shameless before the nations now, it reared its bloody throne.
The time draws nigh for whittling.

"Pride goes before destruction," the wise man said of old;
"Whom the gods seek to ruin they first make mad" and bold;
In the frenzy of its madness, this Wrong forgot its place,
Came out with noise of gongs to fright our Yankee whittling race.
God gave this chance for whittling.

And now, my trusty Saxons, who come from near and far,
Remember who your fathers were, and set your teeth for war;
"Sword of the Lord and Gideon," be still your battle-cry,
And strike as Samson struck of old, smite Slavery hip and thigh.
Now is your time for whittling.

And when the land shall rest again from all this noise and strife,
And Peace her olive-branch shall wave o'er this broad realm of life,
Fair as the sun our nation before the world shall stand,
Freedom on all her banners, freedom throughout the land.
O, these grand rewards of whittling.

KITTY'S REBELLION.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE sultry summer's afternoon, some seventeen years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of the cool lemonade which stood on the table.

"*Please*, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty tan't say pease," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "pease" a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything she was told. She quite revelled in conversational powers for a year-and-a-half-old. For the first time in her short life she had taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down again untasted, and the child ran back to her doorstep as thirsty as before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came pattering back, and the thirsty red lips were put up again for a drink.

"Kitty say please."

"Tan't say pease." So the baby went away thirsty again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at first playfully as it seemed; but as the wee rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst rather than say "please," it became a rather serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper-time came, and Pet ran to her high chair.

"Mamma lift Kitty up!"

"*Please*, mamma, lift Kitty," said the mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head, muttered, "Tan't say pease," and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table; but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with hunger and thirst? The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little one knew that

one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue, — should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day; but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world. So she took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly and seriously her naughty behavior. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but after it all, Kitty did not "say pease" any better than before. At length, distressed and tired out and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young culprit, playfully, nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the fatal *please* came along; that she could n't do. Year-and-a-half understood very well that to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her that he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never thought of in the same breath before. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much grit was latent in that soft little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained stout-hearted, and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All through the warm night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only sob, "Tan't say pease," when the water came near. For the father and mother, that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than give up.

"O pshaw! never mind the please; have her drink," many a father would have said. "Poor little thing! I must let the minding go till another time," most mothers would have thought; but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it so. If it was like death for a will to yield after eighteen months' growth, what would it be after months and years of indulgence? God had committed to them this soul of his creating, to be trained for himself. If she could not be made to obey her father whom she had seen, how should she become obedient to her Father in heaven whom she had not seen? The very fact that her will was so strong made it the more imperative to their minds that it should be brought under the control of her conscience; they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle was protracted, the more likely it seemed that the result would be a final one, and the more important that it should be right. Then the other children who had been watching this new phase of family history with a kind of solemn dread,—should they learn that the authority they had been taught to revere could, after all, be trodden under the feet of a baby? It would not do. It had been clearly explained to the little one that it was her Heavenly Father's command that she should obey her parents, and that she was resisting HIS will; that father and mother felt that they had no right to annul his law. So the night wore away, and the morning broke; but it brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverseness of its young rebel. She woke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrined in a dainty, delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world! Terrible agent of evil! Glorious worker of good! Kingliest power in creation!—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Kitty's will. So they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side in the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied the adjoining tenement, having learned the state of things from the children, came in to plead for her. She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing the child; that it was downright cruelty to treat her so; that if *she* had a little girl, she would never see her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on a sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat and thirst and excitement would really be the death of her poor dear naughty little darling. She tried to think up some compromise by which Kitty could be relieved without a sacrifice of parental government. At last she quietly placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press her hot little hands against its cool sides and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips; then suddenly she set it down with a piteous look, and went away moaning. It was a cruel battle between Desire and Honor, for such a little heart. Again and again the little creature would come up and look wistfully into the mug full of white milk, shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not slink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made them clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether she was risking too much. He advised her to "put it through; the little thing could n't stand out much longer." Moreover, the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It was a great treat for any of the children to ride with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet arrived; so that when he proposed to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run ask your mother to please put on your hat, then," said the Doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she had lost all desire to go if there was a "please" to it. So that expedient failed.

It was getting toward noon; nearly twenty-four hours, during which Kitty had tasted neither food nor drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, disconsolate little object, often crying, but obstinate as ever. Almost heart-broken to see her so, the mother took her in her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how wretched her wilfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with strong crying and tears implored that blessed Spirit, who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly baby threw her arms around her neck and burst out, —

"*Pease, pease, pease, pease, pease, pease!*"

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room, where she sprang into her father's arms crying, "Pease, pease, pease!" as if she never would be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say "please." She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood around laughing and crying, to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to do it. The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this, Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "*broken*," — that is an ugly phrase, — it is a good strong will yet; but it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them was to disobey her Father in

heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending. As time went on, they found, to their thankful surprise, reason to believe that she *had* understood it so well that in yielding to them at last she had also submitted herself to Him. Maturer years and new experience deepened and developed her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary for Kitty to be *converted* after she was a year and a half old. It appeared that the Redeemer had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and ended that long contest by changing the heart of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending his Spirit into it crying, Abba, Father!

Ah, these crises in child-hearts mean more than we think! Eternal issues are pending when we little dream of it!

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

CAN my reader, with his tenacious memory, tell me the first time he heard "the old folks" spoken of? I wonder what they did for "old folks" in the days before the flood, when a man at one hundred was a mere boy, — a ten-year-old boy!. When no young lady could get through her education, and be introduced into society, till she was one hundred and seventy-five, at least! When no one could be numbered with "the old folks" under six hundred or six hundred and fifty years! Did "the old folks" appear then as they now do? Did they feel as they now do? Most likely; for according to the tradition of the Jews, the Lord offered to let Methuselah live till he was fifteen hundred years old, if he would build himself a house; but the old gentleman at nine hundred and sixty respectfully declined, on the ground that it was hardly worth all that trouble for only about five hundred years! So he probably lived in his cave, and felt that it was not best for old men to begin new proj-

ects. How did he and his wife feel and talk, as they sat down together and looked backward and forward? Doubtless very much as "the old folks" now feel and talk.

One of the beautiful arrangements of our Heavenly Father is seen in the fact that every period — infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, and age — has a golden charm attached to each. Each phase is different from the rest, and it is hardly possible to say which is most beautiful. The beauty, the grace, the sunshine, the early morning chatter of young children always awakens the most delightful emotions. The mischievousness and the restlessness, the magnifying everything seen and heard, and the sweet credulity of childhood! the opening new worlds of vision, the rising up from the ground of untold air-castles, the rainbow hopes leaping from the chambers of the imagination of youth! the sight of the parents in the refined home, watching over and training up their large family of children, each one needing a distinct discipline and training, and then the silver, thoughtful, almost silent and solitary days of the aged pair! which is most beautiful? I cannot decide.

I am now thinking of an aged couple, who are called "the old folks," who have lived together, husband and wife, in the same house, over fifty years. They came there young, sanguine, and utterly unable to conceive what they would pass through in fifty years, or indeed that there could be an end to half a century. They have reared, carefully and properly educated, a large family of children. These have all gone from them now, have families of their own, and are filling, each, an important place in society, and some of them high posts of influence. They are all members of Christ's Church in the order of their parents. And so "the old folks" are left alone, — just as they started in life. They have long worn glasses; but at the hour of family worship, they take each a Bible and read in course alternately, two verses, — just as they did when they read with their children. Then they sing the old hymns, though the voices are not so sweet, or

the pipes of the organ as perfect as formerly. They live, it is plain, from incidental remarks, in the past, the present, and the future. There are certain things that they seldom speak of even to one another. They keep all the playthings which their children once used, — ostensibly for their grandchildren when they come to visit them ; but the forms that they see playing with them are those of their own dear children, who have gone from them, but who left their image in their memory. The little books, and even the little shoes, of their bright and early dead, are carefully laid up ; and though they never speak of them, each knows that they are precious mementos of the past.

But to see how careful they are of each other ! The fires of passion have all burned out, the beauty and freshness of life have all passed away, and the rich harvests of time have all been garnered. But no lovers could be more tender toward each other. If either is absent, the time is anxiously measured till the return, and the footstep on the threshold may not be elastic as it returns, yet the ear that hears it and the heart that hears it are awake. They seem to understand each other's thoughts without words, and each feels that life would not be life without the other. They think over the past much and often, and realize that they have together toiled, and together struggled, and shared all the burdens and sorrows of life. Every memory of the past is equally vivid to each. They don't *say* much about their separation — so certain — to leave one or the other so desolate, but it is plain they think much about it ; and from hints occasionally dropped, it is evident that each is contriving and planning how the other can be made comfortable when thus left alone, each expecting to be the first to die. And when they think of the future, — even carrying their thoughts into heaven, — they seem to have an unexpressed fear that heaven will not be all they desire, if they can there be to each other nothing more than old acquaintances ! It seems as if they must carry something of the tender feeling which the sorrows and the

experience of life have given them, into that world, and as if they must go hand in hand forever! And the thought that they must soon separate, and the one must be left to walk alone in the rooms, sit alone at the old table, kneel alone at the altar of God, go alone to the house of the Lord, gives an inexpressible tenderness to their treatment of each other. They never, even in the days of youthful courtship, lived more in each other's thoughts than now. Time hath covered the rough places of life, over which they have walked; and years have healed the wounds they have suffered, leaving only scars; but the rough winds of life have only bowed their heads, and you see not the sturdy oak, but the soft, weeping willow. Memory brings up pictures of the past, some of them recalling sorrows heavy as humanity can bear, but mellows them down in her own golden light; and Hope comes still, not to sing of earth, as she once did, but of heaven, and the ever-opening future; and Faith, showing nothing to the eye, contrives to exert his power over them, by mingling his voice in the songs of Hope!

They will not be with each other long; but while they do live, no part of their life has been more full of tender regard, genuine respect, unaffected kindness, or deeper love. The young world can't understand "the old folks"; but for myself, I never go into their dwelling without seeing some of the most purified, refined, and exalted traits of human nature, which, to me, are inimitably beautiful. And if what I have said shall lead my reader to feel more kindly toward those who are all around us, known as "the old folks," I shall have gained my object in writing. Let me add, that few things are more repulsive to a refined heart than to have such a couple as I have described called "the old folks," by way of derision.

WAITING.

AGED man beside the river,
Waiting for the call to cross,
Keeping still thy youth immortal,
Through the outward change and loss; —
Well our hearts may envy thee,
Waiting by the "narrow sea."

Eyes, that scarce behold the faces
Coming love-lit through the door,
Eyes, that scarce can see the morning,
Catch the heaven-light, more and more,
Glancing from the wings of angels
Walking on the other shore.

And the friends, so long departed,
Seem to cross the narrow tide,
Lighting up thy room at midnight,
Smiling on thee, loving-eyed;
And thou feelest on thy forehead
Kisses of thine earlier bride.

These are but the shining heralds,
Wearing glory of the dawn, —
Golden clouds along the orient
Ushering in the perfect morn:
Who can tell what waits thy vision,
When the full day shall be born!

O the Christ who hath ascended,
Now preparing thee a place!
They shall lead thee in before him,
Thou shalt see him face to face!
Well our hearts may envy thee,
Waiting by the "narrow sea."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

THE religion that the world is dying for is not a treasure, valued and cherished, indeed, but cherished under a glass case, in the best room, carefully dusted, and visible only on days of high festival. We want a religion that is an atmosphere, wrapping us about, above, and below, going down into the lungs in deep-drawn inspirations, to purify and energize, filtering into the blood to tint and quicken, spreading out in the skin to protect and adorn, piercing noisome cellars to dispel the noxious, death-dealing vapors, mounting into the parlors, and bedrooms, and kitchens, to keep them sweet and healthful, permeating and interpenetrating all things, — a savor of life unto life.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tones the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and the harsh rebuke, — a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate of friends, — a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late; keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit; — a religion that looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk in the store, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and a motherly love; setting the solitary in families, introducing

them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely feet may not be led into temptation; forgiving occasional lapses while striving to prevent them, and to supply, so far as may be, the place of the natural guardians, by a vigilance that attracts without annoying.

We want a religion that shall interpose continually between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are travelling over them.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing, — a religion that banishes short measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chickory from coffee, otter from butter, beet-juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk-cans, and buttons from the contribution-box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will sell raisins on stems, instead of stems without raisins. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat-fields of New York grow and all her mills grind. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash; nor, if the shoes have been promised on Thursday morning, will it let Thursday morning spin out till Saturday night. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkins's kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing-silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton-thread spool break, to the yardstick, fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage, nor all-wool delaines

and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old woollen rags pressed together be sold to an unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys which it contracted to build of seven-dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are, on no account, to be touched. It does not send the little boy, who has come for the daily quart of milk, into the barnyard to see the calf, and seize the opportunity to skim off the cream, nor does it surround stale butter with fresh, and sell the whole for good, nor pass off the slack-baked bread upon the stable-boy, nor dust the pepper, nor "deacon" the apples. It does not put cotton gathering threads into the skirt, to succumb on the slightest provocation, nor content itself with fastening seams at the beginning and the end, trusting to Providence for the security of the intermediate stages.

The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not borrow money, with little or no prospect of repayment, but concealing or glossing over the fact. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

DR. EMMONS.

AS this divine is made a constant target for review, criticism, and ridicule (on the principle that any man is brave enough to stone a dead lion), justice demands that one peculiar trait of Dr. Emmons should be clearly understood. He used sometimes *irony* in his theological discussions with great effect; and the irony, too, of *word*, of *silence*, and that expression of countenance peculiar to himself. In his interview with Dr. Cox,* he soon became impatient with Dr. Cox's questions, and remarked, "O, you are right, and I am wrong." But Dr. Cox went away claiming that Dr. Emmons had recanted the doctrines of his whole life's ministry; while Dr. Emmons's friends, who knew him far better than it was possible for Dr. Cox to know, simply laughed at his infatuation. His most common mode of silencing an opponent was in *being silent himself;* and if his opponent did not know enough to feel the power of this, why he let him pass. No one ever heard of Dr. Emmons's recantation except Dr. Cox. Dr. Emmons acted upon the principle given in Prov. xiv. 7, in his theological discussions, when his opponents lost their proper standing in reason, propriety, and politeness, *as many did.*

It will interest the *friends* of Dr. Emmons to know that the writer holds in his hands the post-office address of a D. D. who has in a most humble manner confessed that *he knowingly* stated that which was utterly false concerning Dr. Emmons. And the Doctor's friends would say, that *very many* stories reported of him have *no truth in them whatever.* Dr. Emmons's theology is as fairly open to discussion as any man's, and if his opponents can, as Carlyle says, "blast him into infinite space," why then infinite space is fairly open to such explosions; but let them deal *decently* and fairly with

* See his work, "Interviews Interesting and Memorable."

the man, while (as they suppose) they mangle the matter. Whatever is true, and whatever is according to sound doctrine, may be hurled against Dr. Emmons's views rightfully, but let blunderers and falsifiers beware.

GEOLOGY AND GENESIS.

A CLERGYMAN who claims the strictest orthodoxy of Princeton has lately published, in one of our leading magazines, his unqualified assent to the teachings of Darwin and Huxley and Lyell. He believes that man has been on the earth for a great many thousand years. He believes that the first man was not *created*, but unfolded from a loathsome brute. And all this he makes haste to say he believes as a *clergyman*, accepting it as demonstrated by science. He can have no motive for parading his clerical office, unless to insinuate that his faith in the new philosophy will square with his faith in the Book which he preaches. Is this the proper attitude of a Christian teacher? Is he to hold the truths of inspiration in abeyance to the crude speculations of science? Let Science keep her hand on the facts, and we have no fears for the Bible. She is the handmaid of Religion. When she interprets nature aright, we shall see that God, who wrote his law on the "tables of stone," is the same living God who wrote on stone amid the thunders of Sinai. The geologist has not read all the chapters of the stone volume. He has read enough to determine the order of creation.

Granite is the foundation rock of the earth. It is a mere cinder. Before granite was formed the earth was molten, a bright, burning star. Over granite, and rocks of the granite family, are beds of stratified rock. These were formed on sea-bottoms and beaches. Animals were imbedded in them, and the hard parts petrified. By the cooling and consequent

shrinking and wrinkling of the earth the strata were tilted up. The geologist can study them in their outcrops, and decipher from them the order in which living beings were introduced on the earth. Now what is the history lettered on the rocks? The primitive granite tells us of heat and vapor and chaos. The oldest beds of sandstone and lime tell us of the first types of life. They were all marine. The primeval forests — trees built on the humble pattern of the reed and fern, and forming dense jungles over marshy plains — we dig up in the form of coal. In strata above the coal we find the ruins of great beasts of the sea and land. They were cold-blooded reptiles. In strata still newer we find the remains of mammals. Last of all, and last born of creation, *man*, his bones and rude implements fashioned by his hand, lie entombed in caves and bogs of Europe. The geological record may be stated thus: First, condition of the earth, molten, chaotic, — a globe with no features, no distinction of parts. Second, the earth crusted over with granite; metallic and watery vapors held in the air, condensed. Earth covered with water. Third, marshes clad in vegetation. Fourth, creation of great reptiles and birds. Fifth, creation of mammals and serpents, — "creeping things"; and, finally, creation of man. Some geologists may state the history in different periods, but all will agree that this expresses the order of events. The earth had a beginning. In the beginning was chaos. Life began in the ocean. The land brought forth plants before animals. Cold-blooded reptiles came before mammals. The lower mammals came before man.

Now in the first chapter of Genesis we have another record of creation. For simplicity and sublimity it has challenged the admiration of those who deny its inspiration. It gives us this order: First, a chaos, — "the earth without form and void." Light, but no sun. Second, a firmament or heaven. Third, vegetation. Fourth, sun, moon, stars. Fifth, marine animals, — great sea beasts and birds. Sixth, mammals and

serpents, "cattle and creeping things," and finally man. No one can fail to see the essential agreement between the two records. Contradictions are only seeming, not real. The sun, moon, and stars, we are told, were created on the fourth day after vegetation. Now science has shown the sun to be the source of all power throughout the worlds bathed in his light. His fleetness is in the deer, his strength in the lion, his life-giving beams are stored away in the tree and flower. No blade of grass could spring from the ground, without the sun; but we are taught here that the earth was made to bring forth grass and herb before the sun was created. If this is the meaning, then also is it the meaning of the sixteenth verse, that the moon is greater than any star. Every one knows that the Bible here sets forth *optical* truth, not physical. Science assures us that light from the sun must have appeared on the earth before the sun himself was unveiled to it. Imagine all the carbon incorporated in living vegetation, and all that locked up under strata in the ruins of primeval vegetation to be suspended in the air, imagine the air to be loaded with vapor of all the more volatile elements, and you will picture in the mind an atmosphere which might shut out a view of the sun from the earth. Now such an atmosphere once enveloped our world. Light *appeared* before the sun. This is the teaching of science, and it is the teaching of Genesis. The Bible describes the history of creation as it would have appeared to the eye.

Another difficulty in the minds of some who accept the geological record is, that the Bible seems to fix the age of the earth at about six thousand years. The geologist knows that the age of the earth is so great that numbers cannot express it. The simple-hearted Christian, who is not familiar with the language of science, may see no reason to change his faith in the old interpretation which assumes that the heaven and the earth were created in six days about six thousand years ago. I write for such, and not for the professional geologist. Let me present, then, a brief argument simplified

to the comprehension of those who may not follow the more stately demonstrations.

In California, a species of woodpecker bores through the bark of trees and hides a winter supply of acorns in the pits, — one acorn in each pit. I have seen a section of one of the great trees with pits holding acorns near a foot from the bark. Between the pits and the bark were about five hundred rings of growth. These rings, as every one knows, are rings of *annual* growth. Here, then, is a beautiful illustration of how Nature may report herself. What a bird was doing five hundred years ago is more faithfully registered in the tree than the actions of men at the same time are registered in history. But these rings will take you back still further in the history of nature. They register the passing years, not what was done in them. Probably we should find these great trees of California to be many thousand years old. We know more about the age of the cedars of Lebanon. There we may see the same trees that Solomon saw. They are some four thousand years old. Look now at the soil from which they grow. They stand on a ridge of clay and gravel containing boulders. The gravel and clay are not stratified, not arranged in layers, but thrown down without order. How was this ridge put there? Not by water, else it would be stratified. The greater part of Greenland is buried under a sheet of ice more than two thousand feet thick, called a *glacier*. This glacier moves slowly toward the south, freighted with boulders and gravel and clay. When the end of the glacier thaws, it throws down its freight, which forms a ridge called a glacial moraine. Now the cedars of Lebanon stand on a glacial moraine, — a ridge formed just as the moraines of Greenland and Switzerland. It is the monument of a vast mantle of ice which covered the plains and mountains of Palestine long before the present race of cedars could have grown on Lebanon. Under this ridge of glacial drift lie the strata which form the body of the mountain. They are beds or layers of limestone. With a crowbar you may pry asunder the leaves of rock, and

every leaf you will find as thickly inlaid with the dead as the leaves in the herbal of a botanist. There are petrified fishes locked up in their stony death since the mountain was on the bottom of a sea. And there are the ruins of a tribe of pearly chambered shells. They are pearl no more, but *stone*. These chambered ammonites sailed like bannered ships through the sea. The race has been stricken from the roll of life. Their shells sank to the sea bottom, and became imbedded in oozy mud. Now that mud is hard rock, and lifted up into a chain of mountains.

As the annual rings of the cedar take you back some four thousand years, so the glacial moraine *under* the cedar will take you far back in the ages to a time when Palestine was buried in ice, and these strata under the moraine will take you back still further to an epoch when Palestine and the greater part of Asia and Europe were buried beneath an ocean. And as the pits and acorns in the cedar report to you something of the life of California five hundred years ago, so the shells and fishes petrified in the mountain report something of the life that sported in the oceans of that long ago.

Now these petrifactions in Mount Lebanon, old as they are, are but of yesterday, when compared with the age of the world. Imbedded in strata of the same age we find the ruins of great sea beasts. As we have sketched the history of creation, these sea beasts came *fourth* in the order, preceding the warm-blooded quadrupeds and man. No one who has weighed the evidence can doubt the great antiquity of the earth. And no candid mind can fail to see that the order of the Mosaic history harmonizes essentially with that of the geological.

But the days of Genesis were not *our* days. "A day with the Lord is as a thousand years." This sublime narrative is stripped of its dignity if we take the days for twenty-four hours, and limit the Deity to a week of time gauged for human labor for the consummation of his vast schemes in the

physical universe. The astronomer has seen his glory in the heavens, worlds created by his hand spread through the immensities of space. The moralist has seen his purposes unfolding through the ages of human history. The geologist has seen his far-reaching plans unfolding through the epochs of nature's history. The astronomer shows us the march of creation through space; the geologist, its march through time; and the mind can no more grasp the *epochs* of the one than the *spaces* of the other.

Whence, then, came this sketch of the course of creation, so grand, so brief, so truthful, that in the focal blaze of modern science it stands in all its integrity? In Hindoo cosmogony we are told that the earth was a chaos, and that the Creator, in the form of Brahma, *moved* on the waters, peopled them with life, and lifted the sea-bottom up into dry land. We are told of periods of creation and periods of destruction; of the sea ingulfing the land, and of the Deity descending to reclaim the land from the sea. These gleams of truth we find amid the grossest errors. The very form of the expression recalls the opening words of Genesis. Either the Hindoo borrowed from the Jew, or the Jew from the Hindoo. The freedom of the Jewish narrative from Hindoo superstition forbids us to suppose the latter. Now we find Sir Charles Lyell maintaining that the Hindoos learned so much of truth by observation. They read it on the rocks. But Sir Charles forgets that neither Jew nor Hindoo knew how to observe. Whatever truth he finds in their cosmogonies came not by scientific induction, however else it came. We can easily see how the naturalist, looking only at matter and force, should come by constant habit of mind to ignore that higher realm of spirit. As a naturalist he is slow to admit the *supernatural*. But everywhere, in every blade of grass, in every living thing, he sees the manifestations of a power which came from God into nature. And will he believe that no illumination of the human soul has been vouchsafed from the same Father? De Joinville was imprisoned in an Austrian dungeon, where for

many years he hardly saw a human face, but made companionship with spiders and crickets. He became so skilled in their strange lore that he could foretell from their motions an approaching storm. These little creatures which cannot sin are so delicately tuned to the harmonies of nature, that the most subtile influences vibrate through their organism as a beam of light through a diamond. *Man* stands in relations with nature and with a sphere *above* nature, and if his spirit were not barred by sin from the Father of spirits, if all the powers of his being were in harmony with the Infinite Being as the life of the brute is in harmony with nature, inspirations from that upper sphere might be as natural to his soul as impressions from the sphere of nature to the organism of the brute.

It is our firm conviction, matured and strengthened by our reading of the strata, that the Mosaic account of creation is inspired of God. And he who wrote the generation of *one* world saw in that high illumination the generation of *all* worlds. "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth," — the universe. God is one as well as infinite, and as his creative power was manifested on the earth, so in the same laws it was manifested on every sphere.

THE OLD WAGON-WHEELS.

HOW THEY PREACHED TEMPERANCE.

MANY reformers seem to be endowed with a capacity to make the wrath of their enemies to praise them, by turning their vile machinations to the furtherance of their cause. A few years ago there was an occurrence in Lawrence County, New York, which happily illustrates this statement.

A pioneer reformer, "a terror to evil-doers," had rendered

himself obnoxious to half a dozen rumsellers and their allies in a little thickly settled village. These sons of Belial were at their wits' ends to know how to check his career and destroy his influence. At length when the good man had driven to the village, and in the shades of the evening had hitched his horse to an old oak, in his absence they hit upon the device of setting loose his horse and dismantling his wagon. The body they placed at the trunk of the tree, and the wheels they hung on the branches, as high as Haman's gallows, and retired exulting in their exploit. The owner soon returned, and seeing the venerable oak adorned with his old wheels, as a bride adorned with rings and ringlets, laughed heartily, and exclaimed, "*There, there let them hang till they rot down; they will preach temperance cheaper and better than I can do it.*"

The old tree was public property. No one seemed disposed to rob it of its meretricious charms; the friends of temperance gazed and admired, whilst its enemies, who had proclaimed their own shame, dared not (for fear of ridicule) touch the old wagon-gear with one of their fingers. Year after year the old wheels basked in the sun, and swung and creaked in the winds, and the old tree became an object of admiration, a sort of monumental pillar, publishing the magnanimous achievements of rumsellers and their parasites.

Strangers, as they journeyed through the village, gazed and wondered, and troubled the villagers with many inquiries. Customers, near and remote, some from curiosity and some from love of sport, teased the guilty storekeepers beyond endurance as months and years rolled on. And our reformer (Heaven bless him, he can say, "I still live"),— our reformer had the pleasure of knowing that his old wheels preached temperance to multitudes which he could never reach, and the whole affair proved a CAPITAL temperance investment.

We have known rumsellers and their victims to resort to many expedients to intimidate reformers, — shear the manes

of horses, loosen linchpins, hurl putrid eggs, fire houses, withdraw patronage, and the like, — but we can hardly recollect a case where vengeance did not recoil upon their own pates; the guns kicked and killed their cannoneers, the gallows they have erected have served for their own necks. Hence, in a day like this, when the rum party is rallying and renewing the battle, the friends of God and reform should unroll the scroll of the past, and gather fresh courage from an immense treasury of temperance facts, — all going to show that a kind Providence from the first has made most adverse circumstances subservient to this great and beneficent cause.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

LITTLE child, why wilt thou fear?
Jesus, tender Shepherd's, near;
He thy downy couch will keep,
Tremble not to sleep!

Little child, why wilt thou fear?
Night is to His vision clear,
And the darkness knows His tread;
He defends thy bed.

Though thy voice were ne'er so low,
It will reach His ear, I know,
For His words thy plea shall be,
"Children, come to me."

Listening alway up above,
Waiting, watching for thy love,
Little child, 't is easy now
To His will to bow!

Put thy trembling hand in His;
Strong and powerful it is;
It shall guide thee through the night
Into perfect light.

THE YOUNG CONQUEROR.

IT was a warm morning in the latter part of May, and Hal Grey, on his way to chapel, arm in arm with Lame Jemmy, met Bill Massey.

"Good morning, Puritans," said he, with a kind of wicked smile; "you'll be apt to see some fun at prayers this morning."

"What do you mean?" asked both together.

"O, you two boys are always talking about being so good, and 'overcoming,' and all that; perhaps you'll see old Prex overcome this morning, or *come over*, just as you please to take it."

Harry immediately suspected some trick, and begged Bill not to do anything to hurt the feelings of kind Mr. Avery. But he could draw nothing further from his mischievous schoolmate, and so went reluctantly on.

As he entered the chapel, he looked hurriedly around. Everything was in its place, and he felt somewhat reassured. Presently Mr. Avery appeared, and walked with dignified step to his chair. Hal watched him with painful interest, nor were his fears in vain, for as the worthy man seated himself, the chair suddenly gave way, and he was prostrated on the floor. A few silly boys laughed, but the hot blood rushed to Hal's cheeks and brow, especially when he saw that Mr. Avery had so sprained his foot as to be unable to rise without the assistance of an under teacher. The chair was immediately examined, and it was discovered that one of the back legs had been sawed off.

Mr. Avery turned very sternly to the assembled boys, and demanded who had dared perpetrate such a miserable practical joke.

The most profound silence followed the question; but as Mr. Avery's keen eye swept round the room, it rested on the embarrassed face of Hal Grey.

"What do *you* know about it, sir?" he asked suddenly.

The crimson grew deeper upon Hal's cheeks, but he drew himself up a little proudly, as he firmly replied, "I did not do it, sir."

"Do you know who did?" persisted Mr. Avery.

Harry hesitated, and at last said faintly, "I would rather not answer, sir."

"But I command you. Come, I am waiting for the name," said Mr. Avery, with growing impatience.

"Please excuse me, sir," pleaded Hal, "I cannot tell that."

"*Cannot*, and why?" cried Mr. Avery, a little angrily. But poor Hal could only repeat, "Please excuse me, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Avery, thoroughly vexed at what he called Harry's obstinacy, while the growing pain in his foot tended to increase an irritability in which he seldom indulged. "Very well, sir, if you have nothing further to say, we may reasonably conclude that you are the guilty one yourself, and will proceed to award your punishment."

"I did *not* do it, Mr. Avery," interposed Harry; but that gentleman, with a hastiness he afterwards regretted, proceeded to say, "Henry Grey is suspended from his classes for one week, and ordered to remain in his room during the hours of recreation for the same length of time."

Lame Jemmy interposed tearfully, "Will this prevent him from taking the prize at the end of this term, sir?"

"Of course," said Mr. Avery, briefly, and proceeded with the morning exercises.

This last was too great a blow for Hal. He had striven so hard for that prize, and meant so to delight his mother, and now to lose it all in a minute. It was too much, and, leaning back in the shadow of the chapel pillar, he with difficulty restrained his tears. And then, too, how hard to have Mr. Avery think so ill of him. Surely Bill would not have the heart to leave him in such disgrace, — he *would* confess; but no, not a word more was said upon the subject, and presently the boys dispersed to their different class-rooms, giving Hal

many a look and word of sympathy, as they passed, for he was a great favorite in the school.

At the hour for morning exercise, Hal could not resist hurrying down for one minute's talk with Bill Massey. "Bill, Bill," he cried, as the boy tried to evade him. "Surely, you do not mean to make me lose the prize. You *will* tell Mr. Avery, won't you? I know he won't scold very hard, now it 's all over, and you know *you* can't get the prize, any way. *Won't* you tell him, Bill?"

"I don't think I shall do anything of the kind."

"You won't tell him?" cried Hal, with indignant surprise.

"No," said Bill, doggedly.

The bright color leaped into Hal's cheeks, and his eyes flashed with anger.

"Well, then, you 're a mean-spirited fellow, and a coward!" cried Hal, his fiery temper entirely getting the mastery of him.

"No boy shall call me that," said Bill, coolly rolling up his sleeves.

"Come on," cried Harry, excitedly. "I 'm ready to fight, if that 's what you mean."

"Hal, *dear* Hal," pleaded Lame Jemmy, and his clinging touch was upon the boy's arm.

Hal's eyes softened a little, as he said, "Go away, please, Jem, I might hurt you."

But Jemmy clung the tighter. "Dearest Hal, you are not the right kind of a conqueror now. O think, Hal, 'to him that overcometh,' the tree of life, the morning star, the paradise of God. Now is the time to fight hard; '*down* passion, *down revenge*.' Be a conqueror, Hal, but be *sure* and strike in the right place."

Hal's anger rapidly cooled as Jem spoke, and at last he threw his arms around his little friend, exclaiming, "Jemmy, I believe you are my good angel." Then turning to Bill, he said with an effort, "I am sorry I called you names, but I cannot fight with you."

Bill broke into a loud, sneering laugh.

"That 's a good way to get out of it, you miserable sneak. Why don't you say you don't *dare* fight, instead of playing good, and trying to imagine you 're a martyr just ready to be taken out of a wicked world?"

Hal was about making an indignant reply, but checked himself just in time, and rushing to his room, threw himself upon his knees, repenting bitterly of this outburst of passion, and humbly asking help for the future. Harry bore the remainder of his week of disgrace with quiet gentleness and patience, and Mr. Avery more than once regretted the severity of his sentence.

A few more weeks passed, and found Hal still fighting the good fight, with his proud, young spirit under firm control.

In the long twilight of a lovely June evening, Hal was walking with Jemmy by the river, watching Bill Massey, as he taught a troop of young boys to swim.

"There is one thing troubling me, Jemmy," said Hal, at length. "I do not think I feel quite right towards Bill Massey yet. I don't like to have him near me, and I would rather oblige any boy in school than him."

"Well, it *is* hard, but I suppose it is another feeling to be overcome. We must pray for strength to fight it down."

"I *do*, Jem," said Hal, with sweet seriousness, "and I wish *you 'd* pray *for* me."

"You 're not such a bad boy, after all," cried Jem, lovingly, looking into Hal's clear, honest eyes. "I believe if there were some great service to be done for Bill this minute, you 'd be the first to offer."

"I 'm not so sure of that," returned Hal, laughing.

Just then there was a great commotion among the swimmers, and some little boys on shore cried out, "Bill Massey is going down, he has the cramp, he will drown!"

"Ah! that is true," cried Jem, "and those little fellows can only keep their own heads above water. O, why *did* he go out so far?"

Hal did not stop to think twice, but pulling off coat and boots, plunged into the water, and with swift strokes approached the drowning boy. Bill was a long distance from shore, and it was almost by superhuman efforts that Hal managed to reach him, as he was sinking for the last time.

"There, he has him!" shouted the little boys. "Hurrah!" But Jem's anxieties were not over. "Poor Hal is so tired," he thought, "how will he tow in that heavy Bill Massey?"

Slowly, and with painful effort, carefully keeping the head of his companion above water, the brave swimmer struck out for the shore. At first he came on gallantly, then his strength seemed to flag, and once or twice both disappeared from sight.

"O, if I were only not quite so helpless," groaned Jemmy; "run call some of the big boys quick, or they both will drown!"

What an endless time it seemed before help came. Ah! there was Hal's curly head again, nearer, nearer. "A few more strokes, dear Hal," cried Jem. "You are almost in."

Here the little boys set up a wild shout, as two or three of the older students arrived just in time to draw the exhausted pair from the water. Part of them then applied themselves to the task of reviving Bill Massey, while the rest crowded around Hal, congratulating him, and warmly shaking his hand. Hal smiled faintly, and tried to thank them, but suddenly he turned deathly pale, a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell fainting in Bob Wilson's arms.

"What is it?" cried Jemmy, in terror, as they laid him upon the grass.

"Call Mr. Avery, and run for a physician," cried Bob, giving quick orders to the little boys. Jem in the mean while knelt down, and drew the dear head upon his breast. Smoothing back the wet curls, he whispered anxiously, "How do you feel, darling?"

Hal opened his eyes, and with his own bright smile, ever mindful of the feelings of others, replied, "It is nothing, I do not suffer any."

But with the exertion of these few words, the life-stream gushed forth so violently, that the boys turned pale, and looked at each other with a terrible fear.

Presently good Mr. Avery came hurrying down. "What is this, my dear, dear boy?" he cried, as he saw his favorite pupil extended apparently lifeless before him.

A few hurried words explained the matter.

"What can be done for him?" he cried, as the physician made his appearance. "Dr. Brown, you *must* save this noble boy."

The Doctor knelt beside him a moment with a very grave face. "He has broken a bloodvessel," he whispered to Mr. Avery. "I 'm afraid he will live but a few minutes."

"O do not say that," groaned Mr. Avery; "make every exertion for his life, leave no remedy untried."

Just then Hal opened his eyes dreamily, and seeing the pale, grave face of his teacher bending over him, he said, anxiously, "Do you still think I did it, sir?"

Bill Massey broke through the crowd, and in a tone full of anguish and remorse cried out, "O Mr. Avery, if he means the chair, I did it, I did it. O Hal, you must, you *must* forgive me."

A look of satisfaction passed over Hal's pale face, and he turned smilingly to Mr. Avery.

"Is it all right now, sir?"

"O my darling child!" sobbed Mr. Avery, and could say no more.

All remedies were in vain, and the young life ebbed fast.

"What is it, dear Hal?" wept Jemmy, putting his ear close to those loved lips, to catch an almost inarticulate murmur.

"The Morning Star," whispered Hal, faintly, "the tree of Life in the midst of the paradise of God!"

"'To him that overcometh,' to *you*, dear Hal, but ah!" cried Lame Jemmy, with a sudden burst of anguish, "will you leave *me* behind, O Hal?"

Harry Grey did not seem to heed those once familiar tones, but opening his clear eyes once more, he gazed lovingly around the weeping circle, gave one last, bright smile, and the last enemy was destroyed, even *Death.*

That night as Bob and Jemmy watched in the room where the young conqueror slept peacefully after the battle of life, the door softly opened, and Bill Massey stole in.

Jemmy half shuddered when he saw him; but the boy was so changed, so pale and broken-hearted, Jemmy could not say a word to reproach him. For a while he moaned and wept bitterly, then drawing forth a wreath of laurel, he laid it reverently upon Hal's soft, bright curls.

"He is a greater conqueror than ever I shall be," he sobbed, as he rushed from the room.

"Yes," added Bob, "and he has won a greater prize than I have ever striven for."

"And I believe," cried Jemmy, almost with exultation, as he kissed the fair brow, — "I believe God has made him an angel *excelling* in strength."

A REMINISCENCE OF DR. WAYLAND.

I WAS a free-thinker. I read Rousseau and Lord Byron and believed in them. Religion I judged of by the long stereotyped prayers and ascetic looks of some ill-bred Christians. I hated orthodoxy as I saw and heard it from the stand-point I had, in my proud imagination, taken; and I came to consider every one professing it sold under the hard bondage of fanaticism.

In this mental status I took my seat in the lecture-room of Dr. Wayland. He was then discussing the powers and functions of the "moral sense." His course of argumentation was so keen and clear that I soon began to listen; I began

to question, to argue, to present objections in order to drive him from his positions. It was like damming up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes. His logic, unfolded in his perspicuous yet laconic style, quite overwhelmed, confounded me. I saw that I was standing on a foundation made of shifting sand. I saw that I was a miserable sinner, and nothing but a miserable sinner, in the sight of an offended God.

I went to my room to pray: my knees were stubborn: the load upon my heart was crushing me; what must I do to escape the wrath of the Almighty? Hope seemed to have taken its everlasting flight.

I arose and ventured into the presence of Dr. Wayland. He was in his study, reading his old well-worn copy of the sacred Word. He received me kindly, and I at once made known to him the anguish of my soul. I felt and said, "My sins are so many and so great that God *cannot* pardon me."

Fixing his keen black eyes, beaming with heavenly tenderness, full upon me, this good man said, and never till my dying day can I forget the earnest solemnity, the eloquence of the tone, "*When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.*"

I felt that the case was mine; and Hope, reviving Hope, came winging then her joyous flight to me to gild my pathway through this checkered, transitory state.

Dr. Wayland then knelt down and prayed with me and for me, and on leaving him he lent me his well-thumbed copy of Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*, advising me to read that and Edwards's "Life of Brainerd," instead of Byron, and

> "If I met with trials and troubles on the way,
> To cast myself on Jesus, — and not forget to pray."

I never knew till that never-to-be-forgotten night the full meaning of that great English word, — FRIENDLINESS. I never knew Jesus Christ till then!

PREPARATION FOR PUBLIC PRAYER.

A GOOD gift of preparation is one of the best blessings that God bestows upon any man, is especially valuable to the public speaker, and most of all to the minister of the Gospel. This gift, well exercised, will in no small degree compensate for the deficiency of many others, if it does not altogether supply their lack of service. Without it the most brilliant gifts are liable to fail their possessor just when he needs them most. Is it not possible that this gift may be used in public prayer much more frequently than it is, and to the great edification of all who unite in the prayer?

In our recoil from the written and stereotyped forms of prayer in which some Christians prefer to worship God, there is some danger that we go to the opposite extreme, and offend both God and man by irregular, disorderly, and ill-considered addresses to the Throne of Grace. There is equal danger that we fall insensibly into the constant use of the same expressions and the same routine of expression, to such an extent that our prayers differ from those that are written, only in being recited, instead of being read from books. "Has father most done praying?" whispered an urchin to whom the length of the family devotions was somewhat irksome. "O no," responded his more observing brother, "he has n't got to the Jews yet!"

Any prayer in which the hearer can accurately determine just how far it is to the Jews, and how far from the Jews to the end, may be a very good prayer as between him who offers it and Him who hears and answers prayer, but as respects those who listen and who ought to unite, it is little better than no prayer. Not much more edifying are those prayers which are like "the shadow of death without any order"; in which praise, petition, confession, thanksgiving, intercession, and whatever else, are poured out in such con-

fusion that no hearer can follow the prayer, much less retain it in the memory and heart.

The only remedy for these things is to exercise the gift of preparation. No minister, worthy to be called a minister, ventures, except in the extremest emergency, to commence his sermon without knowing what he will say, and in what order he will say it. If he will not be the mouthpiece of God to the people without preparation, how can he dare to be the mouthpiece of the congregation to God, with no forethought how or what he shall speak? In what manner, and to what extent, preparation should be made, must vary, of course, according to the mental peculiarities and the habits of study of each individual. A minister of my acquaintance sometimes writes his prayers at full length, and commits them to memory so thoroughly that he need give himself no concern about the language, but only about the spirit in which it is uttered. That is rather too much of a good thing. Another prepares a written brief, as for a sermon, arranging the parts in proper order, and specifying the particulars under each topic. With this impressed upon his mind to guide him, he uses such language as he may find available at the time of prayer. Another premeditates his prayer for a half-hour or an hour, as one would premeditate an unwritten discourse. And many others, it is to be feared, neither write nor premeditate, but offer purely extempore prayers, which, even more than extempore sermons, are apt to be "extrumpery."

Some preparation for public prayer is almost indispensable to its efficiency as a means of grace. There must be a weighing, more or less careful, of the thoughts and words with which man addresses his Maker. Otherwise a congregation may realize that their minister is leading them in prayer, but they will not be likely to realize it to such an extent as to follow him. His prayer may be a very good prayer in itself, but it will have little or no effect on the minds and hearts of hearers. Whereas, a thorough preparation for prayer is not

only more reverential toward God, but is almost sure to render the prayer more useful to those who unite in it. An incident which occurred some years ago will show how useful prayers so prepared may be. A minister, examining a candidate for admission to the Church, inquired the origin of her religious impressions. She answered that she owed them, under God, to his sermons and prayers, especially to the prayers. He was surprised. He expected good results from his sermons, for he had preached the truth with simplicity and godly sincerity. But he had anticipated no such thing from his prayers. He was conscious, however, that he had taken special pains to prepare that part of public worship, by storing his mind with the good words of the Scriptures, by studying freshness, variety, and especially adaptation, and by devoting the hour preceding public worship entirely to the cultivation of a devotional spirit. Preparation for public prayer may not always secure such valuable results as that, but it will never fail of greatly benefiting both the minister and the people.

THE VILLAGE CLOCK.

Suggested by Longfellow's Poem, "The Old Clock on the Stair."

ON the gentle lawn, from the village street,
Stands the old church, where the villagers meet;
Up through its aisles young men have passed,
Young men grown gray for the grave at last;
While the Bride's sweet call from the pulpit exprest,
Has been echoed far up on its spiry crest, —
Repent — believe!
Believe — repent!

From the preacher, discharging his solemn trust,
From the saddening service, returning to dust

The village honor, the village pride;
From the modest choir, from blushing bride,
From worshipping people with humble heart,
Has come that call from its every part,
Repent — believe!
Believe — repent!

In joy its voice is low and light,
In turbulent trials and sorrow's night,
The "still, small voice" continues its call, —
Along the aisles, along the hall,
Till the clock far up in the tower above,
Gives back the words and call of love.
Repent — believe!
Believe — repent!

Like urging spirits, the voiceless hands —
By marking the hours — life's passing sands —
Above the villager's trouble and toil,
Above his trials and life's turmoil,
Send forth, as far as their rays can reach,
The same kind call, and seem to teach
Repent — believe!
Believe — repent!

Firmly its hands are pointing on,
And soon they 'll mark the last sand gone.
The church will crumble; its tower fall;
The preacher and clock will cease their call;
Yet e'en where wreck and ruin lie
They still shall call, as the years go by, —
Repent — believe!
Believe — repent!

Into the spirit-world shall go
The voice of the village clock below,
The voice of the preacher, the voice of the tower,
The voice which bore the spirit's power;

And there before the "great white throne"
Shall meet each soul with God alone.
Repent — believe!
Believe — repent!

Not as to village it uttered its call,
It now pronounces sentence on all:
To the sinner who turned from the Bride away
It denies a single forgiving ray;
But leads him apart to eternal death,
Of Hope and Heart and *Heaven* bereft.
Condemned — lost!
Lost — condemned!

Not as to village it uttered its call,
It now pronounces sentence on all;
To the Christian clothed in the Bride's array
It gives the joys of eternal day,
And, leading along the "golden streets,"
Guides him onward to blissful seats, —
Redeemed — saved!
Saved — redeemed!

FEAR, THE BASIS OF ALL LAW.

A GENTLEMAN who belongs to the class of people that call themselves Liberal Christians lately expressed to me his horror of orthodoxy, because it teaches the doctrine of future punishment, thus appealing to the fears of men; and he denounced *fear* in round, set terms as a degrading motive of action. I have reason to believe that his sentiments are entertained quite extensively by the class who hold his general opinions, — I need not say how extensively. I expressed to him some views that were novel to him; perhaps it may not be entirely useless to state them in your col-

umns. At all events, if any of them are erroneous, nobody but an anonymous correspondent is responsible for them, and they may lead to useful reflections on an important topic.

Fear is the great conservative element in all human society. The object of human laws is to restrain men from doing wrong to each other, and the principal basis of law is fear. If we look into the statutes against crimes and offences, we find that they consist of a description of those crimes and offences, and penalties prescribed for the commission of them. Punishment by death deprives the criminal of further power to commit offences; punishment by imprisonment deprives him of that power temporarily. With these exceptions, the force of criminal law lies in its power to excite the fear of punishment. Where it punishes one person, it restrains multitudes by means of this fear. Very few people seem to have reflected upon the incalculable value of this influence of fear in protecting society from crime and wrong. If it could be extinguished for a single week, the community would, at the end of the week, present a frightful spectacle of desolation.

In respect to matters not criminal, the law protects us all by the same influence of fear. Multitudes are constrained to pay their honest debts and to abstain from trespasses and frauds by the fear of legal retribution; and if all remedies by civil actions were abolished, no man would feel safe anywhere, nor could the business of society be carried on. The effect of a single lawsuit is to make ten thousand men do justice to their neighbors, when they would otherwise have withheld it. Indeed, all human government is based on fear, and without this element it would cease to be government.

In proportion as a man can have confidence in himself, that he will not be tempted to violate a particular law, or that the temptation will not overcome him, he may live in freedom from the fear of that law. If no one were in danger of violating a particular law, no one would need to fear that law. Indeed, there is no need of prescribing a penalty for an of-

fence that no one is disposed to commit, and legislators never make laws against such imaginary offences. But there is such a vast variety of wrongs that men are inclined to do to each other, that every reflecting man will be more deeply impressed, the more he thinks of the matter, with the incalculable value of the conservative influence of the fear created by human laws.

This leads us to inquire into the nature of the moral feeling which lies at the foundation of these laws. There is a sect of philosophers who call it vengeance, and some of them call it revenge; but, in fact, it is love.

Love seeks the highest good of its object. This is its nature; and the legislator or magistrate who has genuine love for the people will seek to promote and secure their highest good. In proportion as anything thwarts or destroys that good, love opposes and abhors it. I need not prove that crime and wrong of every description is hostile to the good of the people, for every one admits it. It is hostile to every impulse of love for the people, and there is a necessary enmity and warfare between the two. It must be so perpetually. If love can connect itself with power, it will use that power to keep out crime and wrong, and will aim at their extirpation. Its most efficient instrument, so far as we know, is law with penalties and retributive justice; and we have seen that law is chiefly efficient through the influence of fear. Thus it is manifest that fear is the auxiliary of love, and of course its office is purifying and elevating, and not degrading. It is to deter men from doing wrong; and every man who is tempted to do wrong stands in need of its salutary influence. He acts wisely when he consults fear, and is afraid to do wrong; and it is degrading to any citizen to cast off the fear of doing wrong.

In the science of human government, the last generalization to which induction would lead us is love. This comprehends the whole idea of government. By the opposite process, we deduce from it abhorrence of crime and wrong, and the

use of power and wisdom and justice and fear in the enactment and administration of law, in hostility to crime and wrong, and in protecting the people against it.

But there is a large department of life that human laws cannot reach, and in which the influence of fear is necessary. This leads us to inquire whether there is any source that supplies this influence. Orthodox people believe it is found in the Divine law as revealed in the Bible. Their scientific idea of religion is, that its ultimate general principle to which induction would lead is infinite love, and that the whole of the Divine government is to be deduced, and is deduced in the Bible, from that principle, though the deduction is not formally stated. It is of the nature of infinite love to seek the highest good, the blessedness, of its objects. Of necessity, it cannot look upon good and evil, righteousness and wickedness, with anything approaching to indifference, but seeks good with infinite intensity. Therefore, there is a necessary hostility and warfare between it and everything that would thwart or destroy that good. From what we know of the evil effect of sin in the world, how can we doubt that a God of infinite love must entertain infinite abhorrence of the sin that he sees in the world? Take, for example, enormous crimes like the cruelties that were practised on our prisoners at Andersonville and Libby Prison and Belle Isle, and who can doubt that Infinite Love abhors them infinitely. Apply the same course of thought to each of the numberless offences of which the world is so full, and we are forced to the same result as to them. Each one of us is compelled to ask, in view of the evil he has done, how he shall stand before his final Judge, if there be a Divine law.

Well, if infinite love has the aid of infinite power, we cannot doubt that its natural impulse will be to restrain these wrongs and sins by laws with penalties, and thus appeal to the fears of men to restrain them from doing evil. If infinite wisdom constructs these laws, it will make the penalties adequate to all the exigences of Divine government. But we

know very well that no such penalties are executed in this life. Many a criminal goes "unwhipt of justice" here. It is true that natural laws tend to promote Divine justice to some extent, but it would be folly to pretend that they execute it perfectly. They were evidently not designed to do so.

Orthodox people accept the Bible as a Divine revelation, and think they find in it a statement that the penalties of Divine law are to be inflicted in the future life. They accept this statement as true, simply because they find it there. They did not make the doctrine of future punishment, but believe that God has revealed it.

This doctrine is met by a great amount of ridicule; but if the Bible asserts it, and it is a Divine revelation, it is a poor business to ridicule it or scoff at it. The thing must be met as a reality that we did not place there, and could not get rid of if we would. Those who ridicule it must meet it as a fact in God's government, if it be a fact.

Many others contend that it is an unreasonable doctrine. Now, if they and we know what are the exigences of God's government in the future life, and how it is to operate there, we might reason about this matter; but we know nothing about it except what is revealed, and therefore all our reasonings about it are futile. Beyond what is revealed, our ideas of what infinite love will induce God to do there in respect to those who have been the opponents of his love and violators of his laws here are wild, groundless conjecture.

But the idea which my friend started with, is that the *fear* which this doctrine creates is degrading as a motive of action. The idea is in direct opposition to the assertion of the Bible, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and that it is folly to "cast off fear." It disregards the warning of Christ, so emphatically given, "Fear him who, after he hath killed the body, is able to cast both soul and body into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him." This authority ought to be sufficient; but if we look at the influence of this fear as

mere practical business men, we cannot fail to see that, as a conservative power to keep men from doing wrong, nothing else can be compared to it, or can supply its place. Its power extends over that department of life that human laws cannot reach. It enforces duties which they cannot meddle with. It restrains men from doing wrong when they are alone, and in their secret thoughts. It keeps the inmost heart of man from offending; and the more earnest is one's fear of hell, the more earnestly will he restrain himself from all that is wrong. Every man needs the influence of this fear, whenever he is in danger of yielding to temptation; and who of us is not included in this class? If we can get beyond the power of temptation, and are influenced by perfect love, then indeed we shall find that "perfect love casteth out fear." We shall no longer need its influence. But till then it is wise to cherish this fear; and to cast it off, is to cast off our most efficient aid in resisting temptation.

But the denial of the doctrine of future punishment involves the denial of the fact that God has, in any just sense of the term, any law against wickedness or crime. For since he does not execute penalties in this life, but allows the wrongdoer so often to die in the midst of prosperity and the wronged so often to live in misery and die with his wrongs unredressed, he must inflict his penalties in the future life if anywhere, and if not executed there, they have no actual existence. It involves the further idea that he is indifferent in respect to the existence of all this wickedness and crime, and therefore there is no such thing as divine love in respect to men in this life. In this doctrine, then, we find degrading ideas of God. These ideas also tend to degrade man; for they take away the most powerful restraints against wickedness that can exist, and give to undetected and secret crime a perfect impunity. Indeed, they give impunity to every crime and wrong that can escape punishment in this life. In this doctrine, therefore, wickedness of every species finds one of its strongest auxiliaries, and one of its most cherished consolations.

TAKE MY HAND, PAPA.

IN the dead of night, I am frequently wakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry, "Please take my hand, papa!"

Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence he falls into sweet sleep again.

We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your weary pathway, and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving, compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once, night may still enfold you in its embrace, but its terrors will be dissipated; its gloom and sadness flee away, and in the simple grasp of the Father's hand, sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the "*morning cometh.*"

"PAPER FLOWERS."

A FEW years since, an excellent bass singer was introduced into the choir of my church. I knew him as a moral and honest citizen, as a good blacksmith, but in religious matters professedly a Unitarian. He listened attentively to preaching, and was under a good Christian influence in the orchestra and at the rehearsals, — our chorister being a Christian man, as every chorister ought to be. He at length

began to meet us in our social circle, and became quite approachable on the subject of personal religion. I never argued with him on a single point that theologically separated us, but urged personal duties to meet personal wants. He admitted he was not happy nor satisfied entirely with his own condition. One evening, after a long talk upon Christian experience and hope, during which I noticed occasionally the moistened eye and evident interest, I urged him to give himself to God at once, and to begin a life of prayer. To the latter he assented, and we parted. The second or third morning afterwards, he sent for me. I found him in great distress of mind; so much so that he could neither sleep, eat, nor work; but his ignorance of the way of salvation by Christ was pitiable. He said: "I never have heard or read any of these things with the slightest interest; and the little I thought I knew about them seems now to be all gone. It is dark, terribly dark, — all this matter. Can you lead me through?"

For some days he groped his way along, step by step, until light began to beam upon his soul, and finally the Sun of Righteousness arose upon his view, and he was completely happy in his new views of new life. He was converted to orthodoxy at the same time he was converted to Christ, so far as he could determine. He was encouraged to tell "what the Lord had done for his soul," in the conference meeting. He was quite ready to do it, as he was anything else that it was thought he ought to do. He came to speak often, and always with interest, and sometimes with decided effect. I shall never forget one of his many original and striking illustrations. He was addressing moralists, of whom it had been his boast that he was among the first, and was contented to be there. But now he saw the emptiness, if not the selfishness, of all such pretensions. "My friends," said he, "I know how you feel, what you think, and where you are. I have been long there, and know all about it. Now I look at these things through different eyes, and from another stand-

point. Christ is my righteousness and my all, now. Your good deeds, your correct morals, they are only PAPER FLOWERS, which will exhale no fragrance acceptable unto God." His eyes were turned upward, glistening with the starting tears, as he paused an instant, and then repeated, "only *paper flowers*, at the best. You must bring something better, or you never will be accepted." The effect was thrilling. He was a growing, because he was a witnessing and a faithful Christian; and so long as he was able to be present, he was a light and a *life* in the prayer-meeting.

It was delightful to see what the grace of God could do, and did do, for that trusting man, both in the few years of his life, and on his sick and dying bed. In that dread hour, when he was going into the presence of his Judge, he had something better than "paper flowers" to take with him. The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley, and all the "flowers of Paradise" were his. Whence this so great change?

That man first felt the influence of a CHRISTIAN CHOIR. He had come to sing sacred music with different feelings, when he found that those who led and joined him in that service sung "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

That man felt the influence of Christian society. He had never before associated with the "stiff and unapproachable orthodox." He soon found them good company, and he met them with frank cordiality. The church "sociables" were so conducted as to be a means of grace to him.

That man felt that his pastor cared more for his soul's salvation than for useless argument with his prejudices. I did not allude to any of his objections to our doctrines, and avoided everything that would excite ill feeling, but sought simply to convince him of his unfitness for heaven, and his great need of something he had not got. I assured him there was great comfort in trusting all to the Christ of history, who was also the Christ of the Bible. There are thousands

now who have no better reliance than their "paper flowers." Let them be invited to *Christian choirs*, if they can sing. Let them be brought to the church or family sociables, where religion shall distil its hallowed influence without being offensively prominent. O let such be brought to CHRIST first and at once, — to technical orthodoxy afterwards! Here is an open and an inviting field for every Christian.

SOMETHING ABOUT TUNNELLING.

THE process of tunnelling which the war has brought so much in vogue is, I presume, unfamiliar to most of my readers. The *modus operandi* is this: the workman having sunk a hole in the ground, three, six, or eight feet, as the case may require, strikes off horizontally, lying flat on his face, and digging with whatever tool he can find, — usually a case-knife. The excavation is made just large enough for one man to creep through it. The great difficulty is to know where to conceal the dirt. In Salisbury, however, this obstacle did not exist, for many of the prisoners lived in holes in the ground, which they were constantly changing or enlarging. Hence the yard abounded in hillocks of fresh dirt, upon which that taken from the tunnels could be spread nightly without exciting notice.

After the great influx of prisoners of war in October, a large business in the way of tunnelling was done in the Salisbury garrison. I knew of fifteeen "in course of construction" at one time, and presume there were many more. The commandant of the prison learned the fact, though he could not learn their location; and he adopted a very ingenious and effectual method of rendering them abortive.

In digging laterally in the ground, at the distance of thirty or forty feet, the air becomes so foul that lights will not

burn, and men breathe with difficulty. In the great tunnel from Libby Prison sixty-five feet long, by which one hundred and fourteen of our officers escaped, this embarrassment was obviated by a bit of Yankee ingenuity. The officers, with tacks, blankets, and boards, constructed a pair of huge bellows, like those used by blacksmiths. Then, while one of them worked away with his case-knife, progressing four or five feet in twelve hours, and a second filled his haversack with dirt and removed it (of course backing out, and crawling on his return, as the tunnel was a "single track," and had no "turn-table"), the third sat at the mouth pumping vigorously, and thus supplied the workers with fresh air.

At Salisbury this was impracticable. I suppose a paper of tacks could not have been purchased there for a thousand dollars, Confederate money, or for any other sum. There were none to be had. Of course we could not pierce holes up to the surface of the ground for ventilation, as that would expose everything.

Originally there was but one line of guards, — posted some twenty-five feet apart, upon the fence which surrounded the garrison, and constantly walking to and fro, meeting each other and turning back at the limits of each post. Under this arrangement it was necessary to tunnel, about forty feet, to go under the fence and come up far enough beyond it to emerge from the earth on a dark night without attracting the sight or hearing of the sentinels.

But when the commandant learned (through prisoners who were actually suffering for food, and would do almost anything for bread) that tunnelling was going on, he tried to ascertain where the excavations were located, but in vain, because none of the shaky prisoners had been informed. Therefore he established a second line of guards, one hundred feet outside of those on the fence, who also paced back and forth in the same manner until they met, forming an outer line impervious to Yankees. This necessitated tunnelling at least one hundred and forty feet, which, without ventilation, was

just as much out of the question as to tunnel a hundred and forty miles.

The great Libby tunnel in Richmond, which was so perfect a success, was of the smallest dimensions. Colonel Streight of Indiana, who tended toward the Falstaffian in his proportions, was very apprehensive that he could not possibly work his way through it. He found it extremely difficult, and narrowly escaped the fate of the greedy fox in the fable, who "stuck in the hole." But he finally squeezed through.

Colonel Streight was personally unpopular with some of his brother officers; but the Rebels hated him so ardently, and he always talked to them with such perfect frankness and boldness, that when the tunnel was completed, his fellow-prisoners declared with one voice that he should be the first man to go out. He was the first man; and the Rebels were more annoyed and angry at losing him than the escape of any dozen of his comrades would have made them.

He remained hidden in Richmond, among faithful Union people, for nearly two weeks. The first officers who reached our lines caused the announcement to be published in all the papers, that Streight had arrived at Fortress Monroe. This threw the Richmond authorities off their guard; the search for him was discontinued; and finally, under a skilful and practised pilot, having travelled slowly and with caution for ten or eleven nights (to accomplish less than a hundred miles), he reached the protection of the stars and stripes, under which he is still doing gallant service in that gallant army which is commanded by one of our greatest and best captains, — Major-General George H. Thomas.

SINGING IN CHURCH.

WE shall vibrate between the choir and the congregation until we understand the subject better. Our ministers are not yet in the secret for the most part; and both Smith, who leads the choir, and Brown who snarls at it, are equally in the fog. There will be a revolution by and by, and this thing will be set right; but it cannot come till our whole people are pervaded with intelligent thought on the subject, and have come to a definite and just conclusion. And yet that revolution will be only half a revolution at last; for the problem is not to be solved except by a retention of both the common modes of Christian song now in use.

Smith despises the unwieldy blundering of the congregation and stands up for his choir, which happens to be a good specimen of that system. Alice Larke, who leads the soprano, is a jewel of a girl, to be sure, and sings like a Christian at heaven's gate. Exquisite art has become mere nature to her, and not only Smith, but a goodly number of the congregation, are carried up to sky regions with her when she sings.

But Brown has lungs; he has a voice, too; he wants to sing; he knows how to sing; and, what is more, he looks round him and sees dozens and scores in the congregation in the same condition. But the honest man is virtually muzzled, and so are the rest, because there are from eight to twenty who are in better training than it is possible for him to attain to. It is but natural that he should sometimes almost show his teeth when that charming Alice is trying to lead him with the chain of melody. He is not in a state to be led.

We must find a place for both; and we can do it as easy as not, I know, for I have tried it.

My dear chorister, do pray let me say a word to you. You can do a good thing as a leader: your choir shows that. I

admire its perfect training, and yet more its reverent seriousness. If you will only oblige me now by doing a little work for us below stairs, I will see that you 're paid for it out of my salary (now $ 300 per annum).

Brown wants to sing; so do I; so does my wife; so do my children (Jemima has a sweet voice — *with cultivation*); so does Deacon Goodman; so do all the children; so do a great many of the old folks. Now we want you to come and teach us *tunes by rote*, just as you do the children in the Sunday school. I could use notes; so could Brown and others, but not all who can sing. The old tunes — the grandfathers of those in your choir-book — we already know *so poorly* that you had better lay them aside for the present. Old dogs and new tricks, you know. Take new tunes, simple, but with *something in them*. Take, from the "Sabbath Series" all the most dangerous, — those which Dr. Mason tried in vain to reduce to the common monotony that makes his book like sixty meals of "hash without variation"; take the least dangerous from the "Plymouth," — better still if we can some time have a book for this very purpose, — and, after twenty minutes' practice, we shall know by rote any tune you give us, if you know how to do it. A few evenings will give us a variety that will surprise you. Insist upon our singing with spirit and tolerable *time*.

There now! Listen! Brown fairly roars that bass. Our Jemima — look at her! how her eyes shine! And see what delight is everywhere visible! I tell you, Smith, it 's human. We all love to sing; and I do believe God loves to hear us.

> "O mother dear, Jerusalem!
> When shall I come to thee!" — *Rhine.*

Now I tell you what. When we come to meeting, do you have your choir all ready with an introit or anthem, as difficult as you please, provided you can still sing it with the spirit. Tell Alice we can all listen to her, and go with her now, — there is nothing to irritate or disappoint us. Then let us have the first hymn. Of course your choir all know

our tunes, and we should delight to have you sing with us. I don't think you would spoil anything. And your exquisite art, in those hymns which you sing by yourselves, will be all the more delightful from comparison with the mighty chorus (remember *Brown*) which comes up, other whiles, from all the people. I don't care whether *we* sing the first hymn or the last, but let us at least have one of the three. Do you agree?

MY ANGEL-DRESS.

"I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment." — REVELATION iii. 18.

HEAVENLY Father, I would wear
Angel-garments, white and fair,
Angel-vesture, undefiled;
Wilt thou give unto thy child?

Not a robe of many hues,
Such as earthly fathers choose.
Discord weaves the gaudy vest,
Not in such let me be dressed.

Take the raiment soiled away,
That I wear with shame to-day.
Give my angel-robes to me,
White with heaven's own purity!

Take away my cloak of pride;
And the worthless rags 't would hide,
Clothe me in my angel-dress,
Beautiful with holiness!

Let me wear the white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear;
Holding fast thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

Perfume every fold with love,
Hinting heaven where'er I rove,
As an Indian vessel's sails
Whisper of her costly bales.

Let me now the white robes wear,
Then I need no more prepare;
All apparelled for my home
Whensoe'er thou callest "Come!"

Thus apparelled I shall be
As a signal set for Thee,
That the wretched, poor, and weak
May the same fair garments seek.

"Buy of Me," I hear Thee say;
I have naught wherewith to pay.
But I give myself to Thee,
Clothed, adopted I shall be.

BUILDING AROUND HOME.

IT was wisely ordered, in repairing the walls of Jerusalem under Nehemiah, that the people, as far as practicable, should each "build over against his own house." His location should determine his work. He was not to select for himself some distant section of the wall, where the work of building was easier, or where the company of laborers was more inviting. The proximity of the work to his own house decided his service for the sacred cause, and would enable him to be more expeditions and more efficient in its accomplishment.

This method of distributing Christian work is demanded in the prosecution of our great work of home evangelization.

The location of a man's home is an important circumstance to be considered by him in judging what is the sphere in which his influence should be most strenuously exerted for the kingdom of Christ.

Twenty years ago the experiment was commenced of establishing a church in a village where religious error had long flourished, and borne its bad fruit. The members gathered into the church from the village and its vicinity were few and feeble, and the prospect of building up the church appeared not very encouraging. A Christian man with his young wife moved into the village, in order to be near his business. He possessed education, wealth, character. Would he unite with that little church, and give his influence for its prosperity? Much in the future of that church and community depended on the answer to this question. Five miles distant was a strong church, where was the early home of his wife, where he would be greeted by many friends, and where he would meet cultivated society. But he decided at once to cast his lot with the infant church, where he had gone to reside, and to identify himself with its interests. He was a regular attendant upon its meetings, Sabbath and week-days, and took part in them. A young minister was settled; and he stood by him with a constant co-operation and sympathy. Under the faithful preaching of the Gospel, and other means of grace, conversions began to take place, and erelong they became frequent, and numbers were added to the church. He was active, meanwhile, but never assumed pre-eminence among the brethren. The hired hall was inconvenient for their congregation. When it was felt that a house of worship ought to be built, he was ready to bear a liberal proportion of the expense. That house was the scene of the Holy Spirit's works. From time to time converts were multiplied. And in ten years that little flock became a strong and flourishing church. It will not be supposed that the spiritual interests of that good man, or his family, suffered by his sacrifices of ease and money in aid of that Christian enterprise.

And it may well be doubted whether his usefulness or his happiness in his church relations was increased when he removed to one of our larger towns.

It might seem censorious to describe one of those cases which stand in striking contrast with the example just sketched, and to attempt to assign the motives which lead some good men to pass the doors of a feeble church of their own denomination, or to travel a much greater distance to a large and strong church, while the little band in their own neighborhood is left to struggle, and, perhaps, to perish. They may have strong reasons for their course ; but are their reasons sufficient to justify them in going abroad to give to the rich, while they hide their eyes from the poor at home ? Are they doing the greatest amount of good in their power ? There are many weak churches in the oldest sections of our country, which need, as helpers, all the good people within their limits. They have their fields to cultivate for Christ, and their success depends on the unity and co-operation of all the individuals and families of like Christian faith.

Ten years ago a missionary field in the heart of this Commonwealth was a desolation over which the few Christians in it sighed and prayed, and the surrounding churches surveyed it with concern. It embraced a territory of about four miles square, with a scattered population of about three hundred and fifty. Very few of the people attended public worship anywhere, and the churches around them sent but little influence into those limits. The neighboring churches were, at length, called to consult and advise about organizing a little company of fourteen persons into a Congregational church, and they agreed in the judgment that a church ought to be formed there. A plain but comfortable house of worship was in readiness to receive the congregation. At length a pastor, with qualifications and devotion to his work worthy of universal respect, was settled, for whose support the Home Missionary Society appropriated a liberal sum in aid of the people. The call of duty was urgent for the union

of Christians and for co-operation. Yet, of the twenty-nine Congregational professors in that territory, only fourteen are connected with that little church. A few others, among whom are the ten Methodist and Baptist professors, attend with them a part of the time. Some excellent families go several miles to other towns, where the congregations are large and strong. About one half of the persons in that territory wholly neglect public worship. Only about one fifth on the average, by actual count, were, the last year, in the sanctuary. Of the one hundred and nine children between five and twenty years of age, seventy-three were in no Sabbath school, yet the population is nearly all American and Protestant. Surely that is a field for self-denying Christian effort. It ought not to be passed by and neglected, for error and irreligion to occupy with their noxious growth. Other places not a few are, as to the main facts, similarly situated; a little church stands in suffering need of the help of all the good men and women within its proper territorial limits, and may fail in its undertaking, if they stand aloof, looking on to see it struggle and die. It is clear that vast interests depend on securing this unity. The union of Christians in such localities greatly strengthens the hands and hearts of the minister.

A prudent man may discover economical reasons for helping to sustain the institutions of the Gospel in the vicinity of his home and property. But the consideration which should have immeasurably more weight with a Christian man is, that, by identifying himself with the feeble band in his neighborhood, he is likely to increase greatly his usefulness and to be the means of winning souls, and of building up the kingdom of Christ. We can have no hesitation in judging what Harlan Page or Felix Neff would do in such a case. One of the questions which every Christian should often be proposing to himself is, "What opportunities have I to do good?" And the opportunities which are offered, whether in connection with feeble home-missionary churches or in irreligious

neighborhoods, and neglected corners, should be earnestly used. It is wrong and unsafe to slight them.

The good man who enlists heartily in this Christian work, helping, to the extent of his ability, the little praying and struggling band to build up the kingdom of Christ in his neighborhood, may confidently expect the blessing of God on himself and his family. This course may cost him sacrifice and self-denial; it may seem like depriving his children of greater privileges of society and advancement which they might enjoy elsewhere; but, if they have the blessing of the Lord, they attain the best privilege and riches. "He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed." "Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

REPROVED BY A CHILD.

IT was Saturday night, and I sat with baby on my bosom, and a book in my hand, so absorbed in its interesting pages that the numerous cares which had just been circling around me were forgotten. My little son of four years came from the bathing-room, and, dropping upon his knees before me, commenced his evening prayer. I knew that he had entered my chamber, and was half conscious of the object of his kneeling position, and yet, so absorbed was my mind in the book that it was not diverted therefrom, until the little brown head was raised, and two large blue eyes looked solemnly up, while in a slow tone, all weighty with reproof, he said, "*Do you know that I am praying to God, mother?*"

I dropped the book, laid my hand upon the bowed head, and, holding the little clasped hands as usual, listened with an humbled spirit, while my little son lisped forth, "Our Father." When he had kissed "good night," and gone to

his pillow, there was a shade of sadness on my heart, and it had no relish for the volume before me; for my thoughts dwelt upon the inattention of myself and others when prayer is offered to Heaven. How often at the family altar, at the prayer-meeting, and the Sabbath worship, while one is voice for many, does the mind wander, and few, very few heart-desires rise up with the offered petition.

"*Do you know that I am praying to God?*"

Reader, may not those reproving words of a little child sometimes strike with force across your heart? Sometimes be a "flaming sword" to turn back your wandering thoughts and direct them to Him who requireth heart worship? Happy for us if we so "apply our hearts" as not to deserve the reproof which fell from sacred lips, "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

SHALL I QUIT THE MINISTRY?

[Extract, in substance, from a pastor's private journal.]

SHALL I quit the ministry? A question which I have often pondered. This year I deem the crucial year with me. O God, let its issues be right! I have been —— years in the ministry. They have been comparatively barren years. Why? I will ponder that question solemnly and prayerfully. Two persons, at least, I think God has made me the agent, or one agent, in bringing into his kingdom. They attribute their conversion to my sermons and personal conversation. A few who "have a hope," both young converts and some of several years' standing outside the church, I have induced to confess Christ publicly in the way which he has appointed. Many Christians, and quite often, have expressed interest in my sermons and gratitude for them. This is about all. Yet Brother ——, who has been longer in the

ministry than I have, in a larger church, with a larger salary, and more popular, says that he does not know that he was ever the means of the conversion of more than one soul, if of that one. Ought he to quit, too? And all ministers who cannot show a brighter record?

There is a great demand for ministers. It is said that they are scarce. Then is it better for me to preach, if only to keep a church and congregation together? Not all have the same work to do. Not all have the same talent. I would like to be a "revival preacher," and see sinners flocking to Christ under my ministrations. Is it pride? An unholy ambition? How of Payson and others who have cried, "Give me souls, or I die"? Thus I have been persuading myself for these years. Some must keep the camp, while the army is in hot battle. Some must guard the treasure already collected. Some must tend the flock already gathered for them. Which is the more important work? Which the more rewardful? The *promise* is to those who convert sinners. James v. 19, 20; Dan. xii. 3.

I have done some good in awakening an interest in the Sabbath school. The children are my friends. The hearts of the young people, especially at ——, have been with me quite as generally as I could expect; more so than with many ministers. In repairs of the church edifice and making the prayer-room pleasant and attractive, I am not without honor. But is this of much value as part of a minister's work?

Is there a surplus, or a deficit, of ministers? It is certain that a large number of capable and worthy brethren are out of a place. Professors B—— and F—— allege that there is a scarcity. They plead earnestly, like those who know and feel what they say, for men. Secretary Thurston of Maine, ditto. But they all want men of the *right stamp*, men who will "take" with the people. Am I such a one? Plainly not. Phrenologist F—— said of me, when a lad, that I would make an orator. That only proves that his "science" is "falsely so

called." I am not an orator. I am conscious of that. I have no element of graceful oratory and persuasive eloquence. But —— says that my sermons are good, and my manner better than that of half the ministers. (So much the worse for them.) But she is partial. Rev. ——, spending his vacation with us and sitting in my audience for several Sabbaths, said to his relatives that my sermons were full of thought. But probably he wished to compliment or encourage his friends, who are also good friends to me.

But the doubt continually recurs. Sinners are not converted. I have, then, evidently little power over men. I have not facility and power in private appeal. I have little influence in community. My presence and my word do not carry weight to the judgment, the conscience, the heart, and the *will* of men, so as to influence their conduct. I am not a leader, certainly; I am not sure that I count much more in community than any other individual.

"Well, then, if reasoning fail, follow the indications of Providence." That has been my rule, but I begin to question its safety. The inner spirit (the Holy Spirit?) sometimes says that we ought to go across Providence, for God sometimes purposely obstructs our way in the right direction, or tries us by an open door which we should not enter. W—— says, "You have always had a place to preach (with some exception), though not always an agreeable place. You have always made friends. It was certainly a kind Providence who opened the door just in that way and at that time at ——, and ——." But was it not equally Providence who sent me away, or allowed me to be sent away, from —— and —— so unpleasantly? I have doubts. There are two sides to that question. If God had indeed put me into the ministry, would he allow the bulls of Bashan to toss me about on their horns apparently for mere sport, or at least with indifference to my feelings, my purse, and the comfort of my family? And every removal brings me a feeling of desolation and an ever-deeper consciousness of the loss of reputation and influence.

My most troublesome argument, that which hitherto has restrained me from abandoning my profession, is the remembrance of what I always believed and do believe to be God's especial providences in bringing me through poverty and hindrances, through college and seminary and into the ministry. I dare not deny that I proceeded from step to step almost in the darkness and in opposition to flattering inducements from other quarters, putting my trust in God to help me, and that he always delivered me from my straits. Was all that self-deception or self-will?

And now my family. How are those little ones to be educated for usefulness in the Master's vineyard? My salary this year is less than my necessary expenses. Were I to die to-day, my family would be left nearly penniless. I was offered a fine salary in another business. I could certainly gain a better support now by change of employment.

But, O God, my Heavenly Father, thou art my owner and righteous Sovereign. Use me for thine own glory. Teach me thy holy will. I have been negligent, unfaithful, undevout. By thy grace leading me, I would love thee perfectly and follow thee fully.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE ordinary routine of campaigning of course goes on. We have few hardships; the food is good and abundant now; the climate is delightful; there is little sickness.

But this routine is sometimes changed. It was to-day. In the midst of active drill, the step ceased, the bugles were silent, the ranks took their iron position. It was when the band of another regiment passed by, pouring out their melancholy wailing for the dead. It was a soldier's funeral, and among the thousands in our camps, there was a reverent silence.

My thoughts went back to the first funeral at which I had officiated. It was at Harper's Ferry, while our regiment occupied that post. There had been brought into our hospital a soldier of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, then on its way home at the expiration of its three months' service, whom that regiment left with us one afternoon as they passed through the place. That evening, as I passed at a late hour through the hospital, I noticed this new face, and on inquiry found the facts. He was sick with typhoid fever, very sick, — little more than a boy in years. He was to me, then, nameless, not one of ours, but he was a suffering soldier; — God bless every one of such! I did not press him to speak, but he recognized the name of our Saviour, and looked up as if waiting to hear! It was too late to reason, too late for human comfort. I dared say little, but I could not but think that some friends, father, mother, perhaps a yet closer one, whom I never saw and doubtless never shall see, whose very residence I know nothing of, might be glad to know that some of the blessed promises of our Lord were whispered in his ear, and that a few words of prayer asked, for the soul of this dying man, whose hand I held, the favor of our Father and our Saviour. That night he died.

He was buried the next evening, in the way of soldiers, which, to one unaccustomed to the sight, is deeply interesting. A suitable escort (for a private, eight rank and file, properly commanded) is formed in two ranks opposite to the tent of the deceased, with shouldered arms and bayonets unfixed; on the appearance of the coffin, the soldiers present arms; the procession then forms, on each side of the coffin being three bearers, without arms; immediately preceding are the eight soldiers with arms reversed (the musket under the left arm, barrel downward, and steadied by the right hand behind the back); in front is the music, than whose dirge no sadder sounds ever fell upon my ear, as they proceed to the place of burial. With slow and measured step, and muffled drum, they move. At the grave, the coffin is

placed upon one side, the soldiers resting upon their arms, the muzzle upon the foot, the hands clasped upon the butt, and the head bowed upon the hands. The chaplain, who has walked in the rear of the coffin, conducts the burial service; "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Three volleys are fired over the grave, and the last kindness to the comrade is over. The graveyard left, immediately the band strikes up a cheerful air, and take their way back to camp and to living duties.

It was thus we buried the stranger soldier. He had no friend who knew him, there. No kindred wept by the side of the grave. His bed was made alone, in a deserted graveyard, on the bold cliff that overlooks the two rivers united in the mighty stream which pours its affluence into the Atlantic. But the soldiers subdued their roughness, and tenderly laid him down. The frequent oath was unheard. The solemn silence was scarcely broken by the low words of command. When the sharp volleys echoed up and down the valleys, the shadows were already fallen on the lordly rivers, the Potomac and Shenandoah, rolling by, far below us; but the gorgeous evening sunlight was richly clothing the dark green forests of both Maryland and Virginia heights, towering over us. His grave was cut in a hard and rocky soil; but out of that soil the evergreen was thriving and the wild-flowers perfumed the air. It was on the very day his regiment was mustered out of service that we buried him, and, turning backward to our fragile homes, found the order already given, "Ready to march," and soon we struck our tents and forded the dark and foaming river which separated the Rebel from the loyal State. *He* had forded a darker and rougher river, which, we hoped as we left him, no longer kept him in a world of sin, and out of the land of perfect glory.

And so will throngs be buried, in this sad and mournful war. But out of the great clouds of private sorrow will rise the triumph of our country's glory.

TEXTUAL SONG.

"Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." — ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

O CHRISTIAN traveller! findest thou thy way
By trouble's thorns beset, that tear and sting?
Walk'st thou in darkness, longing for the day?
And hath complaining quenched thy power to sing?

Ever on human hearts unwelcome falls
The rod; nor willing are we taught to weep:
Yet cheer thee! mourning oft to gladness calls;
For "so He giveth his beloved sleep."

Think, when thou grievest 'neath a clouded sky,
Behind that pall still shines the blessed sun;
With Faith's strong staff ascend the mountain high,
The storm 's beneath thee when the summit 's won.

Lest, haply, whilst thou lingerest in the vale,
And mourn'st the darkness that thou canst not bide,
A voice of warning should thine ear assail, —
"What dost thou here, O Christian? here 's thy guide!"

Hope! for thy tearful eye shall yet behold
The glorious King in all his beauty dressed;
And the bright land with garniture of gold
Awaits at last to give thy spirit rest.

OBTAINING HELP IN THE COUNTRY.

SCENE. — A Parlor, five miles from Newburyport. Bridget seated in the easy-chair. Enter the Lady of the House.

BRIDGET. (*Briskly, without rising.*) Good morning, ma'am.

Lady. (*Standing.*) Good morning. Will you tell me your name and errand?

B. Sure, Bridget O'Calligan 's my name, ma'am; the same that 's walked all the way from the city to see ye.

L. (*Kindly.*) Tell me how I can serve you, Bridget.

B. Indade, ma'am, if you plase, and it 's me that 's come to say I 'm willing to sarve yoursilf.

L. O yes, I understand; my husband was inquiring in the city for a servant; and you would like the place.

B. I 'm not so sure but I might, if ye 'd make it for me interest to go so far out. It 's Margaret Degnan (she that lives with his riverence, Doctor Burleigh) told me you 's distrist for help; so I called to see his lady about ye, and she gave ye such a good character, and ricommended ye so high, that I thought ye 'd jist suit me; so I 've brought me things (*showing a bundle from under her cloak*), and if ye can accommodate me in rispect to the work and the wages, I 'll be after stopping with ye.

L. (*Smiling.*) How could I accommodate you as to the work?

B. Well, it is n't Bridget O'Calligan would be hard upon so winsome a lady, — ye looks youngish, too, and delekit-like; but I suppose ye 'd be after wanting to do the nicest of yer own cooking.

L. I have done so for the last four years.

B. (*Brightening up.*) Sure, and I was right. Yer house (*glancing around the parlors*) looks nice. I suppose ye 'd be after taking charge to kape it clain and in order, yersilf, — except the kitchen.

L. I have been accustomed to do so.

B. Yer husband 's the minister, they said ; I suppose it 's only yersilf, ma'am, would be able to suit him to his linen.

L. You are right again, Bridget ; my husband's linen I never trust to any hands but my own.

B. (*Delighted.*) Sure, ma'am, I 'm thinking Mrs. Dr. Burleigh did n't ricommend ye without rason. Have ye any childer ?

L. Yes, two boys, six and eight years old.

B. And ye would n't be after axin *me* to mind *them?* Ye 'd be expectin' to mind yer own boys, of course ?

L. Certainly, that is altogether customary.

B. Faith, ma'am, I 'd like to be living with so kind and hilpful a lady. What 's been yer wages, ma'am ?

L. Nothing. I have been accustomed to work without wages.

B. (*Bewildered.*) Ma'am ?

L. I have done the work of my family unaided for the last four years, and have therefore neither paid nor received wages.

B. (*Astonished.*) Sure, ma'am, are ye after bein' one of *that sort?* Ye don't look like it ; I 'd niver a thought it.

L. I *am* precisely that sort, I assure you, Bridget. I choose to have either the comfort *of doing my work myself*, or the comfort *of having it done for me.* You see I should have *neither* if I employed *you.* Good morning.

B. Faith, it 's the truth ye spake, ma'am. Good day to ye.

B. (*Soliloquizing as she goes.*) Sure, and what should a dacent girl be after leavin' the world to live in the country for, if not for large wages and small work. The saints sind her help ; but it 's not for the like o' sich the O'Calligans works.

ZIONWARD.

WHAT *is it to be a Christian?* To be a Christian is to do the will of God, it is to honor and serve and please him. A man whose governing purpose is to do what God commands because he has commanded it, whose leading desire is to do what is right in his sight, and be approved by him, is a true Christian.

The soul can be under the power of but one governing purpose. This law of our moral being the Saviour affirmed when he said, "No man can serve two masters." The affections cannot be placed supremely upon two objects at the same time; and it is the controlling choice, or purpose, which decides the moral character.

In the moral world there are two ends, incompatible with each other, between which every man must choose. These two ends, irreconcilable as objects of supreme pursuit, are *self* and *God*, and the first is the centre of affection and aim until it is displaced by the last. The forms of self-gratification are various, but in some form every man lives for himself until he begins to live for God. He consults his natural inclinations, and follows his personal preferences in disregard of the pleasure of his Maker. He seeks his own pleasure, and this is his governing principle.

When he becomes a Christian, he seeks as constantly to please the Lord, subjecting his own wishes to the Divine law. This is now his rule of obedience, this is his new governing principle. He passes out from the dominion of the other, and comes under the dominion of this. In place of a paramount desire to have his personal wishes gratified, it is his ruling purpose to do what the Lord requires, whether naturally agreeable or not. He accepts a new master, and conforms his life to this new basis.

This habitual conformity, though attended with occasional

defection, is decisive of his real character, — a point on which human judgment is often uncharitable and unjust. Let the same offence be committed by two persons, the one a believer and the other impenitent, and there are observers who are ready to say, "There is no difference between these persons; their *characters* are alike; they differ only in their *professions*." There is this vast difference between them, that the sin of the one is inconsistent with the general purpose and tenor of his life, an exception to the known law of his conduct, a deviation from his principles and practices, felt to be such by those who know him, and as such lamented by himself in the hour of reflection with pain and penitence; and the sin of the other is in keeping with his life, is not regarded by himself or others as an inconsistency, and is not remembered and confessed by him with grief as a sin against God. The sin of the believer, though the same outwardly, is greater than that of the other, for he sins against greater light and obligation; but he is not a worse man than the other, for in judging fairly of the man, we take into our estimate the general drift and current of his life, his prevailing aim and habit, — we do not judge him by his failings alone. There is no fouler double crime recorded in the Old Testament than that which was perpetrated by King David; but he was a good man, notwithstanding, and the Fifty-first Psalm is a record of the feelings of a good man when he has been betrayed into heinous sin; and God, who chastised and corrected his servant, did not withdraw his confidence and favor. The denial of Christ by the Apostle Peter stands in the front rank of offences recorded in the New Testament; but the disciple who wept bitterly over his fall was a true believer and loved his Lord; he did not lose his place as the leader of the faithful band, and his memory is enshrined in the confidence of the Christian world. Saul, the king of Israel, and Judas the traitor apostle, though their bosoms were lacerated by dreadful remorse, felt no penitential relentings and grievings for sin, for their souls had never been pervaded by the

same principle, nor their lives consecrated to the same end, as those of the other king and the other apostle. This is the heaven-wide difference between these characters and the classes represented by them. It defines the Christian believer, in distinction from the impenitent sinner, as one whose governing purpose is to do what is right in the sight of God, to please God rather than himself, or, better, to find his own pleasure in pleasing God.

What hinders the sinner's conversion? If conversion to Christ consists in a change of the governing purpose, what prevents the sinner from forsaking his present course and entering upon the new life, to which, through Christ he is invited? There is no obstacle out of his own heart, nothing which could prove a hindrance without the consent of his will. Estranged from heaven and wedded to earth, he shrinks from the step demanded of him, and lacks the moral resolution to change his course. This is his sole difficulty, and the more unable he has become, the more guilty he is. It is this which renders Divine interposition necessary, and makes his case practically hopeless without. The Holy Spirit is given to banish his insensibility, to convince him of his guilt, to conquer his reluctance and repugnance, to awaken him to penitence and faith; and the greater the necessity of the Spirit, the more stubborn the depravity of the sinner.

This explains the distress which sometimes precedes conversion, — a very different feeling from the tenderness which *follows* it. It is the fruit of conviction, but it is a struggle against conviction. It is an unrelenting conflict between conviction and passion. The Holy Spirit is striving, and is resisted and grieved. The sinner refuses compliance with his plain obligations, and is unhappy because he is unsubmissive.

The radical mistake of the awakened sinner, before submission, is, that he attempts to be saved in a self-righteous way. It is the dictate of the natural heart to proceed in the work just as if no Saviour had been provided or were needed.

Man was created the subject of law, and was designed to be saved through obedience to law. Heaven was the promised reward of obedience, and would have been his inheritance had he retained his innocence. By his fall he has forfeited his title to it, but in his perverseness and pride he will persist in an attempted legal justification, not seeing that he has ruined himself and blighted his immortal prospects and hopes. This recovery can now be affected by grace alone, but he is filled with the purpose to become his own saviour. Were it not for this, his conversion would instantly follow his conviction. But a Saviour who shall take him without preparation or qualification, and confer a salvation which is wholly of grace, does not accord with his legal notions, his self-righteous preferences. And so he enters upon the impracticable work of self-qualification, ignorant that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

THE BROKEN WAGON.

A COOL breeze was blowing from the west, and it was such a fine day, that I thought I would give my little Jeanie a nice ride in her willow wagon. She enjoys riding exceedingly, and laughs and chatters all the while, after her baby fashion. I had been drawing her about some time, when suddenly one of the little irons broke, which fasten the wheels to the axle-tree. The wheel came off, and down went the wagon upon one side. I caught baby, however, just in time to save her being thrown into a dirty mud-puddle. She was somewhat frightened, but did not mind it enough to cry.

I was quite a distance from home, and hardly knew what to do. Finally I stepped into a shop close by, where I found a man at work, who kindly offered to assist me. He labored a long time, and at last succeeded in tying on the wheel in

such a manner that, with a little care, he thought I should be able to drag Jeanie safely home. I had walked but a few steps, however, when off again came the wheel. I then took Jeanie in my arms, thinking I must carry her home, and leave the wagon, though I had some fears that it might get injured more, standing by the roadside. We had reached the railroad bridge, when I met three little boys. "Ah, my little lads," said I, "where are you going?"

One of them, a bright-faced, noble-looking little fellow, immediately replied, "We came to see the cars go under the bridge."

"Why, the cars have just gone," said I, "and you are too late; that is too bad, is n't it?"

"O no!" said the same boy, "there is another train coming soon, and we can wait for that."

I then turned around, so as to be able to see them all, and told them that I had been giving baby a ride, and had broken her wagon, and now must carry her in my arms, and leave the wagon, unless they would get it home for me. Two of them hung their heads, as if they did n't care about going; but the little bright-eyed Freddy (he said that was his name) replied, "I will go, if you will tell me where it is."

So I turned back, Freddy following me, and the other two boys following behind him. Pretty soon I heard one of them say, in a hushed voice, "Freddy, I sha'n't go to help her carry it, for she won't *give* me anything if I do," and away he started.

"I don't care if she don't," said Freddy; "I 'll go and help her if I can, won't you, Sammy?"

"I don't know, — yes," murmured Sammy.

By this time we had reached the wagon, and I asked them again, "Had you just as lief go as not, my little boys?"

"O yes, ma'am, *I* had," replied Freddy, quickly; but Sammy hardly knew whether he had or not, though he finally answered, "Yes, ma'am."

They worked pretty hard, but we got home at last, and

they carried the wagon into the house, and were going away. I asked them to wait a minute, until I could go up stairs. I went up, intending to get a piece of silver for each of them, but found I had no small change; so, instead, I carried down two books.

Now one of these books happened to be larger than the other, and I thought I would give it to the oldest boy. To my disappointment, however, they were of an age. So I turned to Freddy, and asked him which one he should like most. He was pointing toward the larger one, when Sammy spoke quickly, pointing to the same one, saying, "*I want that one!*" Here I was in a dilemma again; but I was soon relieved, for Freddy, with the noble, generous spirit which he had exhibited from the first, turned to me, and said, "Sammy prefers that one; he may have it, and I will take the other."

I was astonished to see such a spirit of unselfishness in a little boy eight years old. I was delighted, for I saw that he really wanted the book, but for Sammy's sake would give it up. I hesitated, and then said to Sammy, at the same time opening the other book, and showing its pictures, "Would you not rather have this, and let Freddy have the other?"

"No," he replied, "I want that."

I hesitated no longer, but gave Freddy the largest book. I gave Sammy, however, a pretty paper covered with woodcuts and stories, in addition to the other book.

Now which of these boys, my little readers, should you like best for a playmate and a friend? The one who would n't do a kindness for a person in trouble, without being paid for it; or the one that was urged to do it, and then wanted the best book; or the noble boy that was willing and glad to do it without pay, and then, at last, was willing to give up the book which he preferred to his selfish playmate?

THE PASTOR'S REWARD.

SOMEWHERE we have read a story, which may be familiar to many readers, of a French pastor, who when asked how he could devote his talents and culture to his flock scattered among the mountains, replied by narrating this incident in his experience.

He was sent for by a dying parishioner living at a distance. With difficulty he reached the humble home of one he had led into "the green pastures and by the still waters" of Divine love. The happy saint was too weak to speak, but beckoned the pastor to his side. He took his seat by the bed of death. This was not enough; the departing disciple of Jesus was anxious to get nearer his earthly shepherd. His motions were soon understood, and his head laid upon the faithful minister's breast. Then with a smile "he fell asleep." The pastor said this was a sufficient reason, a rich reward, for his self-denying work.

We think there is nothing, excepting a young convert's rejoicing, that is so satisfying to the often-desponding heart of the pastor, as the loving, grateful recognition of the dying Christian. The emphatic command of Jehovah is followed with a most precious benediction: "Comfort ye, my people, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord of hosts."

Whatever may turn an ambassador of Christ from his work for a time, if he has been permitted either to see the children of God *born* into the kingdom here, or enter its glory with a farewell smile of affection and hope, through the "valley of the *shadow* of death," will never cease to thank his King for the honor and privileges, nor to long for them again.

UP THERE, MOTHER!

UP there, mother!
I am coming!
Fleet of foot as Time doth make,
While the virgins' lamps are burning,
Lighting loved ones to the sky,
Up to where you are
I 'm coming.

Up there, mother!
I am coming!
Swift as ages flying past,
While light from heaven to earth is flashing
Through clouds of gold with silver lining,
Just as the northern lights cease burning;
I am coming.

Up there, mother!
I am coming!
Through the shadow of the valley,
Leaning on His sacred promise,
Bearing on myself His cross,
Up to where you are
I 'm coming.

For, O mother!
I am coming!
Having faith in our Redeemer,
Even now "I know he liveth."
Through his grace we 'll be permitted
Evermore to see each other.
I am coming.

Up there, mother!
I am coming!
Earth has naught but pain and sorrow,

Naught but anguish for the morrow,
Burning, blistering in its tenure,
Rise, my soul, and go up higher!
I am going!

Up there, mother!
I am coming!
Throughout space in heaven of heavens
We will worship with the angels,
In the azure blue eternal,
Singing hallelujahs ever.
I am coming.

Up there, mother!
I am coming!
In the band of golden harpists,
In the choir of cherub songsters,
Whose sweet strains forever linger,
We will praise our God forever.
I am coming.

Up there, mother!
I am coming!
I have seen the star of Bethlehem
Shining o'er the plains of Judæa,
Saw its glory in the manger,
Wise men saw it and they worshipped.
I am coming.

Up there, mother!
I am coming!
Where the gates on golden hinges
In celestial glory swinging,
Ope to us God's heavenly welcome,
Joy and peace! to thee
I 'm coming!

PAYING A PHYSICIAN IN GERMANY.

IT is a reasonable thing, when one is ill, to have a physician; and particularly in a foreign country, it seems only wise to have the best, even where all are men of learning, as they undoubtedly are here. The most famous physician of Stuttgart is, of course, the Court physician, and we asked our first German visitor for information in regard to him. "The Court Doctor, Dr. Von Ludwig, why, he is very rich!"

"Is that all?"

"O no, very skilful and scientific, and very eccentric. He dines at the Marquerdt, the first hotel in the place; has a table to himself, of course; and when he is done eating, he puts in his pocket whatever he has left that his dog would like, — beef, veal, or anything of the kind."

"The dirty man!"

"Yes, he is very dirty. He looks quite greasy, and sometimes even ragged. He is entirely without ceremony. One day, not long ago, he met one of his patients, a lady, in the street, and she stopped him to tell him about an annoying toothache, which she thought proceeded from the generally disordered state of her health. 'Let me see your tooth,' said the doctor. The lady opened her mouth. 'Now shut your eyes!' The lady shut her eyes, and the doctor decamped. It is not to be presumed that a court lady, or any lady, would stand long in the street, with her mouth open, and her eyes shut, and the lady soon discovered her ridiculous position, but she is said to have been considerably discomposed. Another lady, having sent for him to her room, put her hand on her side, and said, 'Doctor, I have such a pain, whenever I put my hand here.' 'Then,' said the Doctor, shortly, 'don't put your hand there any more. Adieu!' And while the surprised lady sat with her hand on her side, probably unconscious

of whatever pain there might be at the moment under her fingers, the laconic physician departed." .

"We don't want Dr. Ludwig, with his greasy pockets and eccentric ways. Who else is there?"

At last we fix upon a Dr. Reis, for two reasons: he is quick, and he gives little medicine. Dr. Reis forthwith makes his appearance. He has flaxen hair, and black eyes, a heavy form, and a lively countenance, — a mixture, he seemed to be, of the slow Swabian and the sprightly Frank. He is a good-natured, talkative man, and we are sorry when his visits are at an end. Now hear our closing conversation.

"Doctor, will you please tell me what I owe you?"

"Owe me! you don't owe me anything."

"For your visits, I mean, and prescriptions?"

"O, let that alone until next year."

"Then you will be obliged to send your bill to America."

"I make no bills. Physicians never keep accounts."

We remember now that the distinguished oculist in Berlin, Von Graefe, never makes any charge, his services to the poor being gratis, and compensated by the free gifts of the rich. We remember, too, that Von Graefe is said to complain of the stinginess of Americans. But we make no allusion to Von Graefe. We simply ask, "Is it not the custom in Germany to pay physicians?"

"It is not the custom to ask them for their bill, as if they were shoemakers. The physician's services are those of a friend, and he is treated accordingly."

Somewhat abashed, we lay down our purse; but, unwilling to give up the matter, we remark, "We pay doctors in our country. We don't ask them as soon as we recover for their bills, it is true; but when they want money, or at regular periods, they send their bills to us."

"I assure you, German physicians keep no accounts. They receive an acknowledgment of their services if it is sent them, but if it is not sent, they say nothing."

The doctor departs, and we ponder on the question, How

much do we owe him? We ask a young German gentleman who calls. "O, give him just what you choose!" We ask our landlady. "Act exactly according to your own pleasure; rather too much, however, than too little." Don't we feel informed? "Pray tell us what is too much, and what too little."

"The law requires that for every visit of a physician he shall receive not less than seventeen cents. This is the lowest amount that is ever paid, and this is very seldom enforced. I know families in comfortable circumstances, who never pay anything for medical services, which they frequently receive. The physician prefers being defrauded of his dues to the obloquy a law process brings upon him. It is an inconvenient custom, both for patient and doctor. The patient, no matter how ill, must keep an account of the number of visits, yet, with the utmost desire to be just, feels embarrassed when the acknowledgment is made. Now," continued our landlady, "I have been ill, as you know, eight months, confined to my bed six months of the time, and my physician has shown every possible kindness and attention. I certainly am greatly indebted to him, but I do not know what to pay him."

We made no remark, but we could not avoid thinking, if you, German people, could just get the word *comfort* into your language, and the idea into your heads, you would know what to pay your doctors, and would rid yourselves of a thousand disagreeable things.

VIRGINIA DARE.

ON the island of Roanoke, where our soldiers fought a great battle and won a great victory a few months ago, the first American child of English parents was born, almost three hundred years since.

Her birth-month was August, when the days were long and

sunny, when wild berries and fruits were ripening, and the forest was bright with singing-birds of strange, gay plumage. The air was heavy with the fragrance of odorous wood; and beautiful flowers which were rare in England, and carefully cultivated in gardens there, grew wild in plentiful luxuriance here.

It was a goodly land, fertile and delightful; rich, beside, so the story went, in rivers which ran over sands of gold far toward the sunset. But lovely and promising as the heritage seemed to which the English baby was born, yet there must have been a look of sadness in the fond and hopeful eyes of her mother, and an anxious shadow on her father's face, thinking of the dangers lurking about the cradle of the child.

Eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children, now the little one had come, made up the number of the Colony in the New World; and at this time, when we go to England and back in a month, and hear from there almost every day, we can hardly imagine how far away and desolate this handful in the wilderness must have felt as they saw the ship that brought them prepare to return.

There were trees enough for building houses; there were fish in the rivers, game in the forest, fruit and seeds abundant, and sufficient each in their season for those who knew where to look and how to use them; but everything was new and strange to the English people; they missed their accustomed kinds of food, and tools for working, and they must wait for these until the ship should go to England and come back again.

The territory which is now North Carolina was called Virginia then; so the first baby born there was also named Virginia. She was the child of Mrs. Eleanor Dare, the daughter of the Governor of the Colony, John White, and her father was one of nine men who had come to assist the Governor in surveying the land of the New World, and make discoveries here.

I can fancy how the baby, with its helplessness and win-

some ways, — old as the time of Cain, yet new as the latest born, — must have brightened and beautified the lonely settlement, though her life was overshadowed in its beginning by parting and desertion.

Not *desertion* though, the people hoped, and the sailors said. They positively promised to return within the year, bringing supplies of food, clothing, seeds, and tools, with perhaps other emigrants, and certainly with tidings from home; and that they might be sure to come, the Colony prevailed on Governor White to go with them. He at first refused to leave the people of his care alone to their untried perils and sufferings; but they insisted, thinking that with his daughter and granddaughter left behind as hostages, he surely would return speedily to their relief, if motives of common humanity and interest in the New World should not be sufficient to keep them in remembrance at England.

So, before little Virginia Dare was old enough to do more than cry when she was uncomfortable and laugh when she was pleased, her grandfather sailed with the ship to England, leaving behind on the shore the hundred and eight souls that hoped they were the germ of a great nation, but that were not so to be.

How they watched the receding sail growing less and less, seeming to vanish, and then showing again and again in the sunlight, till it finally disappeared forever; how some were hopeful and courageous, and others timid and desponding; how want, with disease and death in its train, came to them; how one by one English graves were made on American soil; how the lessening number strained their eyes, watching for the ship that did not come, thinking they saw it far out at sea, only to feel the heart-sickness of disappointed hope; how at last the bravest and most hopeful believed they were forgotten in England, or that the ocean had added to her sunken treasures the ship and the friends that were their only earthly hope: how, through all, the little Virginia, unconscious of her sore peril, grew more winning and lovely as the months

went on, drawing all hearts to her, and making a gleam of sunshine in the deserted colony ; all this we may imagine, for it surely came to pass ; but more than this, what was the end of their looking and waiting we may never know ; that is one of the dread secrets which the relentless past holds in its keeping.

Meanwhile the sea had not swallowed up the English ship, neither were the English friends so false and forgetful as they seemed.

When Governor White arrived in England, he found the country, which was then at war with Spain, in such excitement about a threatened invasion by the Spaniards that they could not think or talk much of the hundred and eight people on the island of Roanoke. When they were in danger of losing their existence as a nation, they were in no mood for speculations in colonizing a new continent.

There was but one man in the kingdom who effectually remembered the poor exiles. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had done more than anybody else in fitting out the expedition, and for whom the little settlement was named, which they hoped would be some time, but which never was, the city of Raleigh.

From his own money Sir Walter fitted and sent out two vessels of supplies to return to Roanoke with Governor White.

But alas for the colonists ! When the ships had not been long at sea, the love of money, which as they might have known before, is the root of all evil, led them to run in chase of Spanish prizes on the way. They gained nothing, and one vessel lost all her cargo, so both returned to England.

Then troublous months came when self-preservation and protection were all the nation was sufficient for, and so the time went on until after the winds of heaven had scattered and destroyed the great fleet of ships — the Invincible Armada — that sailed to invade England.

After that, three years after Governor White had left Roanoke, in the year 1590, a company was sent to look after the forsaken ones.

They came too late. There was no trace of English town or Englishmen, excepting an inscription on a tree pointing off into the forest, but telling nothing of the fate of the inhabitants of the city of Raleigh.

It was late in the year, there were many chances against their finding the colony; the winds were getting adverse, the perils of braving a winter on that desolate coast could not be thought of, so the men timidly turned back to England.

But in the prosperous years of peace that followed, the lost colony was remembered and sought after again and again, as in our own day Sir John Franklin and his hapless crew have been sought for, but with less success. Sir Walter Raleigh sent himself several expeditions, — all fruitless.

So many years afterward that if Virginia Dare had lived to become a very old woman, she had then long been dead, after America became settled again with people who hoped to be and who were the germ of a great nation, there was a faint traditionary rumor of a company of English, who, wandering off in destitution and helplessness, took refuge among the Indians, and, after a time, mixing with them, lost their own distinct existence, and became part of them.

It was only an uncertain rumor, but many believed that there were traits among the Hatteras Indians which showed a mixture of English blood, and that among them the lost colony found a home.

In the changing years the Hatteras Indians have all passed away like the flower of the field. They have no longer a name on the face of the earth, and with them has vanished the last trace of Virginia Dare, the first English-American.

SERVETUS AND CALVIN.

NOTHING can be more unjust than to charge the faults and errors of an entire age upon any one individual of that age; nothing more unfair than to judge either the age or the individual according to the principles and standard of a long-subsequent and more-enlightened period. Yet both these wrongs are frequently committed by those who assume the appellation of Liberal Christians. It has become a settled habit with them to reproach John Calvin with the death of Servetus, as if that were one of the greatest atrocities on record, an event almost without a parallel in history, and as if he were sole or chief actor in the tragedy, and solely responsible for its performance. No small part, moreover, of the odium attaching to this transaction is carefully brought down and transferred to the entire body of Christians who at this day pass under the general name of Calvinists. His sin is literally and in the most orthodox manner *imputed* to them; and much as our Unitarian neighbors profess to abhor such a dogma, in other connections they hesitate not to constitute in their own way John Calvin a sort of *federal head* of the whole race of orthodox Christians to the latest time, and roundly charge the guilt of *his* sin upon them in a body.

Now the injustice of all this is too manifest and glaring to demand comment. *It is not true* that the death of Servetus, however sad in itself, and to be condemned according to all those more just and enlightened views of religious toleration which now prevail, is an event of marked and peculiar atrocity; on the contrary, it is only one of a series of events which characterize the history of that age all the world over, not peculiar to one country or one sect, the result of principles then everywhere firmly held and conscientiously carried out; and it must be judged accordingly. *It is not true* that the principal blame of this transaction rests upon John Calvin,

as is generally affirmed and pertinaciously insisted upon by those who bear no good will to the memory of the great Genevan reformer; nor can it be shown that the odium of this transaction falls in any manner whatever upon those who at the present time profess, in its essential features, the faith and religious system of that eminent man. So common is it even now to represent Servetus as a holy martyr, and his death as a monstrous atrocity, planned, devised, and executed by John Calvin, to the everlasting disgrace of orthodoxy in general, while the world shall stand, that we doubt not these representations are by multitudes really believed, while others who do not fully accredit them are perhaps unable to satisfy themselves of their essential falsity.

We propose briefly to lay before our readers the simple facts in the case, as derived from the most authentic and accredited sources of history, in order that they may judge for themselves whether these oft-repeated charges be true or false? *Who and what was Servetus? For what was he condemned? What agency had John Calvin in his death?* These are the questions which demand our attention, and which we propose to answer.

Who and what was Servetus? By birth a Spaniard, a native of Villeneuva in Aragon, his earliest years seem to have been spent in a cloister. At fourteen he was taken into the service of confessor to Charles V., in which situation he saw much of the Pope and of Popery, and soon became disgusted with the pageantry and pomp of that hollow and heartless system. Afterwards he studied law at the University of Toulouse in France, and in connection with law paid attention also to astrology. He had at this time, after a diligent study of the early Fathers, and of the Catholic writers of the Middle Ages, deliberately renounced Popery, and, as it seems, had gone over to the opposite extreme of a bold and dangerous scepticism. He professes himself neither a Catholic nor a Protestant, but seems to have regarded himself as a prophet raised up to reform the world.

Toulouse becoming unsafe for him on account of his freedom of thought and expression, he resorts to Basil, and submits his views to the Swiss divines and reformers, who regard him, however, with entire distrust. Soon after this he publishes his first work upon the Trinity, — a work so repugnant to the views then everywhere entertained in Christendom, so full of dangerous error, and more than all so arrogant and bitter in its tone, that it raised a general storm of indignation both among Catholics and Protestants. He was not allowed to leave Basil until he had in a manner retracted his errors.

Abandoning for the time his attempts to renovate the world, he leaves Germany and retires to France, where under a changed name he studies mathematics and medicine at Paris. Here he subsequently takes the degree of doctor of medicine, and lectures upon mathematics and astronomy. His arrogance, however, soon involves him in trouble with the university and faculty of Paris, and he is prohibited from lecturing. We find him next at Charlieu, near Lyons, establishing himself as a physician, but his intolerant spirit and fanatical tendencies soon drive him again from his moorings.

He next appears at Vienne in Dauphiny, where for some years he finds an asylum under the protection of the Archbishop of Vienne, a distinguished patron of learning. Here he publishes several works, amongst others "The Restitution of Christianity," a work of so heretical a character that it was with considerable difficulty he could obtain its publication, and which finally appeared without the name of author or publisher or place, the whole affair being conducted with the utmost secrecy. Copies of the work having been circulated in several of the principal cities of France and Germany, its authorship soon became known abroad; this led to the arrest and trial of Servetus in Vienne. Finding it likely to go hard with him, he makes his escape from prison, while the trial is yet pending, and after wandering about awhile in France, makes his way to Switzerland. The trial proceeds at Vienne, however, after his departure; and being condemned

to death, he is burnt in effigy together with his books. Servetus, after this narrow escape, imprudently enters Geneva, on his way to Naples, and tarries there a month; when just as he is about to depart, he is arrested in the name of the council, and after a thorough and protracted trial is found guilty according to the laws of the land, and condemned to death, — a sentence which was executed on the 27th of October, 1553.

It remains to inquire for what he was condemned, and what agency Calvin had in procuring his death. *For what, then, was Servetus condemned?* What were his offences? What charges, true or false, were brought out against him? A very able writer, in the last number of the Christian Examiner, represents the death of Servetus as closely connected with and brought about by his having published an edition of the Bible containing notes and other matter of a heretical character.

Mr. Livermore has fallen into a mistake in supposing that this publication was one of the principal causes of the condemnation of Servetus, or had anything in particular to do with it. Such was not the fact. The Bible in question was published some ten years before the trial and death of Servetus, and though not approved by the Catholics, and at Lyons placed on the catalogue of prohibited books, yet it does not appear ever to have occasioned him any special trouble. Its heresy, if there was any, consisted principally in the interpretation which it gave of the *Messianic* prophecies, which Servetus regarded as having had their complete fulfilment before the time of Christ, and as referring to him only as David and Solomon and so forth were *types* of him; a doctrine not indeed current at the time, but by no means likely in any age of the world to bring a virtuous and upright and peaceable man to the stake. The error, if such it be, was certainly of a very mild character. It came up indeed among other opinions and doctrines of Servetus, on his trial before the Council of the Two Hundred at Geneva, but it does not appear that any special importance was attached to

it. The errors for which he was condemned were of a far more serious nature. This matter of the Bible did not come up at all on his *final* trial, nor is there any evidence that it had anything whatever to do with his death.

For what, then, was he condemned? Not for heretical opinions of any sort, merely or chiefly, we reply. His opinions and doctrines were doubtless heretical enough, according to the standards of judgment at the time; heretical they would in any age be pronounced by the great body of the Christian Church. But it was not so much his opinions in themselves, as *the manner in which* he *stated* and *defended* them which gave offence. The elder Socinus was teaching substantially the same doctrines at Zurich without molestation. Not content with simply maintaining and defending calmly but earnestly what he thought to be truth, Servetus it seems had from the first set himself to assail with terms of bitterest obloquy and reproach, nay, with ribaldry, and unmeasured abuse, the opinions of those who differed from him. He made use of language which could not fail to shock the minds of all sober and pious men who held the doctrines of either the Catholic or the Protestant Church. He calls the persons of the Godhead delusions of the Devil, and the triune God a monster, a three-headed Cerberus.

It was this bitterness and intolerance of spirit, this entire want of reverence for the most sacred things, this deliberate insult and outrage of the religious feelings of the entire Christian world, that armed the entire Christian world against him, and made him a marked and outlawed man long before he ever saw Calvin or Geneva. Some thirteen years before his trial, he sent back to Calvin, with whom he was then corresponding, a copy of his Institutes, with the most severe and bitter reflections and taunts upon the margin, and sent him several letters of a most abusive and insulting character.

The same spirit seems to have been manifested on his trial. He manifested neither respect for his judges, nor a decent regard for the religious sentiments of the age. In the most

insulting manner he heaped upon Calvin the most undeserved reproaches and the most abusive epithets, dealing so much in personalities and invectives as to shame even his judges, and wear out the patience of men, many of whom were inclined to look favorably upon his cause. So far was this abuse carried, that, unable to bear it longer, the entire body of the clergy, with Calvin at their head, arose on one occasion and left the tribunal, thus closing the examination.

On his final trial, thirty-eight propositions, taken from his last work, were handed him. His answer, says a dispassionate historian, was more like the ravings of a maniac than the words of reason and truth. He exhibited a surprising indifference in regard to the erroneous doctrines which were imputed to him, and sought mainly for hard epithets to apply to Calvin. He accused him . . . . of being a murderer and a disciple of Simon Magus. The margin of the paper containing the propositions was covered with such expressions as the following: "Thou dreamest," "Thou liest," "Thou canst not deny that thou art Simon the sorcerer," &c.

Another historian says of this reply of Servetus: "It is no presumption to say, that, in point of abuse and scurrility, this defence stands unrivalled by any one that was ever made by any defendant, however infatuated, in the most desperate cause." *

It was not, then, so much his opinions and dogmas, as the manner in which he maintained them, that occasioned the final decision of the judges, and the almost unanimous verdict of the Christian world against Servetus. "If Servetus had only attacked the doctrine of the Trinity by arguments," says an able writer, "he would have been answered by arguments; and without danger of persecution by the Protestants, he might have gone on defending it, until called to answer for his belief by him whose character he had impugned. Argument was not that which Calvin and his contemporaries opposed by the civil tribunal. It was insult and ribaldry, and that too

* Waterman's Life of Calvin, p. 118.

against the Most High, whose character they would defend in the midst of a perverse and rebellious generation." *

"If ever a poor fanatic thrust himself into the fire," says J. T. Coleridge, "it was Michael Servetus."

We come now to the final question, *What agency had Calvin in procuring the death of this man?* The facts are few and simply told, and our reply may therefore be brief. Servetus, it will be recollected, ran away, while his trial was pending at Vienne, and imprudently came to Geneva. How came he to go thither? At the secret instigation of Calvin, say some; this, however, is altogether false. So far from encouraging him to come thither, Calvin had years before positively refused to grant him his protection in case he did come; and Servetus knew perfectly well, from the manner in which he had treated Calvin, that he could not rely upon any friendship or protection in that quarter. It was his own voluntary movement. He went by way of Switzerland because it was, as matters then were, — Europe being everywhere too hot for him, — his safest route to Naples. With characteristic recklessness he enters Geneva, the very citadel of the faith he had so deliberately and bitterly reviled. He lingers there an entire month, as if to leave his enemies no excuse for permitting him to escape. At length, at the instigation of Calvin, he is arrested.

The laws of the state made it the imperative duty of the magistrates to proceed against those who were guilty of heresy, and the duty of every good citizen to aid them in so doing. This law had been in operation at Geneva from the time of Frederic II. It was the spirit and sentiment of the age, that those who obstinately persisted in heresy and blasphemy were worthy of death. *Even Servetus himself* maintained this principle in his "Restitution of Christianity," — the very work which led to his trial and condemnation. Acting in accordance with this generally received opinion, and with the laws of his country, as a good citizen bound to maintain the civil institutions under which he lived, Calvin lodged an accu-

* Bibliotheca Sacra, February, 1846.

sation against Servetus, whose heretical opinions and whose bitter and blasphemous assaults, as they were universally regarded, upon the true faith, were widely known long before he came to Geneva.

The position of Calvin was such that, under the circumstances, he could hardly do otherwise. He stood at the head of the Protestant clergy, not of Geneva alone, but of Europe and of the age. The reproach of heresy was resting, in the estimation of the Catholic world, upon the entire Protestant body, and especially upon Calvin and the clergy of Geneva. They were regarded as anti-Trinitarians, and Geneva as a receptacle of heretics. Servetus was known and acknowledged to be a teacher of the most dangerous errors, and in the common estimate of both Catholic and Protestant was a man worthy of death. If the clergy of Geneva, the leaders of the Reformation, failed to proceed according to the laws against such a man, thus throwing himself into their midst, what could they expect but that the opprobrium of heresy would justly fasten itself upon them in the general opinion of men? It was, in fact, a matter of self-defence with them to show the world, both Catholic and Protestant, that they had no sympathy with men who undertook the work of reform in the spirit and with the principles of Servetus. It was due to themselves, due to the cause of Protestantism, due to the state under whose laws they dwelt.

By the laws of the state, it was required that the person who lodged an accusation against any one should sustain it and make it good, or, failing to do this, should suffer the punishment which would have been due to the accused. It devolved on Calvin, therefore, to sustain the charges of heresy brought by him against Servetus. This he did with such clearness and force that the Council of the Two Hundred, in which the influence, not of Calvin, but of his opponents and determined enemies, the Libertines, predominated, declared the accusation substantiated, and the prisoner was remanded for further trial, according to law, before the Council of Sixty.

Throughout these trials, Calvin took no further part than his position as accuser demanded, nor was he present except when required by the judges. He calmly stated the errors of the accused, showed by his own writings that he maintained such errors, and the pernicious tendency of them. His whole demeanor and spirit were in marked contrast with the violence and bitterness of Servetus.

There was no haste in these proceedings. The first trial commenced on the 14th of August, and continued four days; the second began on the 21st of the same month; and after a protracted and patient hearing, the council came to this determination, that, after full time had been given to the accused to retract or correct whatever he might wish, the whole case should be laid before the Swiss churches for their decision. It was not until the 21st of September that this was done, and the documents of the trial were laid before the churches in Zurich, Berne, Basil, and Schaffhausen. Meanwhile Servetus had ample time to collect himself, and even complained of the delay as unnecessary.

The answers of the several churches were substantially the same, — that it was necessary that so dangerous a man should be in some way prevented from doing further mischief. After this, the two councils assemble in joint session, and continue in deliberation three days. They decide at last upon the infliction of capital punishment. At these deliberations, of course, neither Calvin nor the clergy were present; it was a civil tribunal; but, so soon as its decision was known, Calvin at once assembled the clergy of the city, and they *unanimously petitioned the council* for a milder form of punishment. The petition was altogether refused.

On the 20th of October the sentence was to be executed. The council were in session all the morning, waiting for the prisoner's retraction; but no retraction came, and the law had its course. No one was more disappointed at the issue of this trial, as appears from his letters, than John Calvin. He had confidently hoped that Servetus would be made to see his errors and to retract them.

As to the justice of this punishment, whatever we may think of it, judging by the principles and the light of the present age, there seems to have been but one opinion among the most eminent of that age for learning, wisdom, and piety. Such men as Bullinger, Farel, Viret, and Beza heartily approved the proceeding. Even the gentle Melancthon affirms, in a letter to Calvin, that the magistrates "acted rightly in putting this blasphemer to death"; and in a letter to Bullinger the same mild and cautious and truly Christian man declares, "*I have been surprised* that there are men who blame this severity."

What, then, on the whole, was Calvin's agency in this affair? Simply this. He brought an accusation against Servetus, when to have done otherwise would have been a virtual betrayal of the cause of Protestant reformation, as well as a disregard of the laws of his country. As by law required, he substantiated the charge he had made. This he did; this, and nothing more. With the condemnation and sentence of Servetus he had nothing whatever to do. The trial was before a civil tribunal, the highest and most august in the state. Every opportunity of defence was afforded the accused. Calvin himself furnished him the books he needed from his own library. The trial was conducted with extreme patience and deliberation. The case was finally submitted to the churches of Switzerland for their decision. With one voice they declare the accused guilty. His punishment is decided by the united councils after a deliberation of three days; and so far from triumphing in its severity, Calvin, at the head of the clergy, petitions, but in vain, for its mitigation.

Let the reader judge now, with the facts of the case fairly before him, with what justice it is that Calvin is so frequently and bitterly reproached with the burning of Servetus, as if he were its sole author and procurer, as if he were at once accuser, judge, and executioner in the sad affair, and as if he had acted in the whole proceeding *against*, rather than *in accordance with*, the universal sentiment of the age and the opinions of all good men.

We do not defend, in all this, the condemnation of Servetus. . It was a great mistake; call it, if you will, a crime. But let the blame rest *where it belongs;* not on John Calvin, but on the men who decreed that death, and on the age which sanctioned and demanded it.

SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

IN my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mould,
Gilding the steam from the kettle,
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout the livelong evening
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room,
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom;
Because of the feet on the fender,—
Six restless, white little feet,—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

O, where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane
When the first drops dashed on the window
Told of the coming rain?
What bits of firelight stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness
In shreds of silver sheen!

Two of the feet grew weary
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the bright hill's height.

O why, on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
O, where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

THE BRIDLE ON THE WRONG HORSE.

REV. Dr. B—— was remarkable for his skill in managing difficult cases. Any adversary who thought to gain an advantage over him was very likely to find his weapons turned against himself in a most unexpected manner. The quickness of perception and promptness of action which enabled him to secure such advantages may be seen from the following anecdote.

At a time when certain difficulties existed in the church of which he was pastor, one of the deacons, feeling aggrieved, thought he would seek redress by subjecting his pastor to a course of discipline. With this purpose in view, he called one day at the study. As soon as the pastor recognized the visitor, he anticipated the object of the visit, and determined to forestall him. "Deacon H——," said he, "I have been

wanting to see you for some time." Then, referring to their difficulties, said to him, "I wish you to regard this as the first step."

The deacon, not a little astonished, replied, "I came to see you for this very purpose, and to take the same step with *you*."

Soon after he made another call, taking two or three brethren with him, to see if he could mend the matter. But again his pastor was too prompt for him. As soon as the visitors arrived, the pastor referred to the difficulties which existed, said what he chose, and then added, "Deacon H——, I make these statements in the presence of these brethren, and I wish you to regard this as the second step."

Being thus baffled again, the deacon wisely concluded to retreat, and as he left the house he said to the brethren who accompanied him, "I went there to put the bridle on the old priest, and he got the bits into my mouth."

FRED'S GOLIATH.

"'TWAS David aimed de blow
That laid de Hittite low,"

sang flax-headed, chubby Fred Eaton, in the front yard. With fresh apron and fresher face, just from the wash-basin and towel, he had been turned out to play, and found his way through the front gate to the Wheaton gravel-walk. There he was, down on his knees, sorting the pebbles, and poking deep in the sand to find larger ones. His hymn, heard at the infant-class in Sunday school, had fixed itself in his mind, and he was singing in a good voice, not unmusical, with all its want of tune. The words seemed to suit the state of his mind, for he sang them over and over again. Just having

stopped long enough to disinter a larger stone than common, he was breaking out again with triumphant energy,

"'T was David aimed de blow—"

when May peeped round the corner and laughed.

"What are you doing, Fred?"

"Oh! somefin' great," he answered, too busy to look up, digging away with serious energy.

"But you 're spoiling the walk, Fred. Why, we sha'n't have any to walk to church on, Sunday."

This idea seemed to touch Fred's principles. Not to go to church would be a hard thing for him, and he straightened himself up, casting doubtful glances at the torn walk, and his sand-soiled fingers.

"Are you making a house?" asked Marian, to divert him from feeling bad.

"No," he said, looking up gravely, "I 'm getting stones to kill Goliar with."

"Why," said May, laughing as quietly as possible, "don't you know David killed Goliath long ago? He 's dead now."

"Not my Goliar," said Fred, sober as ever, and he broke out irrepressibly in the last line of his song, which had been waiting to come forth the last two minutes.

"Where is your Goliath?" asked May, amused with the child's odd idea.

"*Oh!*" with a long sigh, to gather his thoughts before him, "everybody has a Goliar; muver say, I 've got one, and muver say *kill* it"; and he threw down a pebble that would have demolished ten giants if his strength and will had been equal.

"What is your *Goliar?*" was the next question.

The little full mouth curved down, and the honest little face took on such a look of positive shame, that Mary was sorry she had asked him.

"Don't like to be washed," came out sorrowfully, with such a look of unsubdued repugnance as told the whole story of mutinies against cold water and towels.

"Oh, there you are," said young Mrs. Eaton from the other side of the fence between the two places. Fred looked startled and defiant at first, but it was funny to see these expressions die into a very humble and resigned appearance. I honor Fred's mother, because, instead of shaking him up or slapping him, she saw at a glance the workings of his small spirit, and wisely left him to come to peace. She wanted Mrs. Wheaton's cake-pan, and walked round to get it. May was left by the gate thinking. In how many ways was the conflict of sin and goodness continually coming before her.

"Lord Jesus, give us the victory over flesh and sin," prayed Mr. Verner in the pulpit on the Sabbath, — prayed as if he meant it, too, as if there was a sore conflict going on, and his strength was failing him.

"Help me to watch and pray,
The conflict ne'er give o'er,"

she herself sang after service, feeling very resolute to overcome something evil, though what she meant to fight was rather indefinite, even to her enthusiasm. Now, in the pleasant losing peace of the worldly week-day, a heavenly warning was sent in the words of a little child. Marian listened to what Mrs. Eaton was saying as she went back to the kitchen door.

"I thought the neighbors would think I was misusing Fred this morning. He was determined not to have his face washed after breakfast, and he was *so* obstinate about it, that I had to show him kindness with a currant-stalk. After he cooled down a little, I talked to him, and I was surprised at the good it did him. He was taken with the story of David and Goliath last Sunday, and I made an application to his case. He was perfectly ashamed to think he had let his fault get the better, or the worse, rather, of him, when he might have overcome it. He seemed very penitent, and submitted to the comb and brush like a little Christian. I don't think my words did the work though," and the smile and deep look strove together in her face, hinting of daily prayers ex-

pended on erring little Fred. "But I want to make some gooseberry nothings for his dinner, he likes 'em so, and I 'd like to try your receipt."

Blessed are the children of good mothers, who know when to whip, and when to lecture, and when to give them gooseberry puffs! Mrs. Eaton called Fred, and they went home lovingly together. Marian shelled peas, and thought. Her resolutions Sunday evening aimed against neglect of school duty and home work, as her besetting enemy to clearness of conscience and religious comfort. But Sunday resolutions and Monday's, but especially Tuesday's inclinations, had, as usual, held severe conflict, and, like the armies of Saul, the resolutions just now were inactive, and kept their camp. What was Marian's Goliath? She hated to look it in the face.

The unused back chamber was to be swept, and put in thorough order that vacation week. Then a composition was to be written for the next Wednesday, and Marian had been shirking these duties till Friday forenoon.

"Help me to overcome my laziness," she sighed inwardly, to One who was listening; and, seizing the broom and dust-pan, she ran swiftly up the back stairway.

WHY I CANNOT BE A UNIVERSALIST.

I AM naturally humane and tender-hearted. I shrink from the sight of suffering. I could never witness the decapitation of a chicken without a shudder.

Years ago I saw a fair infant die in convulsions; and the pale, distorted face still haunts me in my dreams. The little one sleeps now, thank God, on a green, wooded slope that overlooks the sweet vale of the Housatonic. *Requiescat in pace!*

Such being my nature, I would gladly believe in the final salvation of all men. Think you the belief in endless punishment is of my seeking? Must I assure my reader that I have struggled against it? Alas! it gives me no pleasure to believe that a considerable portion of my fellow-men are exposed to a doom so fearful.

Some men seem to have the faculty of believing what they wish. Dr. Johnson steadily refused to believe in the Lisbon earthquake. I knew a man when I was a boy, who professed to believe — and his neighbors never doubted his sincerity — that he would never die. He died, however, many years ago; and his grave may still be seen on the beautiful shore of Chautauque Lake. The Lisbon earthquake is an historical fact, *though* Dr. Johnson so often demonstrated its impossibility. This faculty of believing what one wishes doubtless contributes to the gay and cheerful mood in which so many pass their lives.

Such persons, however, are hardly to be envied. For my part, I would rather believe the true than the agreeable; for, in the long run, it is not good for a man to believe a lie, however pleasant. This is the reason why I have never been able to believe in universal salvation. I have candidly weighed the arguments commonly adduced to prove that doctrine; but, though predisposed by a kindly and cheerful nature to give them more than their due force, they have failed to convince me.

I cannot deny that, during a certain period of my life, — the first few years of manhood, — when, without knowing it, I was a Rationalist, one or two metaphysical arguments urged by the more thoughtful Universalists seemed to me wellnigh conclusive. There is one argument which even *now* has the pleasant *look* of a demonstration. As my readers may also have encountered it, I will here state it in the clearest language I can command.

God is infinite in benevolence, wisdom, and power. A God infinitely benevolent must *will* the final holiness and

happiness of all men; a God infinitely wise must know how to accomplish what he wills; a God infinitely powerful can accomplish what he wills: therefore, all men will be finally holy and happy.

There! is not that a neat demonstration? So, I confess, it seemed to me, in the days when Coleridge, Schelling, and Cousin were my teachers in philosophy. That day is gone by. I have come to distrust all arguments which assume that the human mind has immediate and adequate knowledge of the infinite. This mode of reasoning is, of all, the most misleading and delusive, and grave *questions of fact* cannot be determined in this easy way. When we assume that we know what an INFINITE PERSON, a free agent, will or will not do, in given circumstances, we are on the high road to all manner of extravagance and absurdity. There is not a truth of natural religion which can stand before this sort of demonstration. For example: God is infinite; an infinite God must include all being; for if there be any being not included in him, he is limited by that being, i. e. he is not infinite. Therefore, God is the only being; he is the world. Thus is Pantheism demonstrated by the same kind of reasoning which has convinced so many of the impossibility of endless punishment.

In the same way we may prove the impossibility of creation; God is absolutely unchangeable. Creation is the putting forth of an efficient energy which had previously been merely *potential*. To assert that God, after an eternity of inaction, suddenly roused himself to the work of creation, is to deny his unchangeableness. The conclusion is inevitable; God did not create the world; the world, therefore, existed from eternity. Here, again, the Pantheist finds his horrible creed demonstrated by a kind of reasoning which a *Universalist* ought to feel irresistible.

The very argument under consideration proves much more than the Universalist wishes to prove. Thus, God is infinitely benevolent, and must therefore will the *present* holiness and

happiness of all men. He is also all-wise and omnipotent; and is consequently able to accomplish what he wills: therefore all men *are* holy and happy.

Is not this good reasoning? Is not Divine benevolence as much opposed to evil now as it will be millions of years hence? And is that benevolence impotent to prevent or annihilate what it abhors? What, then? Shall we shut our eyes to facts when they are contradicted by a syllogism? Rather let us conclude that there is some secret vice in the syllogism.

That God is benevolent is an essential article of our religious creed. To deny it is blasphemy. But what do we mean when we say that God is benevolent? Our notion of Divine benevolence is derived from the *human* feeling which we call by that name; for we have no *immediate* knowledge of the Divine nature. Assuming that man is made in the image of his Creator, we feel ourselves justified in ascribing to God the purer affections of which we are conscious in ourselves. We can in no other way frame a conception of God. We *must incarnate* the Deity in the very act of thinking of him. We cannot, if we would, rise above the conditions of *human* thought. Our notions of moral attributes and moral actions, our notion of personality itself, can only come from consciousness. Hence, when we say that God is benevolent, we do not speak from an intuition of his essential nature; but we mean, or ought to mean, that human benevolence is truly *representative* of the moral character of God. I say *truly* representative; but it is highly important to observe that the representation is not *adequate*, because the benevolence of man is finite, whereas Divine benevolence is infinite. When, however, we say that God is *infinitely* benevolent, we express not any positive knowledge, but our conscious ignorance. We frame a notion of benevolence as large as our finite faculties can entertain, and then say to ourselves, the benevolence of God is immensely greater. We confess our inability to think how benevolent he is. For if any

philosophical truth has been demonstrated, it is the doctrine of Sir William Hamilton, that the human mind can form no positive conception of the infinite.

It follows that an argument based on the *infinity* of Divine benevolence is pure nonsense.

And an argument from the *nature* of Divine benevolence is extremely perilous; for it invariably assumes, either covertly or formally, that a benevolent God will do what a benevolent man would do in the same circumstances. Such a principle would make sad work in Natural Theology. For example: a perfectly benevolent *man* would exempt the brute creation from suffering. For myself, I frankly confess that many things in the world are not at all in harmony with my feelings and wishes. I would have all the tribes of animals as happy as they can be. There should be no pain, no fear, no want, no slaughter, no death; but one infinite joy palpitating through air, earth, and ocean. But what do I see? "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." I learn from the "stone book" that the world began to throb with its age-long travail long before man was created, or sin had broken forth to desolate the works of God. Reader, *you* would not have made such a world; are you, then, more benevolent than God? You are a man; your benevolence is *human*, not Divine. God's thoughts are not your thoughts; neither are his ways your ways.

Granting, what some ignorantly assert, that the sufferings of brutes are the consequences of human depravity, the problem, so far from being solved, becomes more perplexing and mysterious. For it would seem to *us* that a God of infinite benevolence would not have permitted our human world to be cursed with sin. Those who say he *could not* have prevented sin, do not even understand the problem which they dispose of so flippantly. We must take the facts as they are; and they are sufficiently appalling without adding to them a rash denial of God's omnipotence. Here is a world which,

during six thousand years, has been the sad theatre of crime and suffering. The millions of the human family have, for the most part, lived and died in ignorance, vice, and misery. Every country has been deluged with blood. Survey the great battle-fields of the world, — its Leipsics, Wagrams, Waterloos, Solferinos, — its prisons and penitentiaries, its armies of thieves, burglars, incendiaries, robbers, murderers, pirates; imagine the abominations of slavery and the slave-trade; gather into one dread group the crimes of all ages, and then say *whether you would have made such a world! Are you, then, more benevolent than God?* Or will you not rather conclude that benevolence in God is something very different from that "rose-water philanthropy" which some in our day would fain elevate to the rank of a Divine attribute?

It would seem, from all this, that the benevolence of God is rather a *practical* than a *speculative* truth. It is a truth to soften our hearts, to awaken our gratitude, to allay our griefs, to lead us to repentance, to incite us to obedience; but it is not a key to unlock the mysteries of the world. We cannot deduce from it a scheme of Providence. It will not enable us to predict what God will or will not do in given circumstances.

Clearly, benevolence in God is not a simple feeling of good nature, but an infinite perfection; that is to say, it is an attribute whose nature and workings we cannot comprehend. Those who speak of it and reason from it, as a single, predominant disposition to make men happy, are shallow and over-bold. Perhaps it is an infinite and complex impulse of the Divine nature TO WHAT IS BEST.

Thus it appears that the argument against future punishment, based on Divine benevolence, is inconclusive and absurd.

The question, *being one of fact*, cannot be determined by *a priori* reasoning. For the same reason, the argument from the justice of God falls to the ground. It is of the same vicious kind.

There is another kind of reasoning, based on *experience*, — commonly called the argument from the analogy of the course of nature, — which is applicable to this great question, and which, though not absolutely decisive, is perfectly legitimate.

DREAMED IT.

THE other morning, a little boy about five years old, who is attending one of our public schools, went to his mother, and told her, with the greatest apparent frankness and sincerity, that his teacher had punished him the day previous. He also showed her on his hand what he said were the marks of the ferule. Now, John was usually a very good boy, and his mother was greatly surprised and grieved when she heard this.

"Why did the teacher punish you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Because I disobeyed her," was the prompt reply.

"What did you do, my son?"

"When she told me not to do a thing, I did n't mind her," said Johnny.

Then his mother talked to him very seriously, and told him how naughty it was to disobey his kind teacher, and how sorry she felt, and asked him if he was not sorry too, and if he would not ask his teacher to forgive him.

He seemed to feel quite badly, and said he would. So when he entered school, he went directly to his teacher, and told her he was very sorry he had disobeyed her, and compelled her to punish him, and asked her forgiveness.

His teacher did n't seem to understand him, and looked very much astonished. After a moment's thought, she said, "Why, Johnny, I think you must be mistaken. I have no recollection of punishing you yesterday." But, to make sure

of the matter, she turned to the school and said, "Children, did I punish little Johnny yesterday?" "*No, ma'am!* NO, MA'AM!" shouted a score of voices. The teacher smiled, and, turning to Johnny, she said, "What made you think so? I guess *you dreamed it.*" The little fellow's face brightened up at the suggestion, and he exclaimed, "O yes! I remember now; *I dreamed it last night, and thought it was true!*" A good laugh followed this explanation, in which little Johnny joined heartily.

Johnny's parents were very happy to learn that what had seemed to be a serious fault in their dear boy was "*only a dream.*" They were also glad to witness his apparent readiness to make amends for his supposed disobedience. I hope all the children who read this will imitate Johnny's frankness, in confessing their *real* faults to their parents and teachers, and also to God, their Heavenly Father, seeking his forgiveness and blessing.

THE SWEETEST WORD.

ONE sweet word of holy meaning
Cometh to me o'er and o'er,
And the echoes of its music
Linger ever, evermore;
Trust, — no other word we utter
Can so sweet and precious be,
Tuning all life's jarring discords
Into heavenly harmony.

Clouds of thickest blackness gathered
O'er my soul's dark sea of sin,
And the port of heaven was guarded
From my guilty entering in;

Then came Jesus, walking to me,
O'er the surging waves of sin,
Calling, clear above the tempest,
"He that trusteth heaven shall win!"

Now, through all the sacred pages,
Where my woe and doom had been,
Gleam those golden words of promise,
"He that trusteth heaven shall win."
Blessed, sure, and blood-bought promise,
Let me drink its sweetness in, —
He that trusts his soul to Jesus,
"He that trusteth heaven shall win."

Trust, — O Saviour, give its fulness
To me at thy feet in prayer,
Grant my dying lips to breathe it,
Leave its lingering sweetness there;
Sweetness there, to stay the breaking
Of the hearts which love me so,
Whispering from my silent coffin,
"Trust the hand which lays me low."

Loved ones, as ye rear the marble,
Pure above my waiting dust,
Grave no other word upon it
But the holiest, sweetest, — TRUST;
For this password know the angels,
Guarding o'er the pearly door,
Password to His blessed presence,
Whom I trust forevermore.

REMINISCENCES OF COBDEN.

MR. COBDEN'S death was precipitated by his interest in American affairs. Throughout the war he had been our stanch friend, and the judicious advocate of our cause; and his anxiety to prevent a new cause of irritation between England and the United States hurried him to London, from his sick-chamber, to oppose the foolish scheme of Canadian fortification.

In their early history, in their personal traits, and in their public services, there was much in common between Richard Cobden and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Cobden sprang from "the plain people," being the son of a small farmer at Dunford, near Midhurst. With little preliminary education, he was early sent to London to acquire a knowledge of trade in a warehouse. Afterward he became a commercial traveller, and then a partner in a manufacturing house at Manchester. Thus a life of toil and industry, and of wide intercourse with men of business, prepared him to lead the policy of his country upon questions of political economy. Like Mr. Lincoln, he snatched from manual labor hours for the improvement of his mind by study, and disciplined himself for a part in public life. Few men have gained so complete a mastery of the English language (and he spoke French also with an almost native fluency and accent); and few statesmen have attained to such comprehensive views of national policy.

Mr. Cobden's mind was clear, sagacious, honest, and thoroughly practical. He always mastered his subject so fully in his closet meditations, that he could speak upon it in Parliament or before a popular assembly with the ease and readiness of a private conversation. His memory was so trustworthy, his knowledge so ample, his self-possession so assured, that he could talk for hours without notes, and without verbal

preparation. His public speaking was animated talking, with none of the arts of oratory, but with strong good sense, and a downright honesty of purpose that commanded attention, inspired confidence, and often wrought conviction against prejudice and interest. I heard him, in 1852, at Manchester, review Lord Derby's ministry in a plain, clear, matter-of-fact way, that held the audience as closely as did Mr. Bright's impassioned address. It was a good illustration of Daniel Webster's ideal of convincing eloquence, — "clearness, force, earnestness." Every word was in its place and for its purpose. He was the great master of economical science.

Mr. Cobden's public career was marked by an unselfish devotion to principle and to the welfare of humanity. No temptations of office could swerve him from his duty. If the world were ripe for his policy of peace and free-trade, its political millennium would have come. "He gave bread to the hungry, he sought to stay the devastations of war, and to unite together in the bonds of brotherhood all the nations of the earth." A beautiful example of his devotion to humanity, as well as of the tenderness of his heart, is mentioned by Mr. Bright in his personal reminiscences of his illustrious colleague. Mr. Cobden had sought to enlist Mr. Bright in the service of the Anti-Corn Law League, but with only partial success. In 1839, Mr. Bright was thrown into a state of mental despondency, in consequence of the death of his wife. Mr. Cobden went to visit him, and after condoling with him in his personal grief, reminded him that there were at that moment thousands of widows and children starving for bread, which was kept from them by the tax upon food. "Come with me," said Cobden, "and we will never rest until we abolish the Corn Laws."

In private life, Mr. Cobden was modest, simple, and genial in his manners, and his conversation was full of vivacity and wisdom. I spent an evening at his house in company with Professor Upham, in a familiar talk upon educational matters, in which he was then specially interested. I shall never

forget the frankness of his welcome, the ease of his manners, the quickness of his perception, the heartiness of his interest in American affairs, the thoroughness of his information upon the topic in hand. He gave us amusing instances of the ignorance of the common people of England, — especially of the difficulty he had found in trying to make a country audience understand who Kossuth was, and where Hungary lay. He begged us, laughingly, not to use the American privilege of reporting his free conversation in the newspapers! He lamented the blindness of the religious people of England in maintaining sectarian schools to the exclusion of a national system of popular education. At his instance, I prepared an account of our common-school system, which was given in evidence before the Educational Commission of the House of Commons.

This casual association with educational affairs gave me an opportunity of observing Mr. Cobden still more closely during his last visit to New York, in 1859. I accompanied him to several of our public schools. He manifested the deepest interest in the method of instruction, and especially in the quiet way in which religious exercises were introduced. He could not repress his astonishment at finding in a free school a class of misses pursuing the higher mathematics with a thoroughness and a zest worthy of Cambridge itself. On leaving a boys' school, where he had been received with cheers, he said to me, somewhat abruptly, "Do not take me to any more boys' schools; I cannot bear it." The tremor of his lips, and the tear in his eye, reminded me that just before leaving England he had laid in the grave his only son, a boy of some fourteen years, the hope of his life. In that instant I looked down into the depths of a loving soul, and from that instant I have loved the man whom I had before admired and honored.

Coming to the study where now I write, and taking the church edifice for a text, he talked for an hour, with much enthusiasm, of the marvellous results of the voluntary prin-

ciple in religion, and of the many great things that lay within the reach of the people of the United States. Mr. Cobden was accustomed to say, "You have no hold of any one who has no religious faith." What he made a ground of confidence in others, he made also the strength of his own soul. In him England has lost a leader, America a helper, humanity a friend.

CARDS.

THEY were seated at their card-table, four fine stalwart soldiers. The play was dull.

"Put up a stake!" some of them said.

"No," said Wilson, "I never play for money."

"Why not?"

"I never do."

"Try it once, and see how much more of a game it makes. You 'd be surprised."

"What difference can it make?"

"Try it once, and you 'll see."

A dime was the stake, and for the first time Wilson played for money. The game had a new interest. He played on,—losing, winning. He "never knew before how much could be got from cards," he said, as he left the table. He played for money again and still again. At last he had lost all. He had received his pay, had staked and lost it. Nothing left to send to his family. He was desperate.

"I cannot give up now," he said. "I must have something back"; and as he thought of his poor wife and children he grew more desperate.

"Lend me!" he insisted.

They lent him; and he played on, wildly, madly. He loses again, loses constantly. What luck! But he will not stop. He plays on till no one will lend him more. He

leaves his cards a wretched man. To-morrow he would have written home; sent money, needed there. He cannot write now, for the money has been lost, and lost so foolishly, so wickedly. "Wretch, to have lost it!" he exclaims. "Wretch, to have risked it!"

What now can he do? Suffer. Naught else? Repent.

In the thoughtful twilight, Wilson sat alone, or *seemed* to sit alone, but his wife and children were with him, — his pretty girls and sturdy boys, all there; but they rejoiced him not. They crowded round him; he shrank from them. Their fond greetings gave him pain. Each word of his gentle wife smote him; the prattle of his babes tortured him, for he had wronged them; he had played away their living. The gaming-table was before him, and every stake upon it took shape, and he saw plainer than ever what he had done.

That first stake, that first dime, was little Nanny's writing-book. The child wanted to learn to write, — all the more that she might write letters to "father"; now she cannot learn; she will fall behind her class. He saw her first grief and tears at her deprivation; he saw her daily regrets and efforts at patience. Ah, Nanny, whose kisses used to be so sweet! They should be sweeter since her spirit has grown lovelier in its trial, but they sting the father, they fill him with self-reproach. Played away her writing-book! No letters from her now!

And that second dime, — it was Hugh's slate. It is gone; and gone with it a winter's ciphering. Staked so lightly, — but what a loss to Hugh!

He saw his wife's little comforts swept off the board, even her cup of tea. When weary she must sink, when sick she must faint for want of it. He had played it away to add zest to a half-hour's amusement. "Wretch!" he called himself again.

In the first dollar staked and lost, he saw a pair of children's shoes; they were his own boy's; Johnny's feet would be pinched and frost-bitten by the sharp cold, and bruised and torn by the frozen ground. Wilson saw his stout-hearted

boy trying to bear the pain of cold and frost without complaint or flinching, saw his bleeding feet, his shivering frame, and was ashamed of his own selfish folly; would have hid himself, would have shrunk to nothing if he could. What was he? What must he have been to play away the shoes of his child? Did none *other* man do it? Never one.

He played away all the wood, too, and the embers barely lived upon the hearth, and the younger children crowded round them almost in vain, while the brave barefoot boy hunted every stray stick to keep the fire alive.

Worse and worse! he played away the bread, the bag of meal. The baby's milk, — he put that up too. He was a monster to do it; no more the man he had been. He saw his children, pale and sick with hunger, heard the piteous wail of the little ones as they pleaded for food, saw the older ones go away and weep in silence, while the mother could only pray to Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry. Could the gambler see all this and still play on?

Wilson had played his last game.

"Play, Wilson," they said the next day.

"I 've lost all," he answered.

"We 're not playing for money. Take a hand."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I 've done with cards."

"Never going to play any more?"

"Never."

"Why not?"

"Have n't they robbed me?" he exclaimed in bitterness; "robbed me of everything? and, what 's worse, robbed my family, my poor wife, my young children; robbed them of food and clothes and fire, and left them hungry and bare to the cold? God pity them! for I forgot them. I 've played enough, — too much." And he turned away from the cards.

Day after day he turned away while his comrades played. "*Never* again, Wilson?" they said, as he left them.

"Never," was still his answer.

The soldiers had been paid, and Wilson had returned the money loaned to him. The cards were out; the men at play.

"Play with us, Wilson. You 've money now; and you 're yourself again."

"I hope I am; and I hope never to lose myself in the gambler again. Now, comrades, I 've a word to say, and so have you. I cannot trust myself to play with cards again, and I cannot trust myself to see them played. I am weak, but not so weak that I don't know my weakness. Shall I leave this tent? or shall the cards go?"

"Leave this tent! Why, we can't spare you."

"Can you spare the cards?"

"No."

"Then I must go."

"Sooner the cards than you. We can't spare our best man, Wilson."

Wilson remained; never quite the same man again, but a *better* one, more thoughtful, less selfish. In his anguish and penitence, in his weakness and temptation, he had sought the God of mercy and of strength. "In the day of trouble, he had called upon the Lord," and the Lord had heard him.

THAT SUM IN ADDITION.

ONE of the eminent among the ancients proposed a problem in mathematics to a circle of his friends. He was himself very skilful and successful in working out such problems, took the greatest pleasure in such work, and very much desired all his friends to engage in the same sort of employment, that they might share his pleasure. The problem above referred to is on record, and many, since the old mathematician's days, have undertaken to work it out. More have failed than have succeeded, and those who have had some success,

have never been satisfied with their work; and the more earnest of them kept to work on the problem till the very end of life. Now it is a very simple problem, in the very simplest rule in arithmetic, which creates the more surprise at so many failures. As some of our readers might like to know what the problem is, that they may try their skill upon it, we transcribe from the ancient record: "ADD to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

Now there are but eight figures in the column, — eight Christian virtues to be added together, and all the more sad, therefore, that so many have attempted to put these virtues together, and have failed. Some have failed one way, and some another. Some have left out one of the items, and some another. One drops out patience, and so fails. Another cannot seem to get temperance in so as to reach the right result. Some think the result will come right if they do happen to miss a figure and drop a virtue; but it won't, and they must do it all over again.

It would suit some admirably if, while they keep the whole number of figures, they might make an exchange, — drop temperance, for example, and put in industry; or drop godliness, and put in honesty; but the problem is not solved by any such change. We are to take the items to be added just as they stand.

Two things more.

1. Let no one be discouraged because he cannot do this sum on the first trial. Every serious and earnest attempt to add one of these virtues to another has been partially successful, has increased the skill in this kind of mathematics, and made final success more hopeful.

2. A very great reward is offered to every one that succeeds. No potentate of this world ever has or ever could make such an offer. The reward follows the problem in the

old book referred to, and runs thus: "For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." And that knowledge secures everlasting life. Can any human being do better than to become as skilful as possible in this kind of arithmetic?

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

SEEING some account of this remarkable colored woman in a contemporary paper lately, has reminded me of a purpose to contribute my mite toward perpetuating her just fame. Her early history is given at length in a biographical sketch written by some friend, and which she has sometimes sold as a means of livelihood. She was born a slave in Ulster County, New York, and manumitted by law, I think, in 1824.

I do not propose to repeat the facts of that book, but simply to give a few characteristic anecdotes learned in a visit a few months ago to Battle Creek, Michigan, which had been her home for some years previous to the war. She owns, near that village, a little house and lot, but has ordinarily supported herself by lecturing, and by the sale of her book and photograph. Two or three years ago she was quite sick,—had a bad cough, and was thought to be in a decline, and near death. The neighbors supplied her wants till she grew better and wanted to go about again. But she was very destitute, and in her simple way she said, she "went and talked to the Lord about it," and after a while it seemed to her, she said, that the Lord would really help her. Then she turned over in her mind how he would help her, and whether she could do anything to forward the matter. (She believes in works as well as faith!) She remembered that there was a Mr. D——, who used to hear her lecture in Pennsylvania, and who, she

thought, if he knew her circumstances, would interest his neighbors for her. So she got a friend to write a letter for her to him (she cannot read or write). After the letter was written she learned that Mr. D—— had moved to Iowa. That, she thought, spoiled her plan.

"I 've never bin to Iowa. Nobody there knows me. It 's no use to send the letter." However, she was persuaded to mail it. In due time an answer came. Mr. D—— had made a contribution. His new neighbors had been interested, and made a contribution. He also sent the letter to his old neighbors in Pennsylvania, and they sent contributions. They forwarded the letter to the "Anti-Slavery Standard" in New York. It was published and scattered all over the North, and then the donations came in from all quarters, "from folks," she said, "that she never hearn on," remittances of ten dollars and five dollars, direct donations, and to purchase her photograph, till Sojourner Truth had more letters than any business firm in Battle Creek. She said, "So much come in I did n't know what to do with it, an' all from that little talk I had with the Lord. An' I had at last to tell the Lord he might as well stop that are."

She is quick at a repartee, and no person attacks her without coming off second best. She went to the market one day, and a Copperhead there took occasion to speak to the butcher of the colored race; that they were just fit for slaves, that God Almighty made them for slaves, and intended they should be slaves. Sojourner, knowing that the talk was meant for her, looked him in the face and said, "Sir, you ain't acquainted with God Almighty! That 's what 's the matter with you."

She was in the store of another Copperhead, whom she did not personally know, soliciting funds to take her to Detroit to carry sanitary supplies to colored soldiers there, and having asked others present, at length applied to him. "No, I won't give you a cent." She straightened up her tall form and asked, "Who be you?" "The only son of my mother."

She threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Bless the Lord there wan't no more on 'em."

Formerly she used to travel around on her lecturing tours on foot, but latterly has taken the cars. Going to Kalamazoo to lecture, she was about to take the omnibus at the depot for Professor Stone's, where she had arranged to stay, when the driver stopped her. "Don't you carry passengers?" "Not such as you." "Why not? I'll pay you as well as anybody." "Can't carry niggers." Some of the people knew her, and said, "What a shame to treat Sojourner Truth in that way!" "I don't want to ride," said she, "because I 'm Sojourner Truth, but because I 'm a decent woman, an' am willing to pay my fare. I 'm clean and neat. Ef I was white, an' ever so dirty an' greasy, you 'd let me ride." A crowd collected as she talked, and were held there by her pithy remarks.

Some of the negro-haters told her to go away, for she was obstructing the sidewalk. "I don't take up much room. It 's the people that take up the sidewalk. Make them go away." But the people were so eager to hear her they would not go. "We 'll make you go," said the aforementioned worthies. "I should like to know *how?* I sha'n't walk. You won't one on ye touch me mor' 'n ef I was a toad, an' there ain't a carriage in town that 'll let me ride." They were vanquished. The affair at the depot advertised her and her lecture, to which she had a large attendance.

A similar scene occurred at the depot at Cold Water. "What 's the name of this town?" she asked. "Cold Water," was the reply. "I 'll make it *hot* water for you 'fore I leave." She finally asked if there was any team that would carry her up to the town, and succeeded in chartering a dray. She took her seat on her trunk, and began singing with her powerful voice the John Brown song, interspersing her singing with addresses to the crowd that followed the dray. "I ride into your town as John Brown went to the gallows, — backwards on a dray." She had a large audience at her lecture there also.

When she was about starting for Washington, where she has for a year or more been laboring among the colored people, she was advised to call on President Lincoln and Secretary Chase, and that perhaps they would aid her.

"O yes, I 've thought of that."

"Well, Sojourner, what are you going to say to President Lincoln? Just tell us."

She straightened herself up, made a genteel courtesy, and said: "Mr. Lincoln, I 'm happy to see you, and give you my photograph. It 's black, but it 's got a white back to it. I shall be glad to get yours with a greenback to it."

She was once prosecuted under the "black laws" of Indiana, but managed her own case so adroitly that the prosecution entirely failed. She is, undoubtedly, one of the great women of this generation, of whom the next generation will be eager to hear, and will be thankful for the preservation of these fragments.

PREVENTIVES OF INTEMPERANCE.

WE would endeavor to point out what and where are some of the chief supplies of intemperance, and how they can be cut off. Showing men the effects of intemperance will not make them temperate, but we must go to the sources of the evil and shut off the supplies.

1. The enmity and disobedience of the heart to God. This is sin itself. The heart of all immorality is the want of the love and obedience of God. He who is not the servant of God is the servant of his own lusts. Where a man or a community is without the living presence of Christ, there the great inspiring life-power of morality does not exist.

"Thou bleeding Lamb! the true morality is love of thee."

Where morality is not rooted in the love of God, it has no real life. A true Christian can no more be an intemperate

man than he can be a profane man, or an impure man. The meaning of the word "temperance" in the New Testament is "self-control," or the bringing of the whole sinful self into the moderation of Christian obedience and the righteous bounds of God. The spiritual strength to do this comes from Christ. This is the victory that overcometh the world and all its lusts, — even our faith. The only way, therefore, of effectually meeting and cutting off the deepest source of supply of all immorality, intemperance included, is by bringing the love of God into the heart of a man or a community, — it is by the advancement of pure religion, leading to a higher life, and shutting up by an invisible hand the sources which supply immorality and intemperance with their means of existence.

2. A culpable and vicious poverty. I use these strong terms to distinguish the kind of poverty that I mean from a virtuous and innocent poverty, one brought on through calamity, and in spite of an honest effort against it. Such a poverty no one respects more than myself; it is often the proof of a man's honesty and nobleness of character in these days when there is such haste to get rich. There is also much poverty that arises from mixed and hidden causes, from constitutional want of energy, from a mingling of misfortune and human infirmity, that is not to be judged too harshly, but is rather to be commiserated and helped. But there is a poverty which is the result of sheer vice, and chiefly the vice of idleness; and this is an exhaustless source of intemperance. Ask the city missionary where the most obstinate, deep-rooted, and habitual intemperance will be found, — will he not tell you that it is in the crowded dwellings, not of the virtuous, but of the vicious and idle poor, of those who will not work to provide for themselves an honest subsistence, but only enough perhaps to supply the means of gratifying their appetite for intoxicating drink. This is the intemperate stratum in the community; not but that it frequently crops out higher up into the circle of the rich, but here, all will allow,

is the home, the central and perpetual stronghold, of this vice. This is the great "dismal swamp" in whose tangled, inaccessible, and loathsome recesses this slimy monster of intemperance makes his safe retreat. Whatever, therefore, serves to clear up this gloomy and barren swamp of vicious poverty, whatever lets the sunlight and activities of the blessed Gospel into it, and whatever plants it with the seeds of virtue and education, reduces the domain of intemperance.

Efforts to evangelize neglected communities, and to reclaim the children of the vicious and degraded class among the poor, serve to dry up the sources of this pestilence that walketh in darkness. Street boys and girls who seem to have no settled home, the number of whom is increasing in all our large cities, who are without one good influence over them, whose evil passions are early developed, and who are already themselves adepts in intemperance and every vice, these should be looked after, brought into clean and comfortable homes, and, above all, provided with honest employment. Give the poor work to do, build up in them a sense of manliness and moral dignity, instruct their children, and awaken in them the hope of social progress and advancement, and you head off intemperance more effectually than in any other way. In this connection I would quote the sensible words of a Catholic archbishop recently deceased: —

"The idleness of boys when they leave school, — an idleness which is often not wilful, but compulsory, — idle because unable to find anything to do, — we regard as one of the most fruitful sources of vice, and one of the greatest evils of society. It is such an evil that we look on the military despotisms of Europe, which take young men from their families or the streets for a term of years, and compel them to serve in the army, as a comparative blessing. In the service, they acquire habits of obedience to superiors, cleanliness, regularity, and order. In our large cities hundreds of boys and young men are wasting energies which they are anxious to devote to the conquest of a respectable position in society,

and therefore to the public good; but they know not what to do,—they are idle 'because no man hath hired them.'"

3. The want of a proper system of physical training for the young. From the ranks of the young the strength of intemperance is being continually augmented; and it is generally from those who are physically predisposed to this vice. It is the morbid and torpid body in which the currents of life run slow, in which the exhausted nerves crave excitement, that naturally seeks the stimulus of intoxicating drink. The healthful body, with its own exhilarating springs of life and happiness, does not require the stimulus of liquor, nor crave it. An in-door and unmanly life among the young predisposes to the unhealthy enticements of the drinking-saloon. Our very schools may smooth the way for future intemperance, in their undue development of the intellect to the total neglect of physical culture. Restless minds in weak bodies are just the victims of artificial excitement. When drains begin to be made upon the strength in professional labor, and in the cares of business life, then these weakened, yet intellectual and ambitious graduates of our high schools and colleges, turn to the false strength of inspiring drink. Our children and youth do not take exercise enough in the open air. They do not train the muscle by hard work or athletic games, although there is an improvement in this respect. The youth prefers to crouch over some trashy, heated story in the comfortable room at home. Growing up with unnecessary wants, artificial appetites, weakened digestion, and inflamed desires, when brought in contact with actual temptation, he readily falls into it. A good gymnasium attached to every school-house is of more importance than an improved grammar or the hundredth new arithmetic.

4. The want of intellectual and social amusements among the young, of an innocent, healthy, and ennobling character. When we attempt, even in reform, to run in advance of the laws of the mind, we leave enemies behind us that will start up and defeat our best-laid plans. Temperance is a severe

virtue, and we must take care not to make it a false virtue, crushing out and trampling upon the very laws and instincts of our nature. If you take away the supply of a constitutional want, and do not substitute nourishment for it of another kind, you fail in your reform, and the starving nature returns with tenfold energy to its former indulgence. There is a strong desire in youthful human nature for some kind of pleasurable excitement, for amusement, for play, for enjoyment. If this desire be not met and satisfied in ways that God designed it should be, it will satisfy itself in lower and depraved methods. You cannot tell young men to sit still and never commit the sin of enjoying themselves. They will seek enjoyment in the society of others. We have social instincts, longings, and sympathies which must be regarded. If young men have nowhere else to go for social pleasure, they are often drawn to resort to the billiard-room and the drinking-saloon. If they do not have a virtuous and refined society, they are too apt to seek degrading associations, — they meet the deep want of their nature by soul-depraving friendships. It is for those who would guard youth from vicious associations and intemperance to see that they have opportunities afforded them of reasonable and innocent enjoyment, of virtuous and pleasant social relations. Parents should make their homes pleasant and cheerful. There should be an abundance of interesting books in the house. Such attractive works of art as can be afforded should ornament the walls and tables. A piano is often a less extravagant and unjustifiable piece of luxury than the gaudy carpet or expensive upholstery. There is something wrong in not providing the young mind with sufficient intellectual nutriment, and that of an enjoyable kind. Parents who wish their sons, employers who wish their clerks, not to stand about at the corners of the streets, not to be seen at the theatre, the ball, or the drinking club-room, must provide for them happy homes, where, with the manly history, the fascinating book of travels, the stimulating biography to

read, the pleasant faces of the young of both sexes to brighten the circle, and music to harmonize and raise the spirits, no want is felt, no yearning for artificial and corrupting pleasures. I am not for making a Sahara of young souls, for drying up all the springs of rational enjoyment within them.

5. Living such intense lives. This is the American way. There is too little of repose and of calm and steady strength in our life. We go on at top speed in everything. In business we wear ourselves out before we reach middle life. If we try even to be happy, it is in a kind of wild, extravagant, and soul-wasting way, finding poor pleasure in the most highly wrought pursuits and excitements. The nervous system is unstrung, the craving for excitement grows by what it feeds upon, the degree of excitement is becoming more and more intense, simple and innocent things satisfy less and less, and here is the field where intemperance finds its hosts of ready victims from all walks and stations of life. Now, after the truly high and glorious excitement of the war has subsided, let there come a peaceful repose over our restless American nature. Let there be no less noble activity, but less intense and wearing excitement. A deeper confidence in God should be cultivated. We should strive to lead a simpler life. We have everything to make us good, great, and happy, if we will but see it and enjoy it with an humble mind, and a true, loving, unselfish heart.

THE MINISTRY OF THE DEPARTED.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?" — Heb. i. 14.

WHO shall say how close the mortal
Borders on the vast unseen?
Who shall say it is but seeming,
But a vain and idle dreaming,
That we catch, sometimes, a gleaming,
From beyond the mystic portal, —
From behind Death's shadowy screen?

Dwellers in that land of beauty,
Once they trod the shores of Time;
Wept they then in tribulation,
Wrestled they with strong temptation,
Patient, through their brief probation,
Wrought the high commands of duty,
Earned their destiny sublime.

Passed with them a cheering lustre
From our daily paths away;
Yet unto our spirit vision
Come they on a holy mission,
Come they from the fields Elysian,
Where the flowers unfading cluster,
Where the living waters play.

O'er the hills of life returning,
Messages of love they bear;
On their light wings downward bringing
Echoes of the angels' singing,
While our spirits, glad upspringing,
Hush their wild and wayward yearning,
Still their vague and voiceless prayer.

Fiercely break the clouds of sorrow,
Life, upon thy midnight sea!
Lo! the beacon hope is paling,
And our feeble faith is failing,
And our souls in fear are quailing
From the dread uncertain morrow, —
Morrow we may never see.

Unseen ones, in whispers cheering,
Bid us struggle on and wait;
Still to them our spirits turning,
With a deep, unuttered yearning,
Seeking much and naught discerning,
Dimly through the future peering, —
Open they the mystic gate!

Here, say they, we rest from labor,
Toil and conflict, all are past:
Here no darkness cometh ever,
For the Lamb is light forever;
Faint not in the strife, nor waver;
Spirit, thou shalt rest at last!

Land of glory! land of wonder!
Shining in immortal bloom!
Press we on with firm endeavor,
Hoping always, doubting never.
Naught from us that vision sever,
Till we, joyful, journey yonder,
Through the portals of the tomb!

WILLING.

YOU believe that you can be saved only through Christ. You wish to become a Christian; but could not Jesus say of you, "Ye *will not* come unto me that ye might have life"? Are you sure that you are willing to take him for your Master? Have you any doubt what he means when he says, "Whosoever *will*, let him take the water of life freely"?

A little child refuses to pronounce a given word in a lesson, declaring that he cannot. The father knows that he can. He has overheard him read it correctly again and again, and he insists that it must be pronounced without assistance. The child is obstinate and will not. Then comes a prolonged struggle and repeated and severe punishment. The child simply wants his own way. If the father yields, parental authority is destroyed. The battle goes on far beyond its imagined possibilities, and the deepest fountains of the father's soul are stirred. To yield is fatal. What can he do? Finally, the child breaks down and is willing to pronounce the word; is willing to do anything. The father's heart had yearned over him, and the instant he said, "Yes, I can; I will do it," there was reconciliation, though the child must actually pronounce the word as a voucher for his sincerity. He is not forgiven, however, because he does this, but because he is *willing* to do it; because his attitude toward his father is entirely changed from resistance to submission. Until he took this position, and was heartily willing humbly to acknowledge the authority of his father and obey him in the one thing then at issue, no other act of obedience or kindness could restore him to his former place in the father's heart.

Thus comes reconciliation with God. It comes the moment you are willing, — willing to say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." God

knows the whole heart, and just when it takes that attitude and disposition toward him, then shall you be forgiven and justified. Not that you become just, for God himself cannot make the wrong of your past life right, though he can and does consent to treat you in the great day of accounts as if you were just and your soul had never been tainted with sin.

Are you, then, *willing* to be saved?

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?

WHAT are you thinking about, little girl, as you walk along to school so slowly under the shade of the apple-trees? The shadows move on the ground as if they were alive; and the robins hop about over them singing as they go, as lively and happy as they can be.

Are you thinking about the sunshine, the shadows, and the birds? Well, they are pleasant things to think of; but it cannot be that they make you frown so, for in these bright June mornings everything out of doors is cheerful.

No, something else is in your mind now. Some of your playmates have vexed you, or your mother would not let you have your own way, or your lesson is not learned, and you are blaming the teacher, perhaps, because it is so hard. Take care, little girl, take care what you think about!

"Why?" you ask; "does it make any difference what my thoughts are? If I do not speak them, they will not hurt anybody."

Yes, it makes a great difference; because your thoughts are part of yourself, and if they are unkind or cruel, or wicked in any way, *you* will be hurt, if no one else should be.

Perhaps you have not found out yet that a thought which

is allowed to grow always gets said in some way, either by words or action. You know the proverb, "Actions speak louder than words."

Why, I could tell, as I walked behind you, by the way your shoulders moved and your feet came down upon the ground, that you were not thinking of anything pleasant. Your tongue was still, but you were talking all over.

What are you thinking about? Do you ever ask yourself the question?

That person, "yourself," your most intimate companion, whose society you can never get rid of, is thinking all the time about something that concerns you. If you are not careful, you will grow up a stranger to yourself. Many people, for want of asking themselves this question frequently, have lived with a thief, a deceiver, or a liar in their bosom for years, and have not known anything about it.

Be sure to become well acquainted with yourself, and that you may do so, often ask yourself what you are thinking about, — what you *love* to think about.

And do not allow yourself to think about any but pure and good and right things.

Remember that these thoughts which seem so small now are the drops that will form the rivers of your words and actions. If you let muddy water into your heart, they will flow out through your lips, soiling everything they touch, and all pure people will keep away from the polluting stream.

But if you cherish loving and holy thoughts, your life will be like a crystal stream, which the good will love to look at, and to which they will come with love to drink and be refreshed.

See to it, little girl, that you know what you are thinking about, and say often to yourself, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

THE BEWITCHED GUN.

THE man's name was Tucker.

And he was a miserable sort of a fellow, who cared for nothing but hunting bees and woodchucks. He could not have been really *lazy*, for one need ask no harder work than tramping all day through swamps and thickets, up hill and down, across brooks and ditches, in all kinds of weather.

However, he was certainly *idle*. And he had holes in his elbows, and a cap which looked like a mouse's nest. His wife was much the same way, so you may guess how the house looked; not much of a house either, only one room and a loft, which you climbed up to by a ladder. And of course the children had mud and molasses on their faces, snarls of hair over their eyes, and looked, each one, as their father did, like a walking rag-bag.

They had something which they called a garden, but there were more weeds than potatoes in it; and in fact there was not much of anything *but* weeds and onions there. They had a pig, which used to run in the woods and eat acorns. And of course they kept a dog; indeed, they kept *two*.

You know some such shiftless man, I dare say; but perhaps he is not, as Mr. Tucker was, a believer in magic and the black art; because the Tucker family lived away back in the times when people used to put a leaf of a Bible in the churn, and nail a horseshoe over the door, to frighten off witches and break their power; and when they used to think old women who owned black cats sometimes rode out of a night upon a broomstick instead of a horse.

Nevertheless, I should not wonder, although your loafer does live in more sensible days, if he turned to be a believer in witchcraft if his gun should behave as Mr. Tucker's did once on a time. Indeed, I suspect you and I would ourselves

have been at least a little startled. Listen, and I will tell you how it was.

One day, in the very height of the woodchuck season, Mr. Tucker was coming home an hour or so before sunset by way of a tavern, which was a mile through the woods from his cabin. This tavern, being upon the high-road to Boston, and not more than a hundred miles out, was a place of rest and refreshment for farmers from farther inland going to the city with pigs, and poultry, and grain, and returning home with their yearly supply of sugar, and tea, and salted fish. A long ways to go marketing, one would say; but that is just as people are accustomed, and quite likely those who have the shortest distance to go make the most fuss about it.

At this early hour, the teamsters, naturally wishing to make as long a day as possible, had not begun to come in for the night; so there were about the tavern only a few worthless lazy-bones lounging upon the stoop with their pipes and mugs of cider, and several idle boys who were in waiting for the the mischief Satan finds for idle hands to do.

Tucker was in cheerful spirits, for he had had a good day. That is, he had got three fair shots at a woodchuck before the poor, frightened creature could escape unto its hole; he had killed a golden robin on the wing, and very nearly spotted a bee-tree with nobody knew how much honey in it. A pretty chase the bees had given him, too. Therefore he had reason to be, as he said he was, tired as a man mowing, and entirely ready to take a pipe and a mug of cider with the rest. And being once seated upon the wooden steps, he was in no hurry to go again.

Poor man! He knew nothing about that saying of Emerson, which has started me up and off so many times, "Never lose an opportunity for action for the sake of your nerves or your nap." No, indeed. His motto ran right the other way. Never lose an opportunity for idleness upon any account whatsoever.

So he sat puffing and sipping until the sun had gone quite

down; then taking his gun from its leaning-place against the house, he sauntered away. As he arose to go, there was a stifled snickering and skurrying of bare feet pattering around the corner, sounding like the rustling of a whirlwind among a heap of withered leaves. But that was nothing to notice, for boys are always skurrying and pattering and snickering. However, before Tucker was well across the patch of corn-land, which crept in between the tavern and woods, something startled him which *was* worth noticing. His gun flashed off unexpectedly.

"Sho! I had no idee she was loaded. Well, it is grand good luck she wa'n't aimed *toward* nobody," quoth he aloud.

There was a giggle behind him, — or else the wind rustling among the corn-leaves. Either, be it which it might, Tucker did not heed, — only shifted his gun on to the other shoulder, and shuffled on into the twilight of the forest beyond.

He had not gone many paces when there was another discharge of his gun, and this time he was more than startled; he was fairly astonished. However, he went on; but only to hear another and another discharge, coming after a pause of only a few minutes. Bewildered and frightened, but still holding on to his gun, the poor fellow reached his cabin at last.

"*Crash!*" went the gun as he came to the door.

Slinging it into a corner, he flung himself on a bench. "I would n't touch that gun again for no money you might offer me, Patience." (A safe enough promise, by the way.) "It has been popping off and popping off, once in half a dozen rods, all the way from Meigs's, and it 's my opinion the machine is bewitched," he said, solemnly.

Patience was stirring up a hoe-cake for supper, and came forward, a slatternly figure of a woman, with a wooden bowl in one hand and a spoon in the other, saying, "Why, man alive, how you do talk! You don't say!"

Nevertheless, he not only did say, but the gun said also, speaking for itself just then with an instant flash and bang and puff of smoke.

Then such a terror and a screaming from mother and children. The gun could not have looked more frightful if it had suddenly taken on hoofs and put forth horns, for all it stood there apparently as innocent and quiet as any piece of old iron.

"Mercy on us! It *is* bewitched as true as preaching! Mercy! Mercy! You don't go for to leave the thing there killing us all, I hope to goodness, Dan?" exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, dropping her bowl and spilling the batter on the head of her youngest.

"Oh! oh! it is bewitched! it is bewitched! It is killing us all," chimed in the young Tuckers in ready chorus.

"*Crash!*" assented the gun from its corner.

Then Mr. Tucker, with the air and feeling of one handling a rattlesnake, or a mad dog, took up the gun, and rushing out of doors, dashed it into the well.

"*Bang!*" called back the gun in farewell. Again there was a skurrying of bare feet; and out in the woods, beyond hearing of the cabin, there was directly an answering scream of laughing on the part of the owners of the bare feet. For, what do you think? The graceless wretches had filled Tucker's gun with first a charge of powder, then a bit of dry rotten wood, and so on to the very muzzle. Then they managed to light the outer bit of wood as Tucker was preparing to start for home; and burning on slowly, the fire came soon to the first charge of powder, which, in exploding, lighted the next bit of wood. Thus the gun had gone on, firing itself off at intervals, until the fire was quenched in the water of the well.

This was the explanation, simple enough you see, of the bewitchment of Tucker's gun; and, be assured, all stories of mystery and magic might be as easily accounted for, if we only knew the whole as well.

Ugh! But I am thankful we do not live in those uncanny days of belief in witchcraft; when one must be always looking out for the wiles of a secret enemy, if one so much as

scratched a finger. We have evil influences enough in our time in all reason, without having to consider whenever anything goes wrong, that there is some spell about it which cannot be broken by good common sense and a good strong will.

THOMAS SCOTT, THE COMMENTATOR.

THERE are few men whose names are more familiar to the Christian households of this country and of England than the name of Scott. In both countries, his Commentary on the Bible has obtained a wide circulation, and has contributed to the religious instruction and education of multitudes of families. This Commentary, though not distinguished for critical learning, is remarkable for its plain, practical sense, its eminently evangelical tone, and its fitness to meet the spiritual wants of common Christians.

Like many others, who have filled very important places in the Church of Christ, Scott, in his early life, gave little promise of being what he afterwards became. He was born in Braytoft, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1747. His father was a small farmer, whose principal business consisted in the raising of cattle and sheep. After obtaining the simple rudiments of an education at home, under the tuition of his mother, he was, from the age of seven to fifteen, kept away, a considerable portion of the time, at school. Here, though he did not especially distinguish himself as a scholar, he made very respectable attainments. But from the record which he afterward made of his life, it would appear that these years were filled with much folly and mischief, not to say wickedness. At the close of this period, it was seriously debated in his father's family whether he should still go on with his studies, and receive a liberal education, or whether he should serve an apprenticeship with an apothecary. The

latter course was at length decided upon, contrary to his own wishes, and he was entered as an apprentice at an establishment in a neighboring village. During this period of his life, he was not without serious thoughts upon the subject of his soul's salvation, but his course was, on the whole, decidedly irreligious. He had served in his apprenticeship only two months, when some conduct of his gave great offence to his master, and he was sent home in disgrace. His father, a man of integrity, but of high spirit, and naturally inclined to be severe, having been thus balked in his plans respecting his son, resolved to keep him at home, and to employ him in the most menial services connected with his business as a grazier. Here Scott continued for nine years, regarded and treated less as a son than a servant. There was something altogether harsh and unnatural in the course which his father now pursued toward him. He refused him that confidence which fathers usually delight to repose in their children. He discouraged all his attempts to improve himself by reading during the long winter evenings. "He considered," says Scott, "my attachment to books, even when shown only in my leisure hours, as wholly inconsistent with diligence in my business. . . . . For above nine years I was nearly as entire a drudge as any servant or laborer in his employ, and almost as little known beyond the circle of immediate neighbors. . . . . My situation led me to associate with persons in the lowest station in life, and wholly destitute of religious principle. . . . . The discontent which corroded my mind during several of these years surpasses description; and it soured my temper beyond its natural harshness, thus rendering me a great temptation as well as trial to my father and those around me, to whom I generally behaved very disrespectfully, not to say insolently."

The strangest circumstance connected with his history is, that in the very midst of such a life as this, already continued for more than nine years, he should come to the settled resolution to take orders and enter the Church; and

this, too, without any new religious experience, or aught which indicated any particular change in his character. Nor does it abate our wonder, when we consider the motive which prompted him to take this step. He had accidentally made the discovery, that his father intended to cut him off from almost all interest in his estate, in favor of a brother who was living away from home. He resolved that he would drudge about the homestead no longer. Accordingly, he brushed up his Greek and Latin, made application to a neighboring clergyman for advice and assistance in his proposed plan, and, at length, not without considerable trouble and delay, entered the church. He was soon accommodated with a place in which to labor, and he set to work with great diligence.

Later in life, when he possessed that true religious experience, to which he was now an utter stranger, he was accustomed to look back upon these events with great self-reproach and bitter repentings. But it seems hardly to have occurred to those who were concerned in introducing him to this sacred office that his want of practical piety was an objection. Nay, such was the state of things then in the Church of England, that a minister was deemed singular, and was pointed at and reproached as a "Methodist," if he became truly evangelical, and endeavored to preach the Gospel in its plainness and simplicity. And recent events show that the state of things is but little better now. The ruling spirit of this church is the spirit of formalism. And when one of its ministers is found doing the work of a Christian minister, he has to bear a reputation for preciseness and singularity. Scott found in his own experience, that the church was far more willing to bear with his *want* of piety than with its *presence*. During the early years of his ministry, he entertained only the lowest Socinian views; and though, during these years, he set an example of industry and assiduity worthy of imitation, he had no true conception of the end and aim of the Gospel. Such were his own feel-

ings upon this subject, at a later period of life, that he exclaims: "Forever blessed be the God of all long-suffering and mercy, who had patience with such a rebel and blasphemer, such an irreverent trifler with his majesty, and such a presumptuous intruder into his sacred ministry! I never think of this daring wickedness, without adoring that gracious God who permitted such an atrocious sinner to live, yea, to serve him, and with acceptance, I trust, to call him Father, and, as a minister, to speak in his name."

About two years after his entrance upon the ministry, he married; and an incident which he relates in connection with this event reveals the state of things in the religious community around him. Speaking of himself and wife, he says: "Even before we were fixed in a settled habitation, the thought seemed to occur to us both, almost at the same time, that we ought to pray together, and accordingly I read some prayers from a book; and when, with a female servant, we entered upon a temporary dwelling of our own, I immediately began family worship, though I had never lived in a family where it was practised, nor ever been present at such a service except once, which was in the house of a dissenting minister." With our notions of what constitute the proprieties of religion, it seems almost incredible that one could have lived twenty-seven years in the midst of a professedly Christian community, and during a part of this time have filled the office of a Christian minister, and never have been present but once at family worship, and that, too, in the house of a schismatic.

The great change which soon after took place in his religious views he ascribes in good part to his acquaintance and correspondence with Rev. John Newton, who was at that time settled near him at Olney, the residence of Cowper. On one occasion, a little time before, he had heard Mr. Newton preach; but he regarded him then only as a very singular and enthusiastic person, holding strange views of the Gos-

pel, and justly subject to the opprobrious name of "Methodist." Indeed, in the commencement of their correspondence, Scott seems to have been principally concerned to disabuse Newton of his strange views and impressions, and bring him down to a more sober and unimpassioned view of the Gospel. But God ordered it otherwise. Scott himself was brought to a new and spiritual acquaintance with the "truth as it is in Jesus"; and ever after he labored with another spirit and with other aims.

Scott's ministry was from the first a laborious ministry, and especially, after this change in his views, he gave himself most assiduously to the business of his profession. In the midst of great bodily infirmities, which he carried with him through life, he shrunk from no duty, but was ever earnestly engaged to "make full proof of his ministry."

After pursuing his labors for sixteen years in different places, in the year 1788 he entered into an arrangement with some book publishers to write a Commentary on the Bible. The work was to be published in numbers, which were to appear weekly, and the whole was to be comprised in one hundred numbers. The work was, however, extended to one hundred and seventy-four numbers. He was to receive one guinea for each week's labor, or, what is the same thing, for each number. When fifteen numbers were printed, the discovery was made that he had involved himself with a falling house. His publishers failed, and the whole plan was interrupted. Unwilling, however, to abandon an undertaking in which he had himself become deeply interested, and which received more favor than was anticipated from the public, he set to work to contrive means for carrying forward to the completion. This brought him into great embarrassments; but he still labored on and finished this immense work in the short space of four years. Few men probably ever turned off such an amount of writing in an equal space of time. It cannot, however, be regarded with commendation that a work of this kind should be prepared so hastily.

The wonder only is, that, under the circumstances, it should not be far more imperfect than it is. In reference to the result he says: "At the close I calculated in the most favorable manner my own pecuniary concern in the work, and the result was, that, as nearly as I could ascertain, I had neither gained nor lost, but had performed the whole for nothing. As far as I had hoped for some addition to my income I was completely disappointed; but as Providence otherwise supported my family and upheld my credit, I felt well satisfied, and even rejoiced in having labored, often beyond what my health and spirits could well endure, in a work which had been pleasant and profitable to me, and which I hoped would prove useful to others." This, however, was but the beginning of trouble. The whole matter had become so involved by the failure of his publishers, that it was many years before he could fully extricate himself from the consequent embarrassments. He had, however, the gratification of seeing his work most widely circulated in England and in this country. Before his death, which occurred in the year 1821, eight American editions had been published, besides those which had been issued in his own country. There are few men who die with a stronger ground for hope that their influence will live after them for good.

In reading an account of the ministry of such men as Scott and Newton in the English Church, one cannot but notice the great impediments which they had to contend against, from the very fact that they were regarded by their own church as singular and hot-headed men. The people to whom they ministered were armed against the simple Gospel truth which they preached, because the great body of their ministerial brethren, and especially because men high in office in the Church, were known not to regard their course with favor. Wherever they went, they met with a kind of sneering reception on the part of many who were regularly connected with the Church. And yet it is the presence of a few men like these, scattered here and there, and pursuing their labors

with Christian earnestness, simplicity, and meekness, that saves the Church of England from that utter formalism and irreligion to which she so strongly inclines. The men now in her communion, upon whom the doctrine of baptismal regeneration cannot be forced, constitute her real strength; but whether it is wise or right for these men to try to sustain such a tottering fabric is very questionable.

UNFINISHED LIFE.

OH, dost Thou call for me!
Master, it is the middle of the day;
I hoped to spend the latest twilight ray
In happy toil for thee.

I long to labor on, —
Patient to bear the burden and the heat,
And find the evening shadows cool and sweet
When all my work is done.

Then, hear Thy welcome word,
"Come, faithful servant, to thy promised rest!"
My work "well done," the harvest richly blest,
How perfect the reward.

This for the tried and true;
But Master, how am I for glory meet?
The work is yet unfinished at my feet
Thou gavest me to do.

How little fruit appears!
Yet I have ever loved to do Thy will,
The precious seed to sow, the soil to till,
And moisten with my tears.

Weary am I so soon?
O no, my spirit still is brave and fresh;
Dear Lord, it is the weakness of the flesh
That fainteth in the noon.

My harvest who shall reap?
"Peace, doubting soul, and cast on me thy care,
Trusting the hand that placed the vineyard there,
That vineyard still to keep.

"I know thy tireless zeal,
How thou hast wrought in sunshine and in rain,
And heeded not the weariness and pain
For love that thou didst feel.

"And thy reward is sure;
In heaven's own light the seed in weakness sown,
Thine eyes shall see to plenteous harvests grown,
And canst thou ask for more?

"What mortal's work is done?
What servant shall be even as his Lord?
'T is finished,' — was a dying cry *once* heard,
It rose to heaven — *alone!*

"O faithful unto death!
A crown of life is ready for the brow,
And joys thou hast no power to picture now
Await thy passing breath."

My Saviour! break the chain!
Amazing love, that sets my spirit free,
And makes my broken life complete in thee.
Come quickly, Lord! Amen.

A RATIONAL CONVERSION.

PASTOR. Good morning, Mr. A. I have called this morning to have a kind and frank conversation with you, if you are willing, on the subject of religion. Will you tell me, if you please, what your feelings are in regard to it?

Mr. A. Well, sir, I hardly know what to say. I am fully convinced of the truth of the Bible, and of the importance of a personal interest in the salvation of Christ; but I cannot say that I have any special feeling on the subject. I know that I am a sinner, and that I must become a Christian in order to be saved. But this intellectual conviction awakens no such emotion as it ought. I hope that some day I shall have more feeling upon the subject.

Pastor. As you look back over your past life, can you not clearly see that, *so far as your treatment of God is concerned*, you have been entirely and most wickedly wrong? You have paid no heed to his commands, never obeying them *for the sake of pleasing him*, but have practically spurned his authority. You have never earnestly tried to love him, consulting his will in preference to your own, but have slighted his grace and resisted his Spirit. All his manifestations of love toward you, you have thanklessly appropriated, and then acted as if you knew there was no God in existence. You have been honest toward your fellow-men, but most shamefully dishonest toward God. You have been kind and affectionate toward your family, but toward God you have been an unloving, ungrateful, and rebellious child. Does not your own conscience assent to these charges?

Mr. A. Yes, sir; I see I am constrained to acknowledge that it has been so. I have indeed lived for myself and my family, without any regard to God.

Pastor. And for such treatment of the Most High you are justly under the condemnation of his righteous law. If its

merited penalty falls upon you, you are crushed into remediless woe. But Christ has died to remove the governmental obstacles to the forgiveness of sin. And on the ground of his atonement, God sends you an earnest entreaty, as well as an authoritative command, to come back to him with penitence for the past and promised obedience for the future, and receive the pardon he is so ready and desirous to bestow.

Mr. A. Yes, sir; I understand and believe this; but I am in no proper mood to go to him on such an errand. I have no such pungent sorrow for my past treatment of him as I ought to have, and could not go to him in my present state with any hope of acceptance.

Pastor. You wholly mistake the ground, my dear sir, on which acceptance is to be hoped for. Christ will never accept any man because he feels his guilt so deeply. Nor, on the other hand, will he ever reject any man because he feels his guilt so slightly. It is not a torturing sorrow for the past that he specially requires, but a sincere and unreserved consecration to him for the future. You see how you have treated God hitherto. You see something of the wrongfulness and guilt of such treatment. Now what God asks of you is, that you come to him honestly confessing your past guilt, and deliberately and intelligently accept the offered mercy on the Gospel terms.

Mr. A. What are these terms?

Pastor. A simple, helpless trust in Christ for the forgiveness of the past, and an unconditional submission to him for the future. And by an unconditional submission I mean, making his will the ruling principle of your life, aiming to do in all things what will please him, and for the sake of pleasing him. You can comply with these terms, can you not?

Mr. A. Yes, sir; but I have not faith enough in myself to believe that, if I should make such a consecration of myself to him, I should keep my vow.

Pastor. I hope you have n't. I should be very sorry if you had. You do not need more faith in *yourself*, but more

faith *in Christ*. He has promised that if you will thus cast yourself on his mercy, and dedicate yourself to his service, he will adopt you into his family, and will watch over you with such efficiency as to secure your obedience here and your salvation hereafter.

And now, my dear friend, the great question which God is asking you to answer is, whether you will thus cast yourself on his offered mercy, and take it henceforth as *the supreme law of your life* TO PLEASE AND OBEY GOD.

Mr. A. I see that I ought to do it. But such an act of consecration is a most solemn thing. If kept, it must change the whole course of my life.

Pastor. It is indeed a most solemn thing, and I would have you act calmly and intelligently, in full view of the solemnity of the act, with a just appreciation of its significance. You are to cast yourself upon Christ's mercy for the forgiveness of your past sins, and solemnly vow that, God helping you, you will henceforth live, day by day, aiming to do in all things as you believe Christ would wish you to do. Now, if, as you say, you see that you *ought* to do it, the momentous question is waiting for your decision,—*Will you do it?*

Mr. A. (After a few moments' silent thought.) *Yes, sir, I will.* I will do what I see to be right. God helping me, I will henceforth live for him.

The above conversation is no fancy sketch. It is substantially a true report of a conversation which occurred some time since between a pastor and one of his parishioners. After the decision had been given with a solemn and deliberate earnestness, the two knelt together, and the pastor led in a prayer suitable to the occasion. Since then, that man has been living, not only a most manifest, but a most manifestly growing Christian life.

THE NAME OF GOD.

I HAD in my regiment several men who were called "preachers" by the colored people, because they always took charge of their meetings, and exhorted a great deal. One of these was about fifty-five years old, with gray hair and wrinkled face and somewhat enfeebled constitution, for he had been a hard-working, much-abused slave. He was very anxious to learn to read, and with great effort he made considerable progress in a short time. He had learned the alphabet, and was reading words of two and three letters; and one day as I sat by his side going over the words with him, and pointing out to him the objects which they stood for, we came to the word, written in large letters, "GOD."

"That is the name of the Being you preach about sometimes," said I.

He dropped his book, and held up his hands in surprise, and exclaimed, with deep emotion, "Is that the name of God! and that the way it looks when printed?"

"Yes," said I, "that is the name of your Heavenly Father"; and I picked up the book and found the place for him, but his eyes were full of tears of joy, which he had to brush away before he could see the blessed name again.

"That is the Being," he continued, "about whom I have preached for many years, and whom I 've tried to serve all my life; and now, O blessed day! God has permitted these old eyes to see to read his name!"

Somehow this incident affected me deeply, and for some minutes we were both in silence and both in tears.

We do not realize how full and rich our mercies are. What would our homes be without the Bible? What should we do without the power to read its precious truths? Our minds and hearts should be in a state of constant gratitude to God for the gift of his Word, and for the power and privilege to read and understand its teachings.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

A GREAT demonstration was made at Chicago, in connection with a proposed monument over the grave of Stephen A. Douglas. The President of the United States travelled, circuitously, all the way from the Potomac to the head of Lake Michigan, ostensibly for the sake of taking a part in the pomp of that occasion, but really, as the facts show, for the sake of making objurgatory harangues against Congress wherever he could find a sufficiently patient audience, and in some places where he could not. I have read not only Mr. Johnson's speeches, but also what is much more to the purpose, General Dix's well-prepared oration in commemoration of the services which Stephen A. Douglas rendered to his country, or is supposed to have rendered; but after all, though not unwilling to receive information and to reconsider the man's character and history, I have not been able to see any sufficient reason for reversing or materially modifying the judgment which I formed long ago, when the "little giant" was at the height of his celebrity.

It may serve a purpose just now to speak of Douglas as an "illustrious statesman"; but history will award no such honor to his memory. He was only what, in our dialect of the English language, is called a politician. As I have been accustomed to estimate his character and his career, he had very little of that knowledge which distinguishes the statesman from the politician; and he was exceedingly defective in the humanity, the generosity, the love of justice, the patriotic self-forgetfulness, without which there can be no statesmanship worthy of the name. Regard him only as a politician, a manager of parties and factions, an office-seeking demagogue, a partisan debater, and his ability was wonderful. He seems to have been the ablest man of that class that we have ever

had in this country; but it takes more than all this to make a statesman, still more to make an illustrious statesman.

The history of Douglas, from his first appearance in public life, is the history of a "smart man," coarse and selfish, crowding himself forward, and struggling to rise. In those days (say in 1843) the Democratic party, with which he had connected himself, was understood to be the party of progress; and from friends and foes of that party we heard much about the "progressive Democracy." Douglas, therefore, as belonging to that party, and still more as aspiring to be a leader of it, so that the party should belong to him, was bound to be "progressive," and he was progressive in one sense, but not in any honorable sense of the word "progress." Democracy was in those days defined to be the doctrine of "the superiority of man over his accidents," — the doctrine, in other words, that simple manhood, what belongs to human nature, is higher and more important than all the accidental differences of wealth, or culture, or class, or race, by which one man is distinguished from another. Had Stephen A. Douglas honestly, and with the enthusiasm of an earnest belief, accepted that doctrine, he might have been a statesman; for he would have had something to aim at in political life aside from his own advancement. Had he been a democrat in that legitimate and higher sense of the word, believing that justice — "equal and exact justice for all men," — justice incorporated into the laws and dominating over all institutions and policies — is essential to the true welfare of states and nations, he might have been a great man, instead of being only a "smart man." But he had no such faith. His aim was to make himself serviceable to his party, that his party might become serviceable to him, — to humor and please the ruling majority of the people, that the majority might give him their votes. Like many other politicians, he cared little for men simply as endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; but he thought much of men invested with the right of suffrage, especially if ignorant enough to serve his pur-

pose. In his view a negro had no rights, because a negro had no vote.

It is easy to see whether his career in Congress shows him to have been a statesman, or only a politician. There was a question between the United States and Great Britain about our northwestern boundary. Douglas, then in the House of Representatives, was "prominent" among those whose cry was "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" and he "advocated with great fervor" an immediate preparation for war, that we might "drive Great Britain and the last vestige of royal authority from the continent of North America, and make the United States an ocean-bound republic." When John Tyler's treaty for the annexation of Texas had failed of being ratified by the Senate, Douglas was one of those who introduced a plan to override the treaty-making power, and to make Texas, though at war with Mexico, one of the United States. Of course, he was among the foremost in declaring that the war which we had assumed, in assuming the relations and responsibilities of a revolted Mexican state, was an unprovoked invasion of our territory on the part of Mexico. He opposed the treaty of peace by which that war was ended. He opposed the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, for the reason that, "as certainly as the Republic exists, we shall be compelled to colonize and annex Mexico and Central America." He declared himself in favor of the acquisition of Cuba, when that was the favorite scheme for stimulating the growth and increasing the profits of the Southern trade in slaves. When there arose an excitement because British cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico had assumed, with superserviceable zeal, to search vessels on the coast of Cuba suspected of covering the African slave-trade with the American flag, he was for sending a ship of war to capture any of those British cruisers, and for postponing all negotiation till after the commencement of hostilities; and he introduced a bill to authorize such a procedure. When that bill had been set aside, he introduced another, virtually authorizing President

Buchanan to make war upon Great Britain at discretion, and placing at his disposal, for that purpose, the navy, the army, the militia, fifty thousand volunteers, and ten millions of dollars. Fortunately for the country, that bill was not passed; and it may be presumed that he had good sense enough to rely upon its not passing when he introduced it. All these things seem like the action of a reckless demagogue, rather than of a calm and sagacious statesman, — more like Mr. Jefferson Brick than like any name which history will delight to honor. The one idea in the statesmanship of Douglas seems to have been, to keep himself on the top of the topmost wave in the ever-advancing tide of the Democratic party.

But the great measure with which his name is inseparably connected is that which first lighted, in our country, the fire of civil war. I mean the Nebraska Bill, or Kansas-Nebraska Bill, of 1853 – 54, by which the prohibition of slavery in the vast regions west and north of Missouri, after having been in force through the third part of a century, was repealed. Questions relating to slavery have always been, in this country, a perilous ordeal for public men, and a detective test of false pretensions to statesmanship. The course which a man like Douglas, with his aspirations, would take, was naturally determined by two considerations: *first*, the necessity of propitiating the immense political power concentrated in and for the institution of slavery; and, *secondly*, the necessity of not seeming to sacrifice the rights and interests of the people inhabiting the Free States. How to evade the responsibility which rested upon the national government in regard to the establishment of justice and liberty in the national Territories, was the great problem with scheming politicians. Douglas, early in his career, committed himself for the "popular-sovereignty" dodge, as the most convenient way of evading responsibility and of excluding disputes about slavery from Congress and from Democratic party conventions. His scheme was, that the inhabitants of any Territory at its or-

ganization, or at any time afterwards, should establish negro slavery if they pleased, and so determine the character of the Territory and of the State which should grow up there. The underlying theory of his scheme was, that negroes were not people nor inhabitants, but only a certain kind of property, the utility of which in the Commonwealth was matter of dispute. His statesmanship could rise no higher than that level. How his dodge of popular sovereignty failed him in that greatest and most memorable measure of his public life, I need not now undertake to show. How utterly he, with all his audacity, failed to conciliate the slavery interest; how the border ruffians, with the connivance of President Buchanan, made his popular-sovereignty scheme responsible for the ineffable villany of the Lecompton Constitution; how he, to secure his re-election to the Senate from the Free State of Illinois, was compelled to oppose that Lecompton villany and the Democratic administration that sustained it; how he lost, in that way, the confidence and the votes of the South, — all this, if I should repeat the details, would be the story, not of a statesman, but of a demagogue, — bold, cunning, unprincipled, and at last unsuccessful. The attempt to canonize Stephen A. Douglas among the illustrious statesmen in our history must fail.

OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

FEW know its exact history. Few, even, seem to know accurately its theory of construction. It is vaguely held to be the "stars and stripes," as if stars and stripes put together almost anyhow in red, white, and blue, would create it. Of the more than five thousand which may now be found waving in the spring breeze within three miles of the desk whereon we write, we have seen only two or three which

would be acknowledged by the government as legal national flags.

From the union of Scotland and England, in 1707, until the union of Great Britain with Ireland in 1801, the national flag of Great Britain was a red flag, bearing in its upper and left-hand corner the red cross of St. George, united with the white cross of St. Andrew. As being emblematical of the union of the two kingdoms, it was commonly called the "Union flag"; and, as being the flag of British sovereignty abroad as well as at home, it was the flag of the Colonies here. It was, beyond question, the flag to which Frothingham refers in his "Siege of Boston," where he says, "In 1774 there are frequent notices of *Union flags* in the newspapers, but I have not met with any description of the devices on them." The "Literary World" of October 2, 1852, contained the following paragraph, which indicates that the Colony of New York used the same flag, "In March, 1775, *a Union flag with a red field* was hoisted at New York upon the Liberty Pole, bearing the inscription 'George Rex, and the Liberties of America,' and on the reverse, 'No Popery.'" This flag was of about the same shape and proportions with our present American flag, only that portion which displays the stripes in our flag in that was red; while that portion which in ours is blue and bears the stars, in that was a blue ground with a St. George's (or upright) cross of red, resting upon a St. Andrew's (or inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees) cross of white.

When the Revolution broke out, this became, of course, the enemy's flag, and it was at once a question what should be the banner of the Revolutionists. The Connecticut troops bore flags emblazoned with their State arms, with the State motto, and colored by the color of the regiment bearing them. General Putnam, July 18, 1775, bore a red flag with "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," on one side, and "*An Appeal to Heaven*," on the other. Colonel Moultrie displayed in South Carolina, at the taking of Fort Johnston, a blue flag with a crescent in

one corner. The floating batteries carried a white flag with a green pine-tree in the middle, and the legend "*Appeal to Heaven.*" The cruisers of Massachusetts carried the same flag. The flag presented by Colonel Gadsden to the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, February 9, 1776, as the standard for the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, was a yellow flag "with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle, in the attitude of going to strike; and the words underneath, — '*Don't tread on me!*'"

The first use of a new Union flag, as the common banner of the thirteen Confederate Colonies, seems to have taken place at Cambridge. General Washington says, writing to Colonel Joseph Reed, under date of Cambridge, January 4, 1776, "On the day which gave being to the new army, we hoisted the Union flag, in compliment to the United Colonies." This Union flag thus hoisted on Prospect Hill, over the new Colonial army, is referred to by other witnesses. The captain of an English transport, writing to his owners in London, under date of Boston, January 17, 1776, says: "I can see the rebels' camp very plain, whose colors a little while ago were entirely red; but on the receipt of the king's speech (which they burnt) they have hoisted the Union flag, which is here supposed to intimate the union of the Provinces." What this Union flag was will be explained by another witness from over the sea. The British "Annual Register" for 1776 says: "The arrival of a copy of the king's speech, with an account of the fate of the petitoin from the Continental Congress, is said to have excited the greatest degree of rage and indignation among them; as a proof of which, the former was publicly burned in the camp; and they are said, on this occasion, to have changed their colors *from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the Colonies.*"

This Union flag — which, on the evacuation of Boston by the British, was carried into the town by Ensign Richards —

we may then conclude was the old English Union flag, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the upper left-hand corner, but with the red field exchanged for a field of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, to stand for the thirteen Colonies, and the whole so symbolizing the *union* between them. Some mode of distinction by the *color* of their bunting was natural, inasmuch as it was the common practice of nations, and one that would be grateful to their old associations. Such a distinction could not well be gained by changing the *whole* field of the flag from British red, because the simpler and more striking colors were already appropriated. Driven thus to devise some *combination* of colors which should be at once simple, tasteful, and unique, they naturally hit upon stripes of the old colors, — under which they had fought the Indians and the French, and which they loved, — of a number to indicate the number of associated Colonies. Under this flag the early battles of the Revolution were fought.

When, however, the Declaration of Independence cut the Colonies forever adrift from the mother country, it became natural for the Colonial Congress to consider the question of some authorized flag to be representative of the new nation which was struggling into birth. This consideration resulted in the passage, June 14, 1777, of the following Resolution, which, however, was not made public until the 3d of September following, viz. : —

"*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union [that is, the device in the upper left-hand corner, to take the place of the now incongruous crosses of St. George and St. Andrew] be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Colonel Trumbull represents this new national flag as used at the surrender of Burgoyne, 17th October, 1777.

Here, by this natural growth of ideas, we trace the genesis of the flag which for more than eighty years has waved over the territory and commerce of this great people.

A few words will now be in place — before passing to further enactments upon the subject — in reference to the last phrase of the above Resolution, viz., "representing a new *constellation*." Was the term used loosely, as covering merely the vague idea of a new cluster of stars in the political heavens, or was it used more precisely, as having reference to some particular and well-known constellation in the natural heavens, and to some idea with which that constellation was associated in the mind of the world? Without taking space to go into all the particulars out of which a satisfactory answer must be framed, it will be sufficient to say here that Captain Hamilton, in his little "History of the National Flag," has made it appear, to say the least, eminently probable that the constellation LYRA, — *the symbol of unity among men*,* — was in mind, and that the original intention was to have placed the thirteen stars in the form of that constellation. But this — (may it have been because one of the stars in *Lyra* is of much superior magnitude to the others, while the States were *equal* sovereigns, and jealous of that equality?) — was not done. The thirteen stars were arrayed on the blue field, *in a circle*, and for seventeen years this remained the flag of the nation.

The journals of Congress for January 7, 1794, show that a resolution was then introduced to add two stripes and two stars, because Vermont and Kentucky had come into the Union. Mr. Goodhue (of Massachusetts) thought it a "trifling business, which ought not to engross the attention of the House, when it was their duty to discuss matters of infinitely graver consequence. If we go on thus, we may have twenty stars and stripes, but the flag ought to be permanent." Mr. Lyman (of Massachusetts) thought it "of the greatest consequence not to offend the new States." Mr. Thatcher (of Massachusetts) ridiculed the idea "as a consummate specimen of frivolity. At this rate, every State should alter its public seal when an additional county or

* See Anthon.

township was formed." Mr. Greenup (of Kentucky) "considered it of very great consequence to inform the rest of the world that we had now two additional States." Mr. Boudinot (of New Jersey) thought Vermont and Kentucky ought "to be kept in good humor." The bill was finally passed, to save time in debating, and as the easiest way of getting rid of the subject, though Mr. Goodhue begged the favor that it might not go upon the journals, and Mr. Niles was "very sorry that such a matter should even for a moment have hindered the House from more important affairs."* So, January 13, 1794, it was ordered that from and after May 1, 1795, the flag should have *fifteen* stripes and *fifteen* stars. It so continued during twenty-three years, and under it, in that form, were fought the battles, on land and sea, of the "last war" with the mother country.

In December, 1817, Mr. Wendover (of New York) submitted a resolution proposing a new alteration. He said if the flag never had been altered, he should be opposed to any change in it. But now he thought one was required. He said those in use were incongruous, and unlike each other; that flying on the Capitol bearing nine stripes, and that on the Navy Yard eighteen. After thorough and careful consideration, his action resulted in the passage of a law (approved April 4, 1818) restoring the number of stripes to the original number of one for each of the thirteen States first affiliated, and increasing the number of stars so that each existing State have one. The law was in these terms: —

"*Be it enacted*, That from and after the 4th of July next, the flag of the United States shall be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field.

"And that, on the admission of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the Union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission."

This law makes no express provision for the *form of arrangement* of the stars in the blue field, but it is understood

* See Benton's "Abridgment," Vol. I.

that Mr. Wendover proposed, as the old form of the circle would require the stars — when so much augmented in number — to be too small for the best effect, that the stars be thenceforth arranged in the form of a large, six-pointed star, thus gaining room, and symbolizing — from the small stars making symmetrically the great star — the perfect combination of the State governments in the one great Union. And this has been the arrangement of the correct flag from that day to this.

From all which it will be seen that the present legal flag of the United States is composed of thirteen stripes (seven red and six white, a red stripe forming the top and bottom) with a square blue field in the upper left-hand corner, of the depth of seven stripes (of course resting on white) bearing *thirty-three* stars of equal size, arranged so as to make, together, one large, six-pointed star.

THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO.

OH, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf, — so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There 's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June with the roses is staying.

And the name of that isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, — but we loved them so, —
There are trinkets and tresses of hair; —

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There 's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

GENERAL LEE'S SURRENDER.

THE country never witnessed such a day as Monday, the 10th of April, 1865. Enthusiastic rejoicing and excitement were universal, and every one yielded to the impulse of the hour to join in the grand jubilee. During Sabbath night the telegraph flashed through the land the news of Lee's surrender, and words fail to express the mighty joy with which the glad tidings was received. In many of our cities and towns the tide of popular thanksgiving could not be restrained till daybreak, and at midnight and the small hours of the morning the bells were rung, guns fired, bonfires kindled,

and the whole community roused to a knowledge of the glorious news. When morning came, the feelings of the people could scarcely find ways of expression. Shouts of exultation were heard on every side, every face was beaming with joy, business was not thought of, and all gave way to the excitement of the occasion. It was a gala-day in Boston. Joy and thankfulness were everywhere manifest. At an early hour processions began to move through the streets, bands of music roused the enthusiasm with national airs, thousands of flags were displayed, impromptu meetings were held in various places, congratulatory speeches were made, hymns of thanksgiving were sung, bells pealed forth joyful tones, the earth trembled with the roar of artillery, military companies enlivened the dark moving mass of men with their gay uniforms, schools were closed, places of public business shut up, and "each one sang the song of peace to all his neighbors." The rejoicings over the fall of Richmond were great, but they were as nothing compared to the exultations over the surrender of Lee and his army.

The Merchants' Exchange was filled with a jubilant crowd at an early hour, and seemed overflowing with delight and patriotic devotion. Prayer was offered, Old Hundred, America, John Brown, and other tunes were sung, speeches made, and rousing cheers given for Lincoln, Grant, and the noble officers and soldiers who, under God, have gained us the victory. The merchants and citizens collected in great numbers in Franklin and Pearl Streets and Winthrop Square, and enthusiastic meetings were held in the open air. The streets were elegantly decorated with flags, bands of music were in attendance, patriotic speeches were made, and the greatest good feeling prevailed. The Old South church was opened for public services, and the sacred edifice, rich in historic associations, was packed with an eager crowd. A cannon mounted in the belfry shook the building with a salute of thirty-four guns, and the organ pealed forth its loud tones of joy and praise. The national flag, surmounted with the motto,

"Union and the Constitution," was spread across the pulpit, beneath which was a platform erected for the speakers. Rev. Dr. Blagden opened the services with prayer. The Star Spangled Banner, with organ and choir accompaniment, was sung. Rev. Mr. Manning then read some peculiarly appropriate selections from the Bible, commencing with the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains," &c., and concluding with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men." Eloquent addresses were made by Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., Rev. W. S. Studley, Rev. Dr. Kirk, Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., Edward S. Tobey, Esq., and Rev. Dr. Blagden.

At the State-House the news was received with the greatest ecstasy. All business was suspended, and the time was given to heartfelt rejoicings. Hon. A. H. Bullock made a very powerful speech in the hall of the House of Representatives. Resolutions of thanks to General Grant and the armies under his command were passed, and the remainder of the day given to general rejoicing. In the evening, in spite of the rain, the enthusiasm of the people could not be restrained, and took the brilliant phase of illuminations and fireworks. The city was ablaze from one end to the other, and many buildings were lighted in the most beautiful manner. The great crowd which had filled the streets during the day had dispersed in a great measure, but many braved the pelting rain to witness the brilliant display. The country generally seems to have given up the day to celebrating the glorious news, and it was doubtless the greatest day of rejoicing ever known in the land. May peace soon come as a grand consummation to this season of national thanksgiving!

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

GOOD FRIDAY night, the 14th of April, 1865, will ever be memorable for the perpetration of the most diabolical crime since the crucifixion. President Lincoln, the great, the good, and the beloved, was shot through the head by a cowardly assassin. It had been announced that Mr. Lincoln and General Grant would attend Ford's Theatre in Washington, and the public was delighted at the prospect of seeing them. As the time approached, General Grant found it impossible to go, and Mr. Lincoln went with great reluctance, remarking that he did it that he might not disappoint the people. Surrounded by his family and a few friends, the President was enjoying the relaxation from his arduous duties, when a man, now known to be J. Wilkes Booth, an actor, suddenly entered the box in which the President was sitting, fired a pistol at his head, stabbed Major Rathbone who was in the box, and who had risen as Booth entered, to ascertain the cause of the interruption, jumped upon the stage, a distance of eleven feet, uttering the words, *Sic semper tyrannis!* ("Thus always to tyrants!"), and, brandishing a bowie-knife, rushed behind the scenes to the outer door, and, leaping upon a horse in waiting for him, made his escape. The whole affair did not occupy thirty seconds, and the audience did not know what was transpiring until the awful tragedy was completed. Mr. Lincoln was taken to a house immediately opposite the theatre, where, without once returning to consciousness, he lingered until twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock of the morning of the 15th, when, as we devoutly believe, he passed into glory.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HOW can we write, with the dull ache of sorrow on our heart, and our dead waiting unburied in the White House? What can we say, when words fail, and sighs and silence are the natural language of the soul?

Never was such grief before. Never before were so many mourners smitten in one calamity; when, from the Aroostook to the Golden Gate, five millions of families weep almost as they would have wept if God had visited them as he did the people of stubborn Pharaoh, and their first-born were everywhere lying dead within.

Never before was there a ruler who lived so near to the heart of the people. Dear Old Abe was of them and from them; he remembered them, he knew them, he loved and trusted them, and worked for them: he has died for them. And they knew him, and trusted him; they loved his plain way, his "little stories," his blunt, homely English, his unassuming modesty, his artless simplicity, his wholesome love of exact justice, his transparent goodness. Even the one fault of his character — his too great tenderness of spirit, making it almost impossible for him to execute the sternest features of justice — was of a nature to endear him to the people, who felt that

> "Yet the light that led astray
> Was light from Heaven."

Can it be that that great heart is still? That that noble life-work is done? That that clear head, and tender spirit, and strong hand are no longer to steer our ship of state?

God has so willed it; and we must be still and know that he is God, and that he ruleth among the nations. It is our duty to say, and to say with our whole soul, — and would be, even if the thickest darkness veiled the future, — "Even so, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight."

But we will not doubt the love of God, because of this calamity. It may be because his great love saw no other way of working out for us its great work, that He has thus put down one and set up another. It may be that this good man's special task was done, and that sterner qualities than his were essential to the finishing up of the work in righteousness; and so that Pagan commentary on the observed Providence which shapes the affairs of men, which has so strangely forced itself upon the mind again and again, as the true motto of the Rebellion, — *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*,* — finds another illustration, and the Rebels were allowed, in their insanity, to murder their best friend, and at a time, too, when they needed him most. We do not intend, however, to seek to lift the curtain of Providence. It is enough that what God allows to be done here is always best. There we rest, and in that we are calm, and hope.

Abraham Lincoln was born in what is now Larue County, Kentucky, 12th February, 1809, and was therefore fifty-six years, two months, and two days old, at the time of his death. His grandfather Abraham, for whom he was named, was shot by a *red* savage, in Kentucky in 1784. Thomas was his father and Nancy Hanks his mother; who were married in 1808. In 1816, when the young Abraham was seven years old, the family removed to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, where the boy was early put to the hard work of clearing the forest, and where, until he was nearly nineteen, he toiled with his father, going to school a little as opportunity offered. At nineteen he made a trip as a flat-boat hand down the Mississippi. In 1830, when twenty-one, he accompanied his father to Macon County, Illinois, where he helped to build the family log-cabin, and to split rails enough to fence ten acres of land. The next year he hired out at twelve dollars a month, helping to build a flat-boat and then to navigate it to New Orleans. On his return, his employer put him in charge of a store and mill at New Salem, Illinois. In 1832 he volunteered in the "Black Hawk" War, and was chosen

* Those whom God wishes to destroy he first infatuates.

captain of his company, — a promotion which he said pleased him more than any other success in life. He was next beaten as a candidate for the Legislature, though his own town gave him two hundred and seventy-seven votes to seven. Soon after, he was appointed Postmaster at New Salem, and began to study law by borrowing law-books at evening, which he returned next morning. He learned and practised surveying also. In 1834 he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected in 1836, 1838, and 1840. In 1836 he was licensed to practise law, and in 1837, removed to Springfield, Illinois, where he opened an office and rose rapidly to distinction, being especially eminent for his success in jury trials. In 1844 he canvassed Illinois for Henry Clay. In 1846 he was sent to Congress as Representative, taking his seat in December, 1847. In Congress he was an anti-slavery Whig, and voted forty-two times for the Wilmot Proviso. In 1849 he offered to the House a plan for compensated emancipation in the District of Columbia. He was a warm opponent of the annexation of Texas. He was a member of the Whig National Convention which nominated General Taylor. He was urged as a candidate for Vice-President unsuccessfully, in the convention which nominated Fremont in 1856. In 1858 he was the Republican candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Judge Douglas, and the two stumped the State, their speeches being subsequently published, and that volume bringing Mr. Lincoln first prominently before the nation. The result was a popular majority of more than four thousand, but a defeat by eight votes in joint ballot of the Legislature. He was put in nomination in 1860 as Republican candidate for President, and at the first ballot received 102 votes against 173½ for Mr. Seward, 50½ for Mr. Cameron, 48 for Mr. Bates, and several scattering, — 233 being necessary for a choice. On the second ballot he had 181 to Mr. Seward's 184½. On the third ballot he had 354, Mr. Seward 110½, Mr. Dayton 1, and Judge McLean ½ a vote. Mr. Lincoln's nomination was then made unanimous, and his election

followed, by a strictly Northern majority, which was immediately succeeded by secession and the Rebellion.

Of his bearing as President, it is enough to say that he so held on his way with admirable practical wisdom, calm deliberation, profoundest honesty of purpose, and most earnest desire to know and to do the right, that he had not only, under God, been permitted to see the Rebellion substantially crushed, but had conquered the prejudices of his enemies, and so absorbed the love of all hearts, that, with scarce a solitary exception, the lines of Halleck were true of him: —

> "None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise."

He is gone, — gone by the hand of a Northern traitor, — a viper warmed into life by his own lenient policy of permitting even avowed secessionists still to have an asylum in the bosom of the nation, — which nurses the serpents but to be stung by them. The whole civilized world will mourn for him, not excepting the people of the so-called Confederacy, if they have any common sense remaining. While all agree that his is

> "One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

ON Wednesday the 19th of April, 1865, the whole country was in mourning, and engaged in religious services in memory of him, the Martyr President, whose funeral obsequies were then taking place at the national Capital. The day was beautiful and had the air of Sabbath sacredness, and it will be remembered in all coming time as the day set apart for the burial of one who had the love of more hearts than any other man that ever lived. The funeral ceremonies at Washington were the most touching and impressive ever known on this continent, and through the whole solemn day

nothing occurred to mar the scene. The city was thronged with a tearful crowd, but such were the arrangements that there was no confusion. As early as eleven o'clock, all the streets within half a mile of the White House were densely packed with people, but a strong military guard kept about the Executive Mansion a large open space within which no one was admitted without a ticket. The exercises were held in the East Room, which was appropriately draped, and fitted with raised seats, so that all present could see the officiating clergymen and the coffin containing the noble dead. About six hundred persons were admitted to the East and Green Rooms, comprising delegations from States, cities, and organizations, the entire Diplomatic Corps, officers of the army and navy, the pall-bearers, twenty-two in number, led by Lieutenant-General Grant and Vice-Admiral Farragut arm in arm, Governors, members of Congress and of the Supreme Court, a few ladies and others. At precisely noon President Johnson and cabinet entered, also Mr. Lincoln's private Secretaries. The family was represented by Captain Robert Lincoln, the brother of Mrs. Lincoln, and little "Tad," the late President's favorite child. Mrs. Lincoln, not being sufficiently recovered from the shock to leave her bed, was not present. The services were conducted by Rev. P. D. Gurley (Presbyterian), Mr. Lincoln's pastor, assisted by Rev. Dr. Hall (Episcopal), Bishop Simpson (Methodist), and Rev. Dr. E. H. Gray (Baptist), chaplain of the Senate. Mr. Gurley's discourse was three quarters of an hour in length and was extremely appropriate. After the services, the procession moved down the Avenue to the Capitol, where the remains were deposited in the Rotunda, to allow the many thousands who could not obtain access to the White House an opportunity of taking a last look at the noble dead.

The funeral car was built for the occasion, and was drawn by six iron-gray horses. The procession contained not less than thirty thousand persons, representing every department of state and people, and thirty bands played plaintive mu-

sic throughout the entire route. It was a significant and impressive sight to see the colored race fully represented and honorably placed in the procession; and indeed a regiment of negro soldiers headed the line. It was fitting that those who owed their freedom to the Great Departed should share in the public mourning! The broad Avenue was filled almost to suffocation by spectators; tearful and silent the vast crowd looked at the moving pageant, and felt how great and good a man had departed. Under the dome consecrated to Liberty the remains reposed until the following morning, when the sad procession started for the West.

THE ASSASSINATION.

WEEP, brothers, weep! You have cause. It is right, it is manly. The murder was cruel. It searched for and found the spot where it might meet and wound a nation's heart. No common sacrifice would satisfy its morbid, fiendish appetite. It would not strike until it could bring to its foul divinity the libation of a nation's tears. Weep, brothers; confess to the success of the enterprise. The shot was well aimed. It brought us all down, down into the dust. Our hearts had all met in one man; and there they all received the fatal blow. It was cruel to hurt us so. We bow before the monster and confess his power. We acknowledge his skill. He understood his mission. He could not have hurt us so much if he had hit a hundred other targets, but not struck there.

It surely was not necessary to remove Mr. Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief of the army, for he had then finished the work he had to perform in that capacity. The military power of the Rebellion, if ever it was, is not worth defending now, at the price of damning one's own soul, and of making this earth itself a hell for the murderer. It surely was not the President that was so hated, so dreaded, whose paternal heart

was outrunning a nation's will, to welcome back the Prodigal. It was not the man, — the gentle, generous, woman-hearted Lincoln, they sought to slay. If it was an act of personal hatred, it was as utterly void of reason, and incapable of even palliation, as it was eminently wicked. If it was an act of policy, it was as blind a blunder as the several enactments which organized rebellion.

We cannot yet adapt ourselves to the new condition of things. For four years we have been studying history, politics, military science, naval affairs; but Abraham Lincoln has been the central figure in every scene our imagination has sketched. If a military commander was not competent to do his work, Mr. Lincoln would see to supplying his place with one that was. If any new step was to be taken to bring the oppressed toward the enjoyment of their rights, we waited for a new proclamation from him. If States were struggling back to their place in the homestead, our eyes turned to him. We waited for him to show them the way. We somehow felt the beating of a heart at the centre, always inspiring cheerfulness, hope, kindness, patriotism. But that has passed, — forever passed. And we must now take up each riven chord of the heart to attach it to a stranger.

Yes, we mourn; we are a stricken people. Tell our brethren who believe no Republican chief can be loved as they love their king, they are not just to us. Abraham Lincoln, without ancestral honors, without the polish of cultivated circles, without a single artificial attraction, or any conventional charm connected with his name or his person, has this day a love second only to filial affection, — a love founded on intelligent appreciation of his character and life, — a love as tender as even such a woman, such a sovereign, as Victoria inspires, — the love of four millions of God's poor children, who sometimes approach the borders of what in the more enlightened would be idolatry, — the love of more than twenty millions as intelligent, as high in the moral scale as any other twenty millions living together in any part of this world. Tell

them we loved him. We did not crouch at his feet; we did not believe his blood any better than our own; we did not feel ourselves honored by his attentions; we had no favors to ask of him; we had no factitious glory of titles and vestments to deceive the simple in regard to the venerableness of his person or the majesty of his high position. We exacted of him no artificial dignity, no constraint upon his accustomed methods of sitting, standing, dressing, talking, or writing. We loved him for his own sake; and we revered him as the symbol of the authority with which God had invested the nation for its own defence and control.

The blow was struck on Friday night. We heard its reverberation on Saturday morning. Six days have passed as we are now writing. Six such days as we never saw, and expect not ever to see again. Yesterday was a wonderful day. Governors' fasts, Presidents' fasts are powerless for the major portion of our people. But yesterday God proclaimed a fast. The trumpet was sounded in our Zion. This was the proclamation: "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble, for the day of the Lord is come; a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains. Blow the trumpet, call a solemn assembly; gather the people, assemble the elders, gather the children. Let the ministers of the Lord weep between the porch and the altar; and let them say, 'Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach.'" Yesterday was a day of humiliation, mourning, and prayer.

The period of weeping, however, is passing; next comes that of reflection; then the season of action. A nation is thinking to-day. Its thought is fixed on one event, that, for the time, fills the horizon with its lurid light. If the murderers designed to afflict the nation, they were successful. But perhaps they never followed in imagination this bloody deed to its second, nor to its final stage. They have set a nation on a new course of thought; and that thought is looking

backward and forward. Who did this? What was his motive? Was it in the programme of treason? If not, was it an excrescene, an unnatural outgrowth? Who is morally responsible for this enormity? Whom shall the nation charge with it? If some men should be too magnanimous and chivalric to give assent to the deed accomplished, have they displayed such magnanimity and high-toned honor and truth and humanity as to make it improbable that they were "accessory before the fact"? The nation is an impanelled jury making up its verdict; and when they shall have brought their common sense, their practical sense, their moral sense, to act on it, then comes the period of action. They are now determining, from what has been done, what is to be done; and when they have decided, then they will act. Traitors, assassins, oppressors, they will act! Not by mobs, not by trampling constitutions and laws under foot, but in accordance with God's great laws, — that crimes must be punished according to their magnitude, — that individual life and national life must be defended by all the forces God has put into the hands of man.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THE scandalous scenes which have been so often repeated of late in Washington conspire, with the return of the anniversary of his assassination, to recall, with great freshness and tenderness, the memory of President Lincoln. There was one expression in the first veto of the acting President, which met the hearty approbation, and called forth the deep sympathy, of the loyal and Christian people. It was that in which he spoke of Mr. Lincoln as his "*lamented* predecessor." Perhaps the contrast between the two

characters and the two administrations was necessary to make the people fully sensible how much they had lost. Certainly, nothing could have added so much to the poignancy of their regrets. The want of temperance, patience, self-control, and high moral and Christian principle in the present Chief Magistrate, have given us a new appreciation of the unspeakable value of those qualities in his "lamented predecessor."

Dr. Holland's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" is dedicated to Andrew Johnson, in these beautiful and significant words: —

"To Andrew Johnson, to whom Providence has assigned the completion of Abraham Lincoln's labors, I dedicate this record of Abraham Lincoln's life; with the prayer that History, which will associate their names forever, may be able to find no seam where their administrations were joined, and mark no change of texture by which they may be contrasted."

I know not with what feelings the author has recalled these words during the successive weeks and months which have elapsed since they were written. But I am sure I cannot read them without the deepest sadness. What opportunities has Andrew Johnson lost, — lost for himself, lost for his country, lost, never to be recovered, — all for want of temperance, patience, self-control, and high moral and Christian principle! Perhaps some of my readers would add, for want of good advisers, and under the influence of bad ones; but he would never have cast off those who were the chosen counsellors of Mr. Lincoln, and taken up advisers who are controlled by no higher principle than a short-sighted regard to supposed present political expediency, if he had himself been governed by Mr. Lincoln's paramount regard for right and controlling faith in a righteous overruling Providence.

But I did not take up my pen to write a paragraph on the state of the country, or the policy of the administration; and I have made these allusions only to give point to the high moral lessons which every day's experience teaches us to associate more and more with the life and character of Abra-

ham Lincoln. I confess that I have been surprised, in reading the above-mentioned Life of Mr. Lincoln, to find so much evidence that deep moral and religious convictions, a firm and controlling persuasion that

> "Right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win," —

so much evidence that such convictions and such a persuasion were the characteristics by which, from early childhood, he was pre-eminently distinguished, and that it was his unswerving obedience to these principles which, in the end, gave him the victory over all his time-serving competitors, as well as over the wickedness and malice of the Rebellion. We suspect Dr. Holland himself was surprised at the rich vein which he struck when he visited the section where Mr. Lincoln spent his early life, and gathered up, from his friends and acquaintance, the facts of his early history; and this deservedly popular author has encircled his brow with no other such unfading laurel, has rendered no other such priceless service, especially to the young men of the country, as by setting before them, in so attractive a form, this bright example. Mr. Raymond has written the history of President Lincoln's administration, and preserved his speeches, letters, and state papers; but Dr. Holland has given us the *man*, and dwelt with especial interest and sympathy on his moral and religious character. It should be added, that Mr. Carpenter has recorded numerous anecdotes which have an important bearing on the same point. There is scarcely room in what remains of this article, to hint at the briefest outline of some of the principal facts.

Mr. Lincoln was indebted for his talents and his early religious convictions, as most other great and good men have been, to a thoughtful, sensitive, pious mother, whose death, when he was ten years old, burnt the impression of her teachings into his tender soul. Among the few books which, in the poverty of his family and the seclusion of the new settlements, he was able to read in his early childhood, the

Bible and Pilgrim's Progress left their indelible impression on his mind and heart and style; and there is abundant evidence that a pocket New Testament, well worn, was the constant companion of his private and public life. A copy of Ramsay's Life of Washington, borrowed from his teacher, having been nearly ruined by a sudden shower while in his possession, the boy, not yet ten years of age, carried it back with a frank statement of the facts, and made the book his own by three days' labor at "pulling fodder," — an incident which will remind every one, as it does Mr. Raymond, of the familiar story of the boy George Washington and his hatchet. He was scarcely a year older, when he showed his humanity and compassion for the lost, — the same in kind which he carried to excess, perhaps, in pardoning deserters and others condemned to death in the war, — by saving, at no small expense of care and toil, the life of a wretched drunkard. He was not only temperate, but practised total abstinence from intoxicating drinks from his childhood and early youth. "No stimulant ever entered his lips, no profanity ever came from them which defiled the man." Among the earliest incidents in the life of the full-grown man, we find him whipping a bully for insulting ladies in the store, and see him, when out of the store, lying on a trundle-bed, reading and studying, and at the same time helping his landlady by rocking the cradle with his foot. "It was while he was performing the duties of the store that he acquired the sobriquet of 'Honest Abe,' — a characterization that he never dishonored, and an abbreviation that he never outgrew." Loyal to his convictions; ambitious, yet taking his position with the minority in a State overwhelmingly democratic; honest, not because he thought honesty was "the best policy," but because honesty was "the natural way of living"; childlike, incapable of uttering a falsehood; "he loved all, was kind to all; was without a vice, appetite or passion; was truthful, was simple, was unselfish, was religious, believed in the power and ultimate triumph of the

right, through his belief in God"; such is the description, greatly abridged and condensed, which Dr. Holland gives of him, as he was about to enter upon public life. And lest it should be regarded as extravagant, he adds: "If this brief statement of his qualities and powers represents a wonderfully perfect character, so strangely pure and noble that it seems like the sketch of an enthusiast, it is not the writer's fault. Its materials are drawn from the lips of old friends, who speak of him with tears, who loved him then as if he were a brother, and who worship his memory with fond idolatry."

As a lawyer, his marked characteristic, more remarkable even than his homely illustrations and his irresistible arguments, was his unwillingness, his seeming incapacity, to advocate what he deemed the wrong side, or a bad cause. He usually refused to undertake such cases, and if he ever found himself deceived or mistaken in regard to the justice of his client's cause, the moment he discovered the truth, all his interest in it ceased, and he was shorn of his power. On the other hand, he was the only distinguished lawyer in the State who would consent to be the advocate of the fugitive slave. Yet he had more business than any other lawyer in his section; and his advocacy of a cause, of course, soon came to be the proof of its righteousness, and the pledge of its success. And he was just as incapable of seeing any creature suffer that he could relieve, as he was of being a party to any injustice, as is illustrated by the story of the pig that he and a party of other lawyers, in one of their circuits, left sinking in the mire; but after riding on two or three miles, *he* went back and rescued the pig, though almost to the ruin of a new suit of clothes.

In his first candidacy for the Legislature, he was unsuccessful. Elected by a large vote in his second, during his first session he said little and learned much. Re-elected to the next Legislature, he encounters Mr. Douglas for the first time, and, with one other member, enters his protest against

some extreme pro-slavery resolutions, which were passed for the express purpose of fixing the stigma of Abolitionism upon all who did not indorse them. His career as a member of the House of Representatives in Congress was marked by uncompromising, though wise and discriminating, hostility to the Mexican War. Nominated as the Republican candidate for the United States Senate in opposition to Judge Douglas, he put, in the very foreground of his first speech in that famous political canvass (and insisted on keeping them there in spite of the politic remonstrances of his friends), those memorable words: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, — I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He failed of the Senatorship, but his failure made him President of the United States. This is one of the great lessons of Mr. Lincoln's life. He failed at first in many, yes, in most, of his aspirations. At the close of the canvass for the Senatorship, his life seemed a failure, and that of Mr. Douglas a splendid success; but he clung to the right, he persevered, and triumphed in the end. The sequel is known to the country and the world; but these earlier antecedents were not generally known at the East. If they had been, the friends of liberty and humanity would not have been so displeased at his nomination, nor so anxious in many a great crisis of the war. If they had known the man, when they were so impatient for the act of emancipation, they would have understood that, so far from being reluctant to issue it, he was waiting and longing for the time to come when he could issue it consistently with his oath of office and with the necessary unanimity on the part of the people, and so make it, as it was, the finishing stroke of the war, and the glory of his administration. I wish the conversation on religious topics between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Bateman, in the sixteenth chapter of Doctor Holland's Life (in the following pages), might be read along with President Lincoln's last inaugural. It would thus be seen that that inau-

gural, prophetic and almost inspired as it seemed to be, was not a *sudden* inspiration, but was in a course of providential preparation even before Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency.

It was my purpose to allude to those special seasons of deep and personal religious experience, as, for instance, in connection with the death of his son Willy and with the battle at Gettysburg; also to the evidence of his habit of reading the Scriptures and prayer in the closet, all of which are brought out so unequivocally in Doctor Holland's Life and Mr. Carpenter's Reminiscences; but I have already exceeded my limits. Yet I cannot refrain from copying that last sentence in a letter of Mr. Lincoln to General Wadsworth, which expresses so clearly the views of the late President on the great question of reconstruction, and shows how little reason the present incumbent has to claim that he is following in the footsteps of his lamented predecessor: "Since you know my private inclinations as to what terms should be granted to the South, in the contingency mentioned, I will here add, that, if our success should be thus realized (complete success), followed by such desired results (loyal and cheerful submission), *I cannot see, if universal amnesty is granted, how, under the circumstances, I can avoid exacting, in return, universal suffrage, or, at least, suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service.*"

A TALK WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I HAVE been urged to write out in full — from memoranda made at the time — a conversation had with President Lincoln, in September, 1864, of which some fragmentary anecdotes have already been made public. Now that the political issues that gave point to some of the President's remarks are all settled, there can be no objection to reporting them in detail, as illustrating the salient points of his character.

On the 6th of September, 1864, Mr. Secretary Dana of the War Office did me the favor to accompany me to the White House, — where he had the *entrée* of the President's private office, — and we were at once ushered into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He was alone, sitting at a table covered with documents which he had been studying with care. At his side stood a basket of fine peaches to which he had evidently devoted his leisure moments, but without any visible accessories of knife and plate. After the usual salutations, congratulating him upon the capture of Atlanta, I spoke of the pleasure with which his proclamation for a Thanksgiving on the approaching Sabbath would be regarded.

"I would be glad to give you such a proclamation every Sunday for a few weeks to come," was his quick reply.

"The victory at Atlanta," it was remarked, "has wiped out one half of the Chicago platform, and if General Grant will give us Petersburg, that will wipe out the other, and we shall simply go through the form of re-electing you, Mr. President, by acclamation."

Mr. Dana interposed that he thought the reviving of Union feeling was due quite as much to the platform itself as to the victory.

"I guess," said the President, "it is more due to the victory. At any rate that will better bear *repetition*."

General McClellan had not yet signified his acceptance of the Chicago nomination, and I observed that he seemed about as slow in getting upon the platform as he was in taking Richmond.

"I think he must be *intrenching*," said the President, with a marvellous brightening of his eye.

"It was rumored in New York that the General would decline the nomination upon that platform."

"Well," replied Mr. Lincoln, "he does n't know yet whether he will accept or decline. And he never will know. Somebody must do it for him. For of all the men I have had to do with in my life, *indecision* is most strongly marked in

General McClellan; — *if that can be said to be strong which is the essence of weakness.*"

This was said with his head leaning forward in his characteristic way, as if he would thrust his face into yours; but trenchant as was the sarcasm, there was no maliciousness in his tone, no trace of personal rivalry or animosity. It was the utterance of a deliberate judgment.

Mr. Dana announced to him the news of John Morgan's death. "Is that so?" he exclaimed; then turning to me as if he would recognize my calling, he added, "I would n't crow over anybody's death, but I assure you that I take this as *resignedly* as I could take any dispensation of Providence. This Morgan was a nigger-driver. You Northern men don't know anything about such low, mean, cowardly creatures. Southern slaveholders despise them. But such a wretch has been used to carry on their rebellion." There was a startling earnestness in the emphasis with which he uttered these words.

At this point the janitor entered and announced that a lady at the door wished to know his decision in a certain case.

"Tell her," said Mr. Lincoln, slowly, "that I shall do nothing about it."

The janitor hesitated, and asked, "Need I say just that to her? She is terribly distressed. Can't I say, sir, that you are still considering it?"

"Well, if you choose; but I shall not interfere." Then, turning to the pile of papers before him, he remarked to us, "Here is the case of a man condemned by a court-martial for bounty-jumping, desertion, and inducing others to desert. It is a very clear case; and as the officers say that pardons relax all discipline, I suppose I must not interfere."

He had been studying all the morning to find some flaw in the evidence upon which he might annul the sentence, and at the last, in his conflict between justice and compassion, he was almost unmanned by the report of a woman weeping at the door.

The conversation turned upon the pending election, and I told the story, already published in your columns, of the Irishman at Resaca, who gave me his philosophy of the Presidential contest. "It was n't myself that made Mr. Lincoln President; but these rascals down here said he should n't be President, and I 'm bound to fight till he is; and sure I think *the jintilman that begun the job is the one to go through with it.*"

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily, and said, "I am glad to know that any Irishman is going to vote for me, and especially for such discriminating reasons."

He spoke with unaffected simplicity of his desire to carry out his policy through a re-election; and in the course of a conversation upon the prospects of the campaign, mention was made of the unanimity of the religious sentiment of the country for himself, when he remarked that he relied very much upon the religious element for the support of his administration.

I named several prominent ministers who were exerting their influence to secure his re-election; among them, Dr. Bacon of New Haven.

"Bacon," he repeated, as if trying to recall something, "let me see; what do I know of him? Did n't he once write a book on slavery, which some of the Abolitionists did not altogether agree with?"

I answered in the affirmative. "Well," he continued, "I read that book some years ago, and at first did not exactly know what to make of it; but afterwards I read it over more carefully, and got hold of Dr. Bacon's distinctions, and it had much to do in shaping my own thinking on the subject of slavery. He is quite a man."

In the course of some further talk on slavery, I drew the distinction between the "domiciliary imprisonment" or subjection of captives and paupers, allowed by the Mosaic law, and chattel slavery. Admitting that this would greatly relieve the question of Hebrew servitude, the President re-

marked, "However, I have sometimes thought that Moses *did n't quite understand the Lord along there.*"

The crime of attempted revolution against a free government occupied the few remaining moments of this most refreshing interview. It was pleasant to know that the President was awake to the discussion of principles upon every subject evolved by the war.

I can give no description of the brilliancy of his repartees, the readiness of his wit, the affability of his manners, the frankness of his soul. As I felt again the cordial grasp of his hand, I looked for the last time into those gentle, loving, and most magnetic eyes.

HEARKEN, LITTLE ONE!

HEARKEN, little one!
Lo! a voice is calling thee
From the blue of morning skies!
Hear it, and the glory see
Beaming for thy lifted eyes!

Courage, little one!
Not a tear thine eye should dim,
Not a fear give wild alarms;
Jesus bids you come to him,
Now he waits with open arms!

Hasten, little one!
Run to him with nimble feet;
Go, and feel his soft caress,
Warm the welcome thou shalt meet;
See! he lifts his hands to bless!

Trust him, little one!
He will never leave his own,
Never let them suffer harm;
All the way to him is known,
Strong is his encircling arm!

Love him, little one!
He will fold thee to his breast,
Love thee with a tender love!
He will give thee blissful rest
In his shining home above!

ELEANOR'S STORY.

PAPA says I am a strange girl, because I want to write a story; but at the same time he patted me lovingly on my head, and said, "You may write a story if you can, Eleanor," so I am going to try.

I wonder why it is that people call me strange! If I only had another name! Eleanor sounds *so* old. Other little girls have pretty, childish names, such as Bessie, Luly, or Katie; but I don't know any little girls by the name of Eleanor. However, papa says that he thinks Eleanor is the sweetest of all names (it was my dear mamma's name), so I try to be contented with it.

I suppose too, that I am not like other little girls, for I am not able to go to school, or to run and play as they do. Mrs. Green says it is because I am delicate. So I stay at home with papa, — there are only papa and I and Mrs. Green, the housekeeper, and Rosy, the cook, — and papa teaches me lessons, and lets me read his books, and takes me to make calls with him sometimes (he is a clergyman), and we have very nice times together, only I wish I had a little sister to play with; but papa plays checkers, and give-away, and points with me, and Mrs. Green makes me gingerbread dogs, so I ought to be very happy.

But I must tell my story. It is entitled:

HOW I BECAME DELICATE.

Before I was delicate, when I was about six years old, I went to school, just as other children did. O, it was such a

pleasant place! It was a private school. There were little girls and boys of all ages there. The older scholars had desks, but the younger scholars had little chairs to sit in. They were low chairs with arms, and they had shelves underneath to put our books on. They were our own, too. Papa bought mine for me. It was a most beautiful lilac color, and there were roses and lilies painted on it. I used to feel very proud and happy when I sat in my lilac-colored chair, or took my primer or slate from the shelf underneath. O, I never shall forget it!

Meta Reed lived in the next house to ours *then*, — she has moved away now, — and I used to go and call for her every day, and we went to school together. But one day when I called for her, her mamma told me she was ill, so I had to go to school alone.

I did not feel at all afraid, but walked quietly along, and had got almost to the school-house, when I met one of the scholars by the name of Charlie Vane.

"Hold on, Eleanor," said he.

"Hold on, Charlie," said I; "are n't you going to school?"

"No," said he, "I am going to fire off some crackers; don't you want one?"

"O, no indeed!" said I.

I was very much afraid of fire-crackers; so I began to walk along toward the school-house, but Charlie ran after me.

"Stop a minute, Eleanor," said he. So I stopped. "Now," said he, running in front of me, and holding out both arms, "you sha'n't go by till you have fired off a cracker."

"O yes, but I must," said I. "I shall be late to school."

So I tried to get by one side, but he ran and stood in front of me; then I went to the other side, but he ran the other side too, — Mrs. Green says he dodged, — so I could n't get by, and I did n't know what to do.

"You must fire a cracker," said Charlie.

"I can't," said I.

"You must," said he; "I will show you how."

"But I *sha'n't*," said I, for I was very angry.

"Then," said Charlie, "you are a cross girl, and I will fire off all the crackers right here at your feet, and I shall hold you so you can't get away."

"O dear!" said I, beginning to cry; but he held fast hold of me with one hand, and with the other he put the crackers on the ground. Then he took out a match and lighted it and set fire to the crackers. I cried as loud as I could, hoping some one would hear and come to me, but nobody did, and soon the crackers went off right at my feet. I was so very much frightened that I grew very strong, and so, making a great effort, I got away from Charlie and ran away very fast. He ran after me a little way, but I ran very fast, and he soon stopped.

All at once I grew very hot, and looking down I saw that my dress was on fire. O, how frightened I was! I stood perfectly still and began to scream. I was only six years old, or I should have known better. Mrs. Green says, you should wrap yourself in something woollen, and I had on quite a large shawl that I might have wrapped around me, but I did n't know as much then as I do now; so, as I said before, I stood still and screamed.

Just then a great black man came along. Now I was very much afraid of black men; so when he said, "Why, the poor little lamb!" and came close up to me, I was so frightened that I began to run again; but my clothes were burning so that I could n't run very well, and so this black man, who was a very, very kind man, soon caught up with me. He took me right in his arms, while I screamed with terror, and carried me to a pump near by and pumped water on me till the fire was all put out; though I fainted, from pain and fright, before he reached the pump. But the water revived me, so that when the man asked me where I lived, I could tell him. Then he carried me home, just as gently as papa could have carried me. I have always loved him ever since.

His name is James Thomas, and he has a wife and two little children. Papa takes me to see them whenever he can.

But when Mr. Thomas got to the house, I was senseless; and I did not know papa, or Mrs. Green, or anybody, for two whole weeks; and after I came to my senses, I was ill for a long time.

And Mrs. Green says I have been delicate ever since.

P. S. — Papa says it is not proper to add a postscript to a story; but I just want to say that Charlie Vane was real sorry when he found out that I was burned so badly, and he has been very kind to me ever since. He gives me presents every Christmas and on my birthdays, and he comes to see me, too, though at first I would n't see him, and would n't forgive him. But now I have entirely forgiven him; for papa says I have grieved Jesus Christ more than Charlie grieved me, and that Jesus died for me, and forgives me all my sins, too; so I 'm sure I ought to forgive Charlie, for he only grieved me once, and I never died for him either.

VAIN THOUGHTS.

THOSE are vain thoughts that are indulged without aim or control. The minds of the best of men will sometimes wander like the eyes of the fool. The thoughts of the giddy mass go like the wind, without order or design. They light upon a project here, and a phantom there, and thus shoot away as the dazzling sunbeam is reflected from the agitated water. Many entire lives are spent thus without order, plan, or aim. The vainness of such thoughts consist not in the positive evil so much as the want of good. They consume time, waste immortal energies, and keep us busy for naught.

Those are vain thoughts which are exercised in gratifving

our vanity and pride. A large proportion of the mental energies of mankind is spent in burning incense to their own self-esteem.

Those are vain thoughts which meditate harm to others. For vain, in the Scriptural sense, means wicked as well as foolish. It includes all those unlawful schemes which devise deceit, which would mislead by fair promises and vain shows.

Those thoughts are vain which are hostile to religion. What an amount of such thinking there is in the world! To say nothing of blasphemous thoughts, nothing of the writings of infidels, nothing of sceptical objections, there is much vain thinking by nominal Christians. How much effort to apologize for neglect, to find some ease for a twinging conscience? How many think to old age, and grow no wiser on the subject of personal religion? Their thoughts move in a circle, and so result in nothing salutary to the soul.

What, now, is the remedy for such thoughts? Thoughts, like everything else in the universe, are subject to law. They come into being by law, and they are controlled by law. To discover and obey that law is to cure the evil. So far as loose and trifling thoughts are concerned, an efficient remedy is to occupy the mind with something better. When the bushel is filled with wheat, the chaff cannot enter. The man who has a pressure of important business on hand has few wandering thoughts. No general on the evening before a great battle was ever troubled with trifling thoughts. Girard or Astor never had wandering thoughts when a project involving millions was under consideration. Engage, then, in some interesting and profitable pursuit. Stir up a deep emotion in the soul, and you swallow up in it every petty interest and solicitude, on the same principle that a physician at times applies a counter irritant on the surface of the body to draw the humors away from the vitals.

The remedy for wicked thoughts may be sought in watchfulness and prayer, and the active performance of duty, and

reliance upon the indwelling Spirit, with the consideration that God will bring every thought into judgment. And though the seat of that tribunal be far down the future, it is *certain to come*, at last. Let it be remembered, that the iron pen records every desire of the heart; and though the mind has no knowledge of it, God will one day declare it.

Vain thoughts leave a sting behind. When God made the mind, he made it for virtuous emotions, to be happy in the indulgence of right feelings, and to be miserable when it indulges any other. Hence every man, when he admits a wrong desire into his bosom, admits a serpent to feed on his vitals. He brings a wolf into his peaceful fold to harass and wound the flock. His own thoughts become his chastiser. They pierce him with barbed arrows. Every shaft he lets fly comes back and lodges in his own heart.

SPEAK ABOUT CHRIST!

A YOUNG Christian writes us, begging that we say a few words to older Christians in reference to the duty named above. He says that young converts often hear their older brethren say to them, "Be more faithful; take a higher stand on the Lord's side than we have ever done." And young Christians sometimes feel like saying something, in kind reply, like this: "When you meet those whom you know have recently become interested in the things of Christ, make it a point to say something to them about their religion and their Saviour, — for they are always glad to be addressed thus, and they need to be."

There is much in the suggestion, and there is reason for it. Young converts need the experience of older Christians; and if those who have that experience are ready to impart it freely, an immense amount of valuable instruction may thus

be communicated, while this giving doth not impoverish. Those who have been long walking in the path toward heaven; so long that they have forgotten the sensations of their first entrance upon it, are hardly aware how great, sometimes, is the disappointment, when they meet with young converts, and do not seem to recognize the fact that they *are* young converts, or care anything about it; and say nothing upon the subject of religion at all.

Those whose hearts are saturated with the joy of their first love *expect* older Christians to speak to them of the things of the kingdom, and when they fail to do so, and seem themselves to be so full of care and thought for other things, that they cannot say one word for Christ, the effect is most disheartening upon the young Christian. He begins to inquire whether he is not thinking too much about his Saviour, and making too much of the importance of salvation, and of the whole matter of religion. He remembers all that he has heard about "youthful impetuosity," and begins to inquire whether he may not be going altogether too fast and too far in his new experiences, and whether he would not be wiser to drop into the more quiet and apathetic posture of those whom he sees around him, "having a name to live."

Nothing is more excruciating to the young heart that has ventured all upon Christ, and feels itself committed always to "stand up for Jesus," than the cold blast that sweeps in upon it whenever the door of the church is opened, — to let only the frosty and benumbing atmosphere of spiritual winter strike upon the warm buds and opening blossoms of its own new faith. He dare not decide that all these older Christians — so strangely cold and silent and worldly — are not *real* disciples; for then where *are* Christ's followers? He dare not set up his feeble and faltering first consciousness of what is right and edifying and really Christian, against their deeper study of the Bible, and maturer knowledge of all Christian facts. He dare not give up his own convictions, that *all* that he is, and every possibility of all that he can be,

has been honestly made over unto Christ, so that *he* is bound to talk of him in the house, and by the way, and when he sits down, and when he rises up. But he cannot reconcile his own feelings of duty with his observations of the performance of duty by others, who, if anybody, *ought* to know what duty is, and how it ought to be performed. So he is troubled, — sometimes so troubled that he cannot speak.

Relieve him, Christian! Speak to him about Christ! Speak to *everybody* about Christ! The world needs to be converted to him, and the Church needs to be confirmed in him. Take away this reproach. Let it be seen that you do love him better and think of him more, than of anything else. *Speak about Christ!*

LOSING AND LIVING.

FOREVER the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,—
No exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:
To deny
Is to die.

The sea lends silvery rain to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;

The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion:
And ever and ever we yield our breath, —
Till the mirror is dry, and images death:
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the life of his lifelong ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his,
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
To deny
Is to die.

Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;
Care not for comfort, all hardship brave,
And ev'ning and age shall sup with pleasure;
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again:
To give
Is to live.

What is our life? Is it wealth and strength?
If we for the Master's sake will lose it,
We shall find it a hundred-fold, at length,
While they shall forever lose who refuse it;
And nations that save their union and peace
At the cost of right, their woe shall increase:
They save
A grave.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

A PARABLE FROM MRS. GATTY.

THE sun shone softly down upon the Hillside Cemetery, where Mr. Bell and his children were standing amid the fresh clover, strewing a new-made grave with roses and violets from their garden. It was only a little mound, and the weeping mother sat at its head mourning for her youngest born.

"Papa," said Arthur, "where *is* heaven, that my little brother has gone to? It is not up in the sky, for I can't see anything there." The little boy looked sorrowfully up into the far-off blue, and then turned to his father for a reply.

"Heaven is not in sight, Arthur," answered his father. "We cannot tell where it is. It might be very near without our being able to see it with our eyes."

"But, papa," said Helen, "if heaven is near, is n't it strange that Willie cannot just come back one minute to tell us he is happy?"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Bell, "it is all strange to us. We can only trust our Father in heaven about it, and wait till we go to him. If we love him here, we shall be where he is hereafter, and with dear little Willie, too, I think."

They lingered awhile beside the precious grave, and then turned homeward through the pleasant cemetery grounds. As they passed a little pond fringed with flowering shrubs, Mr. Bell said to his wife, "Anna, let us sit down beside this pond while I tell the children that parable of Mrs. Gatty's which sister Alice read to us,—'Not lost, but gone before.'"

"O yes," said their mother, "I should like to have you."

Mr. Bell placed his wife upon a rustic seat, and sat down by her side, with Arthur on his knee and Helen at his feet.

"This parable," said he, "tries to teach us how near heaven may be to earth, and how the holy people may remember us

and know where we are, and yet not be able to return or speak to us. I will tell you all I can remember of it.

"Once there was a beautiful pond in the centre of a wood. Trees and flowers were growing about it, birds sang and insects hummed above it. Under the water, too, there was a little world of beings. Fishes and little creatures that live in water filled it full of busy life. Among them was the grub of a dragon-fly, with a large family of brothers and sisters."

"What is a dragon-fly?" interrupted Arthur.

"It 's just a darning-needle," said Helen.

"Yes, you children call it a darning-needle," said their father; "that beautiful swift creature, with a long glittering blue-and-green body and brilliant gauzy wings. Now, before he became a dragon-fly, darting through the air and flashing back the sunshine, he was a dark, scaly grub, and lived down in the forest pond. He and his family were born there and knew no other world. They spent their time in roving in and out among the plants at the bottom of the water in search of food.

"But one day this grub began to talk among his mates about the frog. 'Every little while,' said he, 'the frog goes to the side of the water and disappears. What becomes of him when he leaves this world? What can there be beyond?'

"'You idle fellow,' replied another grub, 'attend to the world you are in and leave the "beyond" to those that are there!' So said all his relations, and the curious grub tried to forget his questionings. But he could not do it; so one day, when he heard a heavy splash in the water and saw a great yellow frog swim down to the bottom, he screwed up his courage to ask the frog himself.

"'Honored frog,' said he, approaching that dignified personage as meekly as possible, 'permit me to inquire what there is beyond the world.'

"'What world do you mean?' said the frog, rolling his goggle eyes.

"'This world, of course; our world,' answered the grub.

"'This pond, you mean,' remarked the frog, with a sneer.

"'I mean the place we live in; I call it the world,' cried the grub, with spirit.

"'Do you, indeed!' rejoined the frog. 'Then what is the place you don't live in; the "beyond" the world, eh?'

"'That is just what I want you to tell me,' replied the grub, briskly.

"'Well, then,' said froggy, 'it is dry land.'

"'Can one swim about there?' asked the grub.

"'Dry land is not water, little fellow,' chuckled the frog; 'that is just what it is not.'

"'But tell me what it *is*,' persisted the grub.

"'Well, then, you troublesome creature,' cried the frog, 'dry land is something like the bottom of this pond, only it is not wet, because there is no water.'

"'Really,' said the grub, 'what is there then?'

"'They call it air,' replied the frog. 'It is the nearest approach to nothing.'

"Finding that he could not make the grub understand, the good-natured frog offered to take him on his back up to the dry land, where the grub might see for himself. The grub was delighted. He dropped himself down upon the frog's back and clung closely to him while he swam up to the rushes at the water's edge. But the moment he emerged into the air the grub fell reeling back into the water, panting and struggling for life. 'Horrible!' cried he, as soon as he had rallied a little; 'there is nothing but death beyond this world. The frog deceived me. He cannot go there, at any rate!'

"Then the grub told his story to his friends, and they talked a great deal about the mystery, but could arrive at no explanation.

"That evening the yellow frog appeared again at the bottom of the pond.

"'*You* here!' cried the startled grub. 'You never left this world at all, I suppose.'

"'Clumsy creature,' replied the frog, 'why did not you

cling to my back? When I landed on the grass you were gone.'

"The grub related his deathlike struggle, and added, 'Since there is nothing but death beyond this world, all your stories about going there must be false.'

"'I forgive your offensive remarks,' said the frog, gravely, 'because I have learned to-day the reason of your tiresome curiosity. As I was hopping about in the grass on the edge of the pond, I saw one of your race slowly climbing up the stalk of a reed. Suddenly there appeared a rent in his scaly coat, and after many struggles there came out of it one of those radiant dragon-flies that float in the air I told you of. He lifted his wings out of the carcass he was leaving, and when they had dried in the sunshine he flew glittering away. I conclude that you grubs will do the same thing by and by.'

"The grub listened with astonishment and distrust, and swam off to tell his friends. They decided that it was impossible nonsense, and the grub said he would think no more about it. He hurried restlessly about in the water, hunting for prey, and trying to forget. But not long after he began to be sick, and a feeling he could not resist impelled him to go upward. He called to his relations and said, —

"'I must leave you, I know not why. If the frog's story of another world is true, I solemnly promise to return and tell you.'

"His friends accompanied him to the water's edge, where he vanished from their sight, for their eyes were fitted to see only in water. All day they watched and waited for his return, but he came no more.

"One of his brothers soon felt the same irresistible impulse upward, and he also promised the sorrowing family that, if he should indeed be changed into that glorious creature of which they had heard, he would return and tell them. 'But,' said one, 'perhaps you might not be able to come back.' 'A creature so exalted could certainly do anything,' replied the departing grub. But he also came not again

'He has forgotten us,' said one. 'He is dead,' said another; 'there is no other world.'

"And now a third brother felt the same inward necessity driving him upward. He bade his friends farewell, saying, 'I dare not promise to return. If possible I will; but do not fear in me an altered or a forgetful heart. If that world exists, we may not understand its nature.'

"His companions lingered near the spot where he disappeared, but there was neither sign nor sound of his return. Only the dreary sense of bereavement reminded them that he had once lived. Some feared the future; some disbelieved, some hoped and looked forward still. Ah, if the poor things could only have seen into the pure air above their watery world, they would have beheld their departed friends often returning to its borders. But into the world of waters they could never more enter. The least touch upon its surface, as the dragon-fly skimmed over it with the purpose of descending to his friends, brought on a deadly shock, such as he had felt when as a water-grub he had tried to come upward into the air. His new wings instantly bore him back.

"And thus, divided, yet near, parted, yet united by love, he often hovered about the barrier that separated him from his early companions, watching till they, too, should come forth into the better life. Sweet it was to each new-comer to find himself not alone in his joyous existence, but welcomed into it by those who had gone before. Sweet also to know that even in their ignorant life below, gleams from the wings of the lost ones they had lamented were shining down into their dark abode. O, if they had known, they would neither have feared nor sorrowed so much!"

Mr. Bell sat in silence a few moments after finishing this parable, and then said, —

"Do you see, Helen, how the other world may be out of our sight and hearing, though very real and near?"

"Yes, father, I do," replied Helen. "It makes it seem as if Willie might be close beside us."

BROTHER CROAKER.

BROTHER CROAKER is a brother whom, having once seen, you will be apt to remember. His bodily presence affects your nerves like a raw, drizzly day in November. The forehead is low and aslant; the eyes, closely fitted in near the narrow bridge of the nose, remind you of the expression of a Jewish clothes-dealer's. The mouth is compressed into the firmness and rigidity of the lockjaw; there is about its lines a downright, "no-use-to-talk" expression, which keeps you off at a respectful distance. The moment your eye falls on his face, the idea of looking to it for sympathy strikes you as having something fantastic in its absurdity; you would as soon expect sympathy from the cold gravestone of a pawnbroker.

Brother Croaker's spiritual part fully sustains the impression made by his physiognomy. His "mission" in the world is evidently to keep his neighbors all right; and for himself, — that is his own business. His evidences of personal acceptance with God resolve themselves all into one brief sentence, — *he is orthodox*. It is true, you never meet him at evening prayer-meetings. He lives too far off, and his health is rather feeble (though on lyceum-lecture nights, he thanks the Lord, he is somewhat stronger), and, moreover, Mrs. Croaker dislikes to be left alone. He wishes the meetings *were* better attended, and wonders that brethren living near the church don't, more of them, "turn out."

The whole matter of collections and contributions is an eyesore to him. He would about as willingly have a loaded revolver thrust at him as a contribution-box. Collections, he thinks, come too often. Once in six months is enough, in all reason. Charity begins at home. There are too many societies, doing nothing but paying fat salaries to treasurers and secretaries out of the hard work of God's people. It's

all folly to be squandering precious money on so many wild schemes to civilize Patagonians and Kamtchatkans. The missionary calling at Brother Croaker's door, has a task about as agreeable as wrenching a bone from a hungry mastiff. If the example of good Deacon A., who gives away half his income, is commended to him, he thinks it an impertinence. He always thought the Deacon had a soft spot in his head; and he is growing sure of it now, for "a fool and his money are soon parted."

As to family worship, he expects the minister, whenever he calls at the house, (and woe to him if that is not often!) to pray with them all; but for himself, he feels inadequate, though he *does* muster courage to speak, when, in a town-meeting, Young America threatens to vote away money and raise his taxes.

Pressing personal religion home on the souls of his children he finds embarrassing, and never attempts it. It is true, they are all growing up without God in the world, but he comforts himself by charging all that over to the account of Divine Sovereignty.

Brother Croaker has one favorite hobby, namely, ecclesiastical litigation. A council called by the church — especially in any embarrassing case — is a perfect godsend to him. It is really wonderful to see how readily he contrives to excuse himself from Mrs. Croaker, and how heroically his feeble health rallies for the great occasion. Let the council hold one session, or a dozen, in the morning, or till midnight, in fair weather or foul, Brother Croaker is sure to appear, leaning eagerly forward, with his elbows on the back of the seat before him, his projected chin on his open palms, and his gray eyes, that so often are drowsy in church, as restless as those of grimalkin, with a mouse in full view.

We have already intimated that he atones for any harmless little peculiarities by the rich savor of his orthodoxy. He knows the five points of Calvinism as he knows his five fingers, and keeps vigilant watch over the faith once de-

livered to the saints. But especially he maintains a sharp lookout for the minister. If ever that hapless personage lets slip a word about the innocence of childhood, or the amiability of worldly men, Brother Croaker is after him at once with the hue and cry of heresy; and the poor pastor begins to doubt his own identity, on waking up some morning, to find himself a full-blooded Unitarian, if not a Parkerite, — a ravening wolf in sheep's clothing. If it should so happen that the pastor's orthodoxy is established and unassailable, Brother Croaker finds in the matter and manner of his sermons prolific themes for comment. His most comprehensive remark — and most convenient, as saving the trouble of specification — is, that "There 's nothing *in* the sermons anyhow, — all froth."

He groans with unction over the departure of good Mr. P., the last pastor, and would give the world if only he could return; albeit a little inquiry of Mr. P. will reveal to you that he reckoned Brother Croaker the sorest affliction ever visited upon him.

He begins shortly to intermingle forebodings with his criticisms, like the few low thunder-peals before a storm. Matters cannot go on long at this rate, that 's clear. Everything is going to ruin, and if nobody else but him has discovered it, nobody else looks far enough ahead. Our estimable brother has a memory wondrously retentive of all tart remarks on the minister, by whomsoever dropped. He does for the parish the same service which that pan which receives all drippings of sour, curdled milk, does for the dairy. He understood Squire A., who professes to be one of the pastor's best friends, to say that he did not think the last sermon he listened to was quite clear on election, and Dr. B. was lately heard complaining that homœopathy was too much in favor at the parsonage; and Mrs. C. says she *will* keep her feathers if the minister does preach that the fashion of this world passeth away. With these and like weighty evidences that a crisis is approaching, Brother Croaker proceeds to worry the

pastor into asking a dismission, by which everybody else in the parish is surprised and grieved; but nobody more so than Squire A., Dr. B., and Mrs. C.

Brother Croaker is ready to acknowledge, in general, that he is a miserable sinner, — that he was shapen in iniquity and in sin did his mother conceive him; but call his attention to any special and favorite infirmity of his — an inveterate attachment to dollars, for example — and you get a lesson for your impertinence that you won't forget for a lifetime. He knows what regeneration is, and he knows that he "experienced religion" twenty years ago and more; — he can give you the precise date, and all the circumstances. Moreover, he believes in the perseverance of the saints, and that 's enough for *him*, and he don't want any of your questions about his *present* enjoyment of secret prayer, and all that.

Brother Croaker is just as sure there is one of the "many mansions" fitted up in waiting for him as if he had already taken up his quarters in it, being confident that no questions will be asked of a church-member, like himself, "in good and regular standing," but expecting to take possession very much as the rightful owner of property long in the hands of an agent steps in at last, and claims his own.

NO FEAR FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

"Jesus, the name that calms our fears."

FEAR causes great suffering in this world. To be "delivered from our fears" is cause for devout gratitude; and to find a sure relief, a permanent refuge from the distressing dominion of fear, would be an inestimable blessing. Such a refuge we have. The soul that is truly united by living faith and love to the Saviour of mankind need never be tormented by fear.

As you look forth on the future, what do you dread? Does the fear of sickness disturb you? Speak the name of Jesus in your heart of hearts. He whom diseases obey will either avert the danger, or, permitting sickness to come upon you, will come himself also with it, and make it such a blessing that you would wish for it, instead of fear it, if it should threaten you again and he would come again with it.

Do you fear poverty? Compel your anxious thoughts to dwell for a while upon Him who said, "Take no thought for the morrow." Remember, that though he was rich, he became poor for your sake. Sincere love to him will make you blush to distrust him, and bring you shortly to sing, —

> "I know not what may yet betide,
> Nor how my wants shall be supplied,
> But Jesus knows, and will provide."

Do you fear the frowns or the ridicule of your fellow-men? You are not the first who has trembled under that burden. But consider Him who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself. Appeal to him. He can so strengthen your soul's vision, that you shall see only his approving smile, and that smile shall outweigh, in value, the favor of the world.

Is death to you "the king of terrors"? and does your cheek pale at the prospect of his near approach? Death is indeed inexorable. Face to face we shall surely meet him each for ourselves. But you who shrink most at his very name, may, through the grace of our Lord, yet sing for joy at his coming. I have sat beside many death-beds. I have seen the aged saint, who for more than seventy years had walked in distressing bondage to the fear of death, watch his approaching footsteps with glad, triumphant eyes, so filled and crowned with the dying grace which Jesus can give, as wholly to have forgotten the terror of a lifetime. I have seen the young mother, to whom no friend dared whisper of the possible end when sickness first came, say farewell, with unfaltering tongue, to husband and children, and exult, amid

nature's dissolving pains, that "Jesus knows what it is to die," and giving her very last direction thus: —

"And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
When round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall,
He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Do you shrink appalled from the scenes of the Judgment Day, and tremble to appear before the bar of God? In that great day, and in the midst of that august assembly, you may stand with a perfect peace in your soul, if so be you have loved with a sincere love, and trusted with sincere faith, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will sit himself as Judge, and who knoweth them that are his.

In the universe of God, there can be found no cause for suffering fear to those who are in his Son, nor through the unending ages of eternity shall any event occur that *need* disturb their serenity. There is a "peace of God" for them, which passes the understanding of those who dwell not in his "secret place."

REGENERATION.

SOME seem to conceive of a change in regeneration, in consequence of which man receives such a principle of holiness in himself, that he continues holy by the power of this principle, and by the necessary tendencies of his being. But this is inconsistent with the very nature of a created and dependent mind. God is the only being who has in himself an original and self-sustaining power of holiness. The immutability of all created beings in holiness can be secured only by such a union with God that he can exert in and through them his sustaining and perfecting power. This was the view which

Christ sought most earnestly to enforce on his disciples. Their life and strength were to be found solely in that union to him and communion with him, that enabled him constantly to exert in them a vital and sustaining power, analogous to that exerted by the vine to sustain, invigorate, and render fruitful its branches.

THE FLOWER IN THE DESERT.

A MAN never knows the length and depth of his own nature who lives in one place and deals with one class of men alone; but must expand and explore himself, — must both enlarge his capacity and must understand his capacity, — by exploring and exhausting many varieties of situation. And when he is wandering in places desolate and without an inhabitant, it will not be surprising if, in the yearnings of his heart to find some object that can meet its wants, he should learn to love the fountains and even the rocks. A tree or a flower, so frequent in his own distant land as to diminish in some degree the sense of their value, will wake up an enthusiasm of thought and feeling which he had hardly known before. Flowers have no tongues, and therefore have no outward speech; but I think they may be said to speak with the heart; and sometimes they utter or suggest thoughts, and enter into little affectionate conversations which are quite interesting. Some of the weary hours which were occupied in traversing the peninsula of Sinai were relieved by these little soliloquies. Allow me to give an instance, which, for the sake of younger and less critical readers, I will put into verse: —

One day in the desert
With pleasure I spied
A flower in its beauty
Looking up at my side.

And I said, O sweet floweret,
That bloomest alone,
What 's the worth of thy beauty,
Thus shining unknown?

But the flower gave me answer,
With a smile quite divine,
'T is the nature, O stranger,
Of beauty to shine.
Take all I can give thee,
And when thou art gone,
The light that is in me
Will keep shining on.

And, O gentle stranger,
Permit me to say,
To keep up thy spirits
Along this lone way,
While thy heart shall flow outward
To gladden and bless,
The fount at its centre
Will never grow less.

I was struck with its answer,
And left it to glow
To the clear sky above it
And the pale sands below;
Above and around it
Its light to impart,
But never exhausting
The fount at its heart.

A VIRGINIA SCHOOLMA'AM.

SHE was not of the kind they put in jail; she taught only white children. She was sound, very sound, and a real hearty, solid Presbyterian, and of a "certain age." But I offended her terribly.

She attacked me several times quite ferociously. It was a great comfort to her that I had voted against Father Abraham, but she concluded I had "fallen from grace."

"Now," said she, one day, "you Abolitionists reject the Bible."

"Not by any means!" said I, with great horror.

"What if the Bible authorized us to hold slaves; would n't you reject the Bible?"

"No, ma'am! God can authorize it if he chooses," said I.

"Well, then," said she, exultingly, "I can convince you it is right for us to hold slaves."

"Go on," I replied, "and I 'll give it up if you bring Scripture fairly to prove it."

She got her Bible, and turned instantly, just as if she had read that place a good deal, to Leviticus xxv. 46, and, with forefinger extended, read triumphantly, "They shall be your bondmen forever." "They shall be your bondmen forever.!"

"There," said she, "does not that settle the question?"

"What question?" I asked, innocently.

"Why that we have a right to hold slaves."

"Well, not quite," said I. "First of all, who are 'they'?"

"The heathen," said she, after reading a little, say the 44th verse.

"Correct: but 'thy brother waxen poor,' it says, shall be 'as a hired servant,' and shall be free when the jubilee year comes. That 's Scripture, is n't it?"

"Ye-e-s," was the rather reluctant reply.

"But you have been telling me that the slaves are better off because many of them are converted. You don't think it right, according to Scripture, to keep *them* as slaves?"

She was nonplussed. But still, —

"Well, those not Christians we have a right to hold," said she.

"Why so?"

"They shall be your bondmen forever."

"You remind me," said I, "of the old school-boy way of proving the duty of hanging one's self, by quoting 'Judas went and hanged himself,' with 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Whereat the schoolma'am waxed wroth.

"*This* applies to the subject directly," said she.

"What subject?"

"It proves that it is right to hold slaves."

"Right for *whom* to hold slaves?"

"Why, for anybody."

"Not at all, madam. If it proves anything, it proves it was the privilege of the *Jews*. Are *you* a Jew?"

She was vexed.

"If it was right for the Jews, it is right for us," she said.

"I don't see that," said I. "I admit that God could authorize certain parties to hold slaves; but it does not follow that others not so authorized have a right to do it. The privilege is limited by the special permission, because contrary to natural right. Show me a provision anywhere from God authorizing the South to do it, and I will submit; but I want the documents!"

She began to think I was an infidel. But I pacified her by insisting that I believed in the five points of Calvinism clear through.

Then she laid down again the general principle that what was right for the Jews is right for us.

"Very well," said I, "Abraham was ordered to sacrifice his only son. Do you believe it is everybody's duty or privilege now?"

She did not; but that was a peculiar and single case.

"Very well," said I, "take a general case. Jewish men had several wives apiece. Am I to understand that you advocate that arrangement now? Or, is it your idea that slavery is called a 'patriarchal system' because it comes as near to this arrangement as possible; if I may judge from the color of the slaves hereabouts?"

The indignant schoolma'am was filled with wrath, and I have not dared to argue with a woman since.

MINISTERIAL IRREVERENCE.

HAVING been honored a few Sabbaths since, by an eminent and truly excellent clergyman, with a seat in his pulpit, and a share in the services of the occasion, the question arose in my mind, whether the desire of the distinguished pastor to show courtesy to myself, as a ministerial brother, did not betray him in one particular into an irreverent demeanor, as foreign to his intention in that instance as to the general spirit of the man. The offence was no doubt as thoughtless on his part as the participation in it for a little time was on mine, and it is to promote thoughtfulness on the subject that I present the case to the clerical readers of the "Congregationalist."

During the singing of each of the hymns, and also, so far as I observed, on a similar occasion, during the reading of the hymns and Scriptures, by an assisting minister, the pastor engaged freely in continuous miscellaneous conversation with the brother at his side. The appearance of the audience, comparisons of different churches, certain proposed alterations in the interior of the church edifice in which we were assembled, the effect of the mourning weeds in which the church was draped, the best method of giving notices, and the providential uses of the ill health of ministers, were *some* of the topics discussed in the pulpit, during the reading and singing of a single Sabbath morning. All this conversation took place while the congregation were supposed to be worshipping God by the use of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in the heart unto the Lord; or, listening to the oracles of God, were supposed to be striving to obey the injunction, "Take heed how ye hear." The desire to occupy all the time possible in conversation was so far indulged, that occasionally the congregation had quite concluded their exercise before the minister

had finished the subject in hand, and, apparently surprised, he would either break off hurriedly, or would complete his remark while rising to take some further part in the service which remained.

In respect to such habits, and others akin to them, the question arises, Does a clergyman cease to be a worshipper because he leads a part of the worship? If he may look around him and read and chat while the choir is leading in one part of the worship, may the choir look around and read and chat while he is leading in another part of the worship? Choirs sometimes do this, but not with the approbation of their ministers. Why should ministers condemn a neglect of divine worship in a choir which they allow in themselves? Is it better or worse to set an example of inattention and irreverence before a congregation by a minister, than to set one behind a congregation by a choir? Who is supposed to be best informed, most considerate, and most interested in respect to maintaining the proprieties of Sabbath worship and the sanctities of God's house? If the minister need give his attention only while he is conducting the worship, may not the congregation withhold their attention save when they are conducting the worship? If the minister's mind may rove on miscellaneous topics during the singing, may not the minds of the congregation do the same during the preaching and the praying? If the preacher may be reading over his sermon during the singing, why cannot the chorister be humming over his tunes during the preaching? It may sometimes be necessary for ministers who are to assist each other in a service, and who have had no opportunity for previous conference, to arrange the parts of the service after entering the pulpit, or to confer briefly in regard to some matters which cannot be deferred. In a strange pulpit, sometimes, hymns must be selected and notices spelled out. These items, however, can commonly receive all the necessary attention before the service begins, or in the brief intervals between the separate acts of wor-

ship. Not that a minister has any right to make long intervals between different parts of the service, keeping several hundred people waiting while he arranges what should have been attended to before. Nor has he any right to select the time when the congregation are endeavoring to sing to the praise of God, to get up in the pulpit, in their sight, and divert their attention by a conspicuous and fussy turning over of the Scriptures, to make his selections, or by ostentatiously placing in readiness his sermon, or hymn-book, or spectacles, or glass of water, or handkerchief, or all of them. There may be different ways of avoiding all this, and it is doubtless done most easily in those churches which have a retiring-room near the pulpit, where outer clothing may be laid aside, and hymns and chapters selected before meeting the congregation or commencing the worship. But even where this advantage is not enjoyed, a thoughtful person will find little difficulty in avoiding everything offensive and improper. Assistance has sometimes been gained,—to speak of one small matter, which, in some ministers' hands, seems a perpetual occasion of confusion and delay,—by providing the pulpit hymn-book with three different marks, as ribbons of different shades or widths, and numbered, or known as first, second, and third, to guide to the several hymns in the order in which they are to be sung. Means and methods, however, are, to a great extent, matters of individual taste, and it was not my purpose to remark upon such matters, either small or great. Yet it is worthy of frequent remembrance, that to divert the minds of men from the momentous realities of divine worship to the peculiarities of him who conducts it, is one of Satan's most common stratagems; that a skilfulness in avoiding this snare of the Devil was a special characteristic of some of the most useful preachers of the last generation; and that, among the most effective men in the pulpit of our own times, there are many who are eminent not less for purity of life and singleness of aim than for a fine sense of decorum, whose modesty and dignity of bearing give them

rank as models of ministerial deportment, who are *never* detected in any of the faults which have here been named, and who, in short, deem it a sin and a shame for any needless offence against propriety to be allowed in the solemn public services of an ambassador of Christ.

AN ANTIQUARIAN DINNER.

ONE of the most interesting occasions which I have enjoyed in Germany is a yearly antiquarian dinner at Bremen, established about the year 1650 by the founders of an institution for the benefit of poor captains and sailors and their families, and given every year in the manner of our remote forefathers. We travel through Europe and see the shells of old castles, their mouldering and ivy-covered towers; and as we wander through them, and creep through their low doors, and tread their stone pavements, and wonder at their huge fireplaces, we try to conjecture what kind of a people once lived in them, and to imagine to ourselves how they lived, what kind of food they ate, and how it was served; but our imagination is not equal to the weighty task, and all the appliances of modern luxury come in to color the picture, till we give up the attempt to shape a true conception of the simple manners of "y^{e} olden times." But recently I have been enabled to see how our fathers lived and were served; and I will write it down, if haply it may entertain my distant countrymen.

At two o'clock, all of the Bremen ship-owners, and such strangers as enjoyed the privilege, met at the old house of this Navigators' Aid Company to partake of this memorial dinner. A fine company, of course; mostly very substantial men, hardly to be called German in their appearance, — far more American than German. There were two hundred in

all, and they stood from two to three o'clock in friendly converse in one of the old halls of the building, with the names and coats-of-arms of past benefactors painted on the dark woodwork of the walls. At just three the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and a loud voice called the company to dinner in the same words with which German ship-captains call their hands to dinner. I did not catch every word, but, translated, it was something after this strain: "All hands ahoy! above and below ahoy! dinner! dinner!" So we pressed into the long dining-room, richly canopied with all the flags of leading commercial countries, the star-spangled banner being singularly conspicuous. Every side of the room was hidden with the multitude of flags, and interspersed among them were portraits of former benefactors of this excellent institution. Over the door hung the portrait of a signally liberal donor at the time of the founding of the Navigators' Aid Society. His name has been lost, but the record of what he did has survived. Originally his picture was painted in very small size, about a foot square; but since then, as other benefactors have been painted life-size, the directors, fearing lest the credit of this old friend should be overshadowed by more modern men, have enlarged this picture, and after a most singular fashion! The old bit of dark-brown canvas now stands pasted upon a large square field of common portrait size, tinged "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue"; and to fill up this monstrously absurd vacuum an angel has been put in on each side of the head, and a quantity of shipping beneath.

Glance a moment at the tables. The plates, you will see, are marked 1789, and during seventy-seven years they have been brought out year by year to grace the board. Notice the huge silver spoons, each one of which would make a dozen of the small efforts of our days. Along the tables you see great silver tankards, each of which will hold nearly a gallon, filled with a dark, sweet, thick beer, such as Luther used to drink, the first draught of which is pleasant, and the

second nauseating. Notice the knives and forks, — old steel ones, you see: our forefathers did not flourish silver forks. See the wooden fish-knives, — simple, practical, and not at all liable to rust. Notice the little paper of pepper on one side of the plate, and the little paper of salt on the other side: our ancestors did not know the use of castors. Notice the piece of brown paper which lies under each plate: our fathers did not have their knife and fork changed with every course, but wiped them themselves on a bit of brown paper; and so shall we.

Well, we have looked at the tables, and rather impatiently await the first course. "But soft!" our next neighbor, the American Vice-Consul, whispers; "no impatience! our ancestors did not do their eating in haste; no more shall we. We have got to sit here for five to six hours." So we patiently wait, and in due time soup appears, — real substantial soup, and most evidently distinguished from modern German soup, in that it has a palpable flavor of meat. This we eat, not alone, but with chicken, boiled till it is ready to fall apart, and a kind of black bread which has been cooked in the soup till it has acquired great richness, and has then been taken out, the soup expressed, and the dry bread then served to be immersed in the soup again. With this we eat the most delicious of bakers' rolls, — so delicious, in fact, that I am almost forced to think that the making of bread has become one of the "lost arts." With the exception of the chicken served with the soup, there appears no more poultry. I must not forget to state that before every plate stands a large bottle of wine, white alternating with red; and though all drank, yet, owing to the natural temperateness of the German character, there was not a particle of intoxication.

After an immoderate pause, filled up, of course, with abundance of talk, the second course appears, — plain boiled fish, served with potatoes and gravy, such as our American people are very well accustomed to, and very good withal, as I trust some thousands of my readers will testify.

While the fish was finding a quick disposal in a ready market, a little bell rang, and a gentleman, strikingly American in his air and in his look, rose at the end of one of the tables. At each side stood a weather-beaten man, both looking like ship-captains, and such they proved to be. The gentleman in the middle was a merchant, and his duty was to thank the company for their presence, and to bid them do what we express in our excellent way, "make themselves at home." The Consul informed me that the dinner is given by three merchants and six captains of Bremen, the number elected as directors every year; and being elected they give a dinner, which, however, occurs three years from the date of their election. The three merchants and six captains who are elected directors of the Navigators' Aid Company this year (1866) will give the dinner in 1869. They sit at the head of the three tables, and whenever one of the merchants rises to give a toast or make a speech, the two captains rise and stand dumb by his side.

The time passes, and at length the third course comes, and to describe it surpasses my power; and this for two reasons, of which one is that my memory cannot retain the number of dishes, and the other is that there were many things whose names and whose nature I did not know. I can report, however, that huge, old-fashioned dishes were passed round, containing sausage, cutlets, sour-kraut, boiled beets, treated in some indescribable way, boiled beef, boiled veal (supposed), and boiled ham, all following each other in immediate succession, and all of which I took upon my plate, not because I wanted it, but because it seemed the universal custom. One thing was wanting, however, — good mealy potatoes. These had been served with the fish, but afterwards they did not appear. Still, these dishes were not very different from genuine German fare now-a-days. But now-a-days they are not forced upon you as they were in the old times. I had no less than five different kinds of meat upon my plate at once. While this great king of all the courses was being despatched, the

two ship-captains who sat at the end of each table rose, and each took one of the huge silver tankards of thick, strong beer of which I have spoken, and striking the tankards three times against each other, bowed and drank a draught. They handed it to the next two gentlemen, who took it and did the same, and thus it passed the entire length of the table. During the third course toasts were given, mostly local, of course, such as to the Free City of Bremen and to the Navigators' Aid Company. But of these I will not at any length speak, merely remarking that they continued through the entire dinner.

At length the fourth course appeared, — roast beef and roast veal, with delicious plums and stewed apple, and a salad at whose ingredients I dare not guess. To me, however, it was most distasteful.

The fifth was bread, with butter and cheese, just as we have it now in all German dinners; then coffee and cigars. The only difference which I noticed in this, as compared with ancient times, was that the coffee had been sweetened with molasses before it was served.

But though in all these later courses the viands were, in the main, not unlike what one meets now-a-days in Germany, yet the manner in which everything was served, the old plates, the unchanged knives and forks which we had to keep clean with our brown-paper napkins, the old-fashioned jollity, the speeches in Low German, the odd dialect unintelligible to foreigners, the presence of ladies in a secret gallery, where they peeped from behind the banners, they known to be there yet themselves not visible, ladies having no part in the feast, — all this gave it a novelty and an ancient air which I could hardly believe possible. And then, too, the dinner was in one of the old Hanseatic cities, and these were all rich Bremen burghers, — judge whether this did not lend its aid. And when the book of old familiar songs was brought in, and all joined in singing the patriotic airs which men of former days composed and sang, and men owning half a score of ships

rose and gave their own song, while the whole company shouted "Bravo!" and the fumes of two hundred cigars filled the room, and all was mirth and life, you may judge whether or not I could imagine how baronial halls used to appear when the same substantial viands graced the board, the same songs ran round, and the same Low German was spoken. It has taken a long journey to be present at this feast; but it is a real satisfaction to have been there; and I will close by saying, that if we could have something of the same sort with us on Forefathers' Day, kept in the primitive styles, it would be hardly less interesting in America.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its little cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
To miss it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away";
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;

Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

HOW ARE YOU?

WE are accustomed to meet each other always with this kindly question, "How are you?"

It is not the man's house, his workshop, or his farm. There is no difficulty in discerning between *him* and these accidents of his circumstances. He may have them or not; they may be in one condition or another. They are not included in the question, How are "you?" Nor do we inquire what is the estimation or influence he has in community. The "you" is something else than these. It is something else than the clothes he wears. They may be well or ill, and the "you" within them be the opposite. Is the *body* that which is questioned, and answers? By and by *you* and *we* may lay these side by side in the dust, and there will be as little consciousness in them of anything else, or of each other, as there is now in the clods they stand on. The "you" dwells in the body for the present, but that body is not the "you." It may be well, and you ill, — it may be dying, and you well.

It is the soul that asks the question, the soul that must answer it. What a pity it should always be considered as having reference to this frail body. What a pity men do not have and manifest as much interest in each other's souls as in each other's bodies.

How, then, are *you*, — yourself, — your soul? Whether it is in health, it would seem easy to ascertain. How is it with the appetite? The soul must have food, God's truth, the bread from heaven, if it is to live. Does it crave and enjoy this food? When a man's body is in health, he never goes to the table from a sense of duty. He does not swallow reluctantly and painfully, because he must, or die. He never thinks that he is eating to gain strength, and support life. He eats because he has an appetite for food, because he craves and loves it. One first symptom of bodily illness is loss of appetite. The poor invalid forces down some food, because, however indifferent to it, or however much he loathes it, the dread of still greater weakness or of death compels him. Let a man apply this test to his soul and its food. Can he say to God, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth"? Can he say, with Job, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food"? with David, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord"? This test of the appetite, how easily it can be applied, — as a young convert lately applied it, — showing the wide difference between those who outwardly regard, and those who really love God's truth. So, appropriate exercise is the very pleasure of a sound and vigorous body. Who ever saw a healthy child for many minutes still? No more can the soul be still that is in health. It must be doing something, — something appropriate for the soul, — something for God. The Master expresses this when he says, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day." "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Exertion for God, in his service, is it easy, pleasant to you? Or is it as

when the body, weak, or racked with pain at every movement, drags itself reluctantly to its tasks? So, also, there is *rest*, another good test of health. How quietly and sweetly it comes to the hale and hearty body! How perfect the slumber of the vigorous child, however the earth may quake, or the winds howl! The restless starting, the inability to compose one's self to sleep, the tossing to and fro until the dawning of the day, what a sure indication that disease is at its work in these bodies! So with the soul. If it finds sweet repose, if it can rest in God, if it can quietly commit itself and its all into the arms of its Heavenly Father, and love to lie there, what a sure symptom of spiritual health!

Perhaps we need look no further. Love of food, pleasure in exertion, quiet repose, — these are sufficient tests of the soul's health.

Dear reader, Christian brother, sister, *How are you?*

I CAN'T LOVE HIM.

YOU can't love God! Why can't you love him?

"O, there 's so much in the world that is n't right; so much that *I* could n't do. Only yesterday I went to see a poor woman, with an infant; she had no suitable clothing for herself or for the child, and no food. Things ought not to be so. God ought to have made them different. I could n't love myself if I had done so, and I can't love God for letting them be so."

Well, if you have taken upon you the regulation of God, and his world, I can hardly hope to influence you. You will find that a very large work; beyond your strength, beyond your wisdom, I suspect. There 's one thing you surely ought to bring to such a work, and that is what men call logical consistency. I much fear you have n't it to bring. It is a

very simple thing; merely this, that when you have once clearly seen and owned a truth, you shall follow it out to its inevitable conclusion. Let me give you an illustration, and an opportunity. There was a time — so we read in the Bible — when God said, "Let us make man." At that point of time God evidently considered how and what he would make man. And his conclusion is recorded: "So God created man in his own image." He might have decided to make man a machine. As I understand you, you are blaming God that he did not make man a machine. Was not that it?

"I think he might have made him different."

That is, you think he might have made him so that he could n't sin. But we have read from the Bible that God decided to make man in his own image. One would think that should satisfy the most difficult. What, will you quarrel with the Creator for making you in his own image? Can anything be more honorable? Let us see what it is. God thinks, reasons, weighs evidence, compares motives, chooses and loves and hates. In doing these he commands the love and reverence of every thinking, reasoning, choosing, loving, and hating creature.

So man, created in God's image, commands or inspires love and reverence. Does mere negative innocence inspire your love and reverence? Can you love and reverence one who has never known, who is constitutionally incapable of knowing, temptation? Does not your idea of virtue include, of necessity, a will to resist evil? Could you love a machine? Of course you might admire machinery which was exquisitely adapted to the work for which it was made; but could you love a machine? Has it any attraction for your heart?

"No; of course I could not love a machine."

Then you would not consent to reduce the friends you love to the level of machines: are you any more willing to surrender their love, and be yourself reduced to a machine, that you might thus be rendered incapable of doing wrong?

"No, I should not wish to be a machine."

But I see not how God could make you in his own image, that is, free to choose, refuse, love, and hate, and yet render it impossible for you to use your freedom, excepting when your will is to do right. Disguise it how you will, this would be to reduce you to the level of a machine, which acts only as it is constrained by power.

"Well, I can't deny all that; and yet, I don't see, feeling as I do, how I can possibly love him."

Nor I: and feeling as you do, you never will. But there is one thing you can do. You can say to him, much after the manner of Caroline Fry, "Lord, I don't love thee: I can't say that I ever wish to love thee. I find my heart is turned away from thee. But thou hast said that we must be born again or perish. I cannot regenerate myself. I am unwilling to perish. I come to thee.

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come'"

Come thus and he may save you.

"But that seems a mean way of coming! Do you think it will do any good?"

It is a mean way, — a very mean way, — but it seems to be the only way for one who "can't love him." He saved Saul, the persecutor of Christians. Perhaps he may save you. At all events, you 'll perish if you don't come.

PRUDY'S KNITTING-WORK.

"O DEAR!" said Susy, the first day she took Prudy to school, "I wish Prudy had n't got to go to school! She 'll talk out loud, I just about know she will, she 's such a chatter-box."

"No, I sha'n't," said Prudy. "I ain't a *checker-box*, Susy Parlin, but *you* are! I sha'n't talk in school, nor I sha'n't whisper, never in my world."

When they got home that night, Mrs. Parlin said, "Well, Prudy, did you whisper in school?"

"No, I never done such a thing, — I *guess*. Did I, Susy? How much I did n't talk to you, don't you know?"

"She was pretty good, mother, but she cried once, so I had to go out with her," said Susy.

"Now you *told* me to cry, Susy Parlin! You said if I 'd cry you 'd give me a piece of your doughnut!"

Susy blushed, and her mother looked at her and said, "I want to see you alone a little while, Susy."

Then Mrs. Parlin talked with Susy in the parlor, and told her how wrong it was to deceive, and how she must take the care of her little sister, and set her a good example.

Susy said she would do as well as she could. "But, mother," said she, "if you are willing, I 'd rather not sit with Prudy, now certainly! She says such queer things. Why, to-day she said she had got the rheumatism in her back, and wanted me to look at her *tongue*, and see if she had n't! Why, mother, she shut up her eyes, and put out her tongue right there in school, and the girls could n't help laughing."

"Well, perhaps she 'd better sit by herself," said Mrs. Parlin. "I guess I 'll let her take her knitting-work: that will keep her out of mischief."

Now grandma had taken a great deal of pains to teach

Prudy to knit; and such work as Prudy made of it! She *thought* she was knitting a stocking, but I guess you would n't have thought so!

The first time Prudy carried her knitting-work, the A B C scholars opened their eyes very wide, for none of them knew how to knit.

Prudy said, "Poh, I know how to do it just as easy!"

So she tried to show them how smart she could be, and she knit so fast that she dropped a stitch every other minute.

"There, there now, you are dropping stitches," said Lottie Palmer, very much pleased. "I guess I know how to do *that!*"

"Poh, them 's only *loops*," said Prudy.

But at last she broke the yarn short off, and got her work into such a fix that she had to take it home and ask grandma to "fix it out."

"Why, child, where 's the ball?" said grandma; "and here 's two needles gone!"

"O I left 'em at school, I s'pose," said Prudy; "I never noticed 'em."

"I found the ball under the teacher's desk once," said Susy.

"Well, it ain't there now," said Prudy; "it 's all *wounded*, now, and I put it where it b'longs."

"Where 's that?" said grandma.

"I don't know," said Prudy, "but I guess I can find it to-morrow."

Mrs. Parlin began to think it was a foolish plan to let Prudy take her knitting-work. I will tell you what she did the last day she carried it. She got tired of knitting, and tired of twisting her hair round her finger, and tired of looking at pictures.

"Let 's guess riddles," she whispered to Nancy Glover, who sat on the bench with her. "I can make up riddles just as easy. There 's something in this room, in Miss Parker's watch-pocket, goes tick, tick. Now guess that; that 's a riddle."

"I wish you 'd behave, Prudy Parlin," said Nancy. "I 'm trying to get my spelling lesson."

Then Nancy turned her head a little to one side, and went to studying as hard as she could, for it was almost time for her class to be called.

All at once Prudy happened to look at Nancy's ear, and thought, "What funny little holes folks have in their ears! I s'pose they go clear through! I guess I'll put my knitting-needle right through Nannie's ear when she 's a-studying. The needle will look so funny sticking out at the other end!"

So Prudy was very sly about it, and said not a word, but began to push in the needle with all her might.

O, how Nannie screamed! The teacher was frightened, but when she found that Nannie was not so *very* badly hurt, she felt easier about her, and began to talk to Prudy, and asked her "why she did n't sit still like a lady, and *mind?*"

Prudy began to cry.

"I *was* a-minding," said she, "of course I was. I did n't think it was a-goin' to hurt her!"

Miss Parker smiled, and said, —

"Well, you need n't bring that knitting-work here any more. The next thing, we should have somebody's *eyes* put out."

Then Miss Parker called out the next class in spelling. But Nannie sat with her head down, and felt very cross.

"I don't like you, Prudy," said she. "You 'most killed me! I'll pay you for this, now you see!"

Miss Parker had to call Nannie by name before she would go to her class. She was three or four years older than Prudy, and ought to have known better than to be angry with such a little child.

THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

WHEN Dr. Beecher was at Litchfield, Connecticut, he called on a family in the remote part of his parish, and found the wife and mother in tears. Suspecting the cause, he sat down by her side, and asked compassionately, "Which is it?" She answered in anguish, "*Both.*" The husband had for some time been verging toward intemperance, and now the *son* had begun to follow his steps. Indeed, both had become *drunkards*. It was more than she could bear. It had broken her heart.

The Doctor rose and returned home and went into his study, determined to open all his embrasures upon the sin of intemperance! He planned and studied and wrote "the six sermons" on intemperance, which, like successive shocks of a mighty earthquake, made the nation to tremble. This may be regarded as the inauguration of the Temperance Reform; second, perhaps, to no other moral reformation that has visited and blessed the civilized world. A *tear* moved the heart and tongue of the Doctor to ask the cause of that grief, which was too great to admit of more than a *word* in reply. That tear, how small; that word, how brief, but how significant! The good Doctor had seen many a husband and brother, father and son, fall into a drunkard's grave. That was no strange thing. He had preached many a funeral sermon over the drunkard's coffin. But these great facts had not moved him effectually. Christian philanthropists had long seen and trembled in view of the ruin of the nation by intemperance; but this one simple, touching scene; that tear and that word "BOTH," were wanted to break the spell and move the heart and hand and will of this great reformer. "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that."

Deacon Scudder related to me the following anecdote of himself: "When I was a boy I was apprenticed to a business house in Boston. As I was about to leave home for the great city, I went over to bid my aged grandmother good by. When I was about to leave her, full of joy and glee in anticipation of what was before me, she called me to her bedside and said, with many other excellent things, 'Charles, if you should see a pin on the carpet of your mistress, to whom would that pin belong?' 'To her, I suppose, grandmother.' 'Then pick it up and give it to her and not keep it yourself! Never, my child, take so much as a *pin* that does not belong to you.' This," said the Deacon, "I never forgot. Whenever I was tempted to take any little trifle that was not my own, I could hear my old grandmother saying, 'Charles, never take so much as a pin that does n't belong to you.'"

The human character is created or lost by trifles. It is under*pin*ned, or undermined, by very little things. In other matters the foundations are of great things, but in morals and imperishable character they are of little things.

HOW LONG SHALL I LIVE?

YOU will live forever.

There are no dead. The blow which struck asunder body and spirit did not end the spirit's life. And so the countless myriads of the past, whose dust has long since mingled with the soil, "still live." The men, women, and children of Noah's day, and Abraham's, and David's, — the motley tribes that herded beneath the crescent of the Arabian prophet, — the swarms of Goth and Hun, Tartar and Vandal, that swept the plains of the Eastern world, — the red-men that roamed the forests of the Western world, and left in mounds and tree-grown ruins the dim history of their earthly exist-

ence, — all these are yet alive. They cannot die. Immortality is their birthright and inheritance. With the first breath of life they inhaled immortality.

You, too, are henceforth eternal. The life you have begun is an endless life. You have only crossed the threshold. The countless ages before you stretch out in immeasurable distance. When you have trod the path of those years or millions of years which you can reckon up, there will still be before you as many more, fresh and new like the first, and so on for ever and ever. As a traveller can discern his pathway winding among the hills, till far off on the horizon it seems to end, but when he reaches the place there stretches the path again away to another hill-top, so will the ages of your endless life lie before you ever the same, age following age, cycle following cycle, till all your powers of computation and measurement have been baffled and silenced; and yet you have scarce begun! The never-ending eternity stretches out just as far ahead as when you took the first step of the journey.

How long will you live? You never will cease to live. You cannot die. By the endowment of your Maker you bear a "charmed life"; and whatever rounds and epochs of history the great universe shall yet pass through, your years shall run parallel with them all, — nay, with the eternal years of God.

Ah me! My birthright, immortality, weighs on my heart. I tremble. I shrink from the burden. Those myriad ages fill me with dread. From the bosom of those far-off distances I know not what strange thing may befall me. Some accident shall doubtless waylay me on the road. Some misstep to the right hand or the left shall bring my soul to some unforeseen and fatal plunge.

No. On the highway of heaven none fall. In the hollows of hell none rise. You have fixed your state forever when you leave this world. The case is closed. You have either married yourself to Christ with an eternal love which no possibility can sunder, or have entombed your soul in sorrows

which no possibility can lift off. All change must be made this side the grave; there is no change beyond. The preparation must be finished here, for there, there is no time. Time is ended, and you are in eternity. The decree is unalterable: "He who is filthy, let him be filthy still; he who is holy, let him be holy still."

Do you not see it, my friend? Have not all the men, women, and children of the patriarchs' days, — the tribes that followed the false prophets, — the swarms of Goth, Hun, Vandal, Tartar, and red-men alike, — found that time was give them to prepare for eternity?

"Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Strange," cries Fenelon, "that the experience of so many ages did not make us judge more solidly of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning."

How long will you live? You will live forever. And your life there will depend on your life here. Every day, as you complete it, will reappear in the years to come. Every hour, every moment, as it hurries on its way, leaves a page to be read before the throne. Every word, every act, every thought and feeling of your heart records itself imperishably in the memory of One who never forgets. You are writing your life for eternity.

In a gallery in Paris hangs a famous picture of Murillo, of an old Spanish monk seated at his desk. He had begun the chronicle of his life. Death had summoned him before the work was done; but he had sought and obtained leave to return to earth and finish it. You see in the monk's pale face a more than natural energy. Those sunken eyes had looked "beyond the veil," and gleam with the visions of eternity. The soul within has communed with the unseen

world, and beheld face to face "Him who is invisible." And the solitary task is plied with the earnestness of one who has already forgotten the fading scenes of time, and is absorbed in the realities beyond.

So let the record of your life be written as in the light of eternity. Look beyond, and see the unutterable things which shall soon surround you, when you stand before your Judge. Behold your endless life, — your speedy departure. O heedless soul, I adjure you to prepare for that eternity, — and write now such a life-record of faith in Jesus Christ and obedient service toward him, as that you may read it in eternity with joy.

INVITATION TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

COME to the Sabbath school,
Come one and all;
With hearts true and joyful,
Echo the call.
We 'll go with willing feet,
Happy faces we shall meet,
And faithful teachers greet, —
Come, come to-day.

Come, fathers, lead the way
Come, mothers, too;
Come every Sabbath day,
We 'll follow you.
There will we join and sing,
And the heart's best music bring,
While all our voices ring,
With hymns of praise.

Come in the joys of youth,
Come bright and gay,
Come join the search for truth,
Come while you may.

Improve life's opening dawn,
Seize upon its sunny morn,
Nor wait till it be gone,
Ne'er to return.

Come, little ones and dear,
Come, children all,
Sweet is your welcome here,
Gentle the call;
"Suffer to come to me,
Such as these, and let them be,"
Heirs of salvation free, —
Come, children, come.

Come, let our school below,
Point us above,
Where glory wreathes the brow,
And all is love,
There, in a noble song,
With the bright angelic throng,
May we with joy prolong
The Saviour's praise.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PREACHERS.

WHAT is good preaching? Good preaching is Scriptural preaching, including, as to the matter of it, both the doctrinal and the practical; and each in due method and proportion. A doctrinal sermon, with no practical application, is a skeleton without flesh, or rather a basis without a superstructure. A practical sermon without doctrine, is a superstructure without a base, — a soap-bubble, a will-of-the-wisp, beautiful it may be to the sight, but destined soon to disappear and leave not a trace behind. Every direction or exhortation of the Bible is based upon some doctrine, and

has no meaning or application without it. "Flee from the wrath to come." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." How much important doctrine is involved in exhortations such as these! And how can the exhortations be applied and enforced, so as to leave an abiding impression, unless the implied doctrines are believed and inculcated?

More than thirty years ago, the late Dr. Beecher, on one of his fishing excursions, spent the Sabbath at ——. He was there incognito, in his rough fishing habit; but this did not prevent him from going to church. He heard a dry skeleton of a sermon, with little or no application, from a young man who prided himself upon his orthodoxy. When the service was through, and the people were about to retire, the Doctor arose in the back part of the house, and begged to be heard for a few moments. He had been interested in the discussion to which they had listened, but was unwilling that so much important Scriptural truth should be left without any practical application. And so he went on to apply the sermon, for some twenty minutes, in his earnest way, much to the gratification of a large audience, and much to the mortification of the young divine, who was still in the pulpit.

I am aware that many stories are told of Dr. Beecher which are apocryphal; but as I was personally knowing to the one I have related, and knew the parties, this may be relied on as genuine. And I tell it here, because it goes to illustrate the point in hand, namely, the importance of uniting the doctrinal and practical in due method and proportion. Preach doctrinally, my brethren, that so you may be able to preach practically, and to do it with some show of sense, and with effect. For what is practical preaching but the earnest enforcement and application of some great Scriptural truth or fact?

Among the more important qualities of a sermon, as to style, I reckon plainness and directness. The first thing is

to be understood. Paul had rather speak "five words with the understanding," that is, so as to be understood, than "ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." And on this point I fully agree with Paul. Very early in my ministry I came to the conclusion, that, whatever other good qualities as a preacher I might lack, I would speak plainly, I would endeavor to be understood. And this point I flatter myself that I have in some good degree attained. At least, I have never heard much complaint on this score. Whether men have liked my preaching or not, they have generally been able to understand me.

Want of plainness and directness in preaching is not an uncommon fault at this day, and it arises from several causes. Some do not preach clearly, because they have nothing clear in their minds to be preached. They live in a fog; their heads are muddy, and how should anything better than mud or fog proceed out of them? Such men had better retire from the pulpit altogether.

Some fail to speak plainly and effectively, from the desire to say something exquisite and beautiful. And so (to use the language of another), "they delight in rainbows, and meteors, and waterfalls, and blooming trellises, and showers of gems, and trooping seraphim, and the silver chiming of the spheres," and all such kind of stuff, — immensely pleasant to itching ears, but as foreign from the Gospel as are the pretty things of which they treat.

Some preachers involve themselves in mystery, because they seem to think it vulgar to utter plain truth in a plain and natural way. You rarely see them without their stilts. They seek out uncommon words, — "great swelling words," and construct long, involved, and cumbrous sentences, and thus cover up what little of meaning they have under a lumber of style and verbiage, which no eyes but their own will be likely to penetrate. Such men may gain the admiration of those who are sure to admire what they cannot comprehend; but what good will they be likely to do? Who will be instructed or profited?

If I were to mention another cause of soaring mystery and obscurity in preaching, it would be the transcendental, Coleridgean philosophy. Persons enamored of this philosophy are never clear. They have a phraseology of their own, a region of their own, but it is high up, *in nubibus*, where common people can never follow them. I have known some young men, with minds naturally as clear as crystal, so befooled and befogged by this philosophy that it took years of practical, common-sense labor to work it out of them.

I have heard preaching compared to lightning, of which it is said there are three kinds, — the flash, the zigzag, and the slant. The flash looks brilliantly, lights up the sky, and people gaze at it with wonder and delight. The zigzag is here, and there, and everywhere, darting from cloud to cloud, without any apparent object or effect. But the slant sends its bolt right down to the earth, and rives the gnarled oak, and is mighty, through God, to the tearing down of strongholds. Be sure, my brethren, if you deal in any lightning, to prefer the slant.

If I were to add a word further as to manner, I would say, let it be natural. Avoiding, correcting, all acquired bad habits, endeavor to write and speak in your own natural way. Be yourself, and not another. Better wear your own coat than a borrowed one, though it may not be quite as good. You will be more free and easy in it, and your efforts will be more successful.

The famous Mr. Moody of York was an extemporaneous preacher, and somewhat rambling and eccentric in manner. It was natural to him, and he could not help it. He had a son-in-law, Mr. Emerson of Malden, who preached for him frequently, wrote out his sermons very accurately, and preached from notes. Some of Mr. Moody's people were much pleased with this kind of preaching, and urged him to imitate it. So Mr. Moody consented to try. He wrote out a sermon in full, took his notes with him into the pulpit, and commenced reading like Mr. Emerson. But he soon

got tired of it, and threw away his notes, exclaiming, "Moody must be Moody, and Emerson, Emerson! I feel as though my head was in a bag!" Be careful, my young friends, when you undertake to change your own natural manner for that of another, lest you get into the same predicament.

But a more important quality of effective preaching is heart earnestness. No man ever accomplished anything in the pulpit who was not in earnest. Paul believed, and felt what he said, and hence his words were with power. It was this which made Felix tremble, and wrung from the reluctant lips of Agrippa, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Deep feeling is contagious. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. A tear-drop is a very little thing, and yet it is a thing of great power. Hearts that can withstand everything else are often melted by a tear. Of course, I would not have sermons mere ebullitions of feeling, and nothing else; but I would have them pervaded and warmed with feeling. There must be thought to awaken feeling, and the Gospel is full of thought — I had almost said, all thought — adapted to this very purpose. Be sure that your altar candle, besides being straight and orthodox, is made to burn; that your sermon has a soul as well as a body, and that in writing and delivering it your heart palpitates in every line.

The good pastor will make himself acquainted with his flock, and with all of them. He will be able to adopt the language of his divine Master, though of course in a lower sense, "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." He will become acquainted with them, not only socially, but spiritually. So far as he may, he will know particularly their spiritual state; what are their hopes, their fears, their trials, their difficulties, their temptations, and what their prospects for eternity. Without such knowledge, how can he intelligently preach to them, or watch over them, or bear them on his heart in prayer?

The qualifications of a good pastor are many and various, the crowning one of which, and that without which all others will be as nothing, is piety. The good pastor must be a pious man. He ought to be a very pious man.

Piety is lovely and excellent in all its developments, not one of which should be wanting to the ambassador of Christ. And yet, if I were to name one which I deem of special importance to the pastor, it would be an ardent and quenchless love for souls. He should feel for souls, in his measure, as Christ did, who was willing to die for their salvation. He should feel as Brainerd did, who thus speaks of himself during his life among the Indians: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I endured, so that I could gain souls to Christ. When I was asleep I dreamed of them; and when I awoke the first thing I thought of was their salvation." Under impressions such as these, the minister of Christ will not be much moved by personal sacrifices. He will be willing to waive often, not merely his private opinions and wishes, but his rights and interests, rather than incur the hazard of hindering the recovery of some whom he desires to save. Knowing that, in the various walks of life, he has to do with immortal beings, who are constantly watching him, and receiving impressions from his example, he will be exceedingly cautious as to the steps he takes. He will tread softly and circumspectly, as he mingles with undying souls, lest by some indiscretion he should fatally injure them. . . . .

Speculate as we may as to the desirableness of other methods of promoting the cause of Christ, it is still true that almost all the great movements in favor of religion, from the beginning to the present time, have been brought about in revivals, and by means of them. Thus it was in the great refreshing and church extension which immediately followed the day of Pentecost. Thus it was in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, when, by a series of what would now be called revivals, Popish idolatry was subverted in more

than half Europe. Thus it was in our own country during the great awakening of 1740. And almost everything desirable in our present religious state and prospects, — our large and flourishing churches, our thousands of faithful ministers, our Sabbath schools, our charitable institutions, our missions to the heathen, and to the destitute of our own country, — all are owing to that series of revivals which sprang up near the commencement of the present century, and which have continued, at intervals, ever since. The history of the Church has but one voice on this subject; and our own experience and observation testify the same. When revivals cease, for a course of years, religion uniformly declines; and unless its downward progress is arrested by the return of the reviving Spirit, it is sure to run down, and erelong to run out.

I repeat, then, my brethren, we wish and expect you all to be revival preachers, — the friends and earnest supporters of revivals of religion. Study them, pray and labor for them; improve opportunities to labor in them; keep the holy fire burning in your own souls, and endeavor to diffuse it all around you.

And be not so particular as to the precise manner in which a revival shall commence, if you can only be sure that it does commence, if you can see its holy fire kindling and burning around you. I once knew a venerable minister who used to pray that God would revive his work, and revive it in a regular way, as though he feared that the Divine Spirit might fall into some irregularities. I am not the advocate of irregularities, not by any means; but better see the work of God revived, and souls converted, and the Church enlarged, though not in the methods most agreeable to ourselves, than to see dearth, and frost, and death spreading over the land, and cursing it forever.

ANECDOTES OF CLERGYMEN.

WHEN Dr. (then Mr.) S—— was first settled in Hartford, the enterprising little town was relatively as important to Connecticut as the flourishing city now is. Dr. Bellamy, feeling a deep interest in the success of the church in this favored spot, resolved to visit the youthful pastor and "see if he would do."

On arriving at the residence of his young brother, which was a new house and nicely furnished, Dr. Bellamy remarked as Mr. S—— met him at the door, "So you have got your house all swept and garnished." "Yes, yes, Dr. Bellamy, all ready for evil spirits; walk in, walk in."

We need not add that Dr. Bellamy, after a hearty laugh, remarked, "He 'll do, he 'll do."

The learned Dr. Samuel West once preached for Rev. Mr. Niles of A——. He chose for his text that passage in Revelation, "His number is six hundred threescore and six." After talking about his text for nearly half an hour, he said to his hearers, "You may think it is time I told what the text means, but to be plain, *I do not know*."

Mr. Niles afterward remarked, that he was very glad to hear Dr. W—— acknowledge his ignorance, for he knew that he did not know the meaning of the passage, and as he was a learned man he could afford to say so.

Many years ago an immense meeting of the friends of temperance was held at the Odeon, in Boston. After two very eloquent addresses by gifted and popular speakers, a clergyman was called upon. Rising, he remarked, "I find myself in very much the same situation as that of a minister who, in the early history of Massachusetts, although living in a retired spot, was appointed to preach the election sermon. When told of his appointment he said, "I know not what to do. If I do not go, my people will knock my brains out, and if I do go, it will be found that I have no brains."

At a meeting of an ecclesiastical council for ordaining a youthful minister, an elderly clergyman who was fond of hair-splitting questions, but himself no metaphysician, inquired in examining the candidate, "How do you reconcile the decree of God with the free agency of man?" "I have never attempted to reconcile them, because they were never at variance."

THE JESTING DEACON.

"Neither foolish talking nor jesting, which are not convenient." — EPH. v. 4.

DEACON JONES relished a joke as well as any of his untitled neighbors. It seemed sometimes that he addicted himself to this sort of pleasantry all the more freely because, being a deacon, folks — especially *young* folks — were the more ready to laugh at his quips as coming from a quarter where you would not expect them. But Deacon Jones, like every other good Christian who indulges in jesting, did not always find it "convenient," either in the modern sense of that word, as *comfortable*, or in its Scriptural meaning as *suitable*. On one occasion this humorous propensity brought him into the following very uncomfortable, not to say unsuitable, position.

Richard Vaughn, a daring and reckless fellow, who had met with a hundred hairbreadth escapes before, was one day kicked by a horse somewhere about the head. His skull was fractured, and poor Dick had to submit to a trepanning operation, — the removal of a small piece of the skull-bone. Still, nobody believed that his time had come to die. He who had outlived so many mishaps would survive the kick of a horse, even if, with a piece of his skull, he had lost a portion of his brain, too. So the gabbling neighbors said as they passed the news round from one to another, and so Jonathan Slack *thought* as he met Deacon Jones coming from the door where

Richard lived, and asked him in honest simplicity how much brains the doctor had taken away? Perceiving in Jonathan's face a credulity that might yield a little fun, the Deacon made answer by putting his hands together in the form of a dish which would hold a pint — of brains or anything else that should be put into it — and merely saying, "About so much." Jonathan thereupon went his way, and told the next man he met that the doctor had taken a pint of brains from the skull of Richard Vaughn. The astonished neighbor reported it to another, and he to a third. Before sundown every man, woman, and child in the village had heard the news that Dick Vaughn had parted with a pint of his brains and was doing well. Next morning the village Gazette, which caught the story just in time for its insertion as a "postscript," with suitable heading and exclamation-points, was carrying it post-haste over the land, and in less than twenty-four hours it had started through the columns of a city exchange on its way to England, France, and Germany.

It could not be long, of course, before the story began to meet with contradiction and was branded as a lie. But who started it? This was now the question. It is curious to observe that, however eager your real gossip-mongers are to catch up and carry along an unauthentic tale, they will always resent the charge of peddling lies. When a baseless rumor has been run out of breath and actually killed, nobody has *lied*, but everybody has been *lied to*. Dick told Tom, and Harry told Dick, and somebody told Harry. Each would like to know the villain who made up that story; while, if the truth were known, it might appear to have been made like a snow-ball, by rolling, and every one of them to have had a hand in making it. But in the case of Dick Vaughn's brains, the story started, as we have seen, in its full-grown size.

Deacon Jones at first enjoyed the joke, and was intending soon to explain. But when Mrs. Jones, with a concerned look, told him one day that Mr. Slack, who had been accused of setting the story afloat, was reporting all over town that

he, Deacon Jones, told him the first that he ever heard of it, the Deacon smilingly said, in reply, that Brother Slack must be mistaken; that he never had told Brother Slack nor anybody else that the doctor took away a pint of brains or any brains at all from Richard Vaughn; whereupon Mrs. Jones made haste to tell Mrs. Slack.

Here was a flat contradiction between Deacon Jones and Brother Jonathan Slack, both members of the same church, "in good and regular standing," and one of them an office-bearer in it. The Deacon felt that the joke had been carried quite far enough, — in fact, rather too far, — and he was intending to call on his misled neighbor that very night, and undeceive him. But before night came, Mr. Slack met his neighbor Jones in the street, and, with more warmth of spirit than he was thought capable of showing, asked him if he meant to deny that he (Deacon Jones) told him (Mr. Slack) on such a day, that the doctor took a pint of brains from Richard Vaughn?

"I certainly do," said the Deacon. And before he had time to enter into an explanation, Mr. Slack had turned on his heel and hastened off, an offended brother. The difficulty was not long in getting before the church as a matter to be searched into and settled. Both parties were brought before that tribunal and permitted to make their statements. Brother Slack was sure that he repeated only what Deacon Jones told him. He even recollected and reproduced the dish-form gesture of the hands whereby he had been given to understand that a pint of brains had been taken away; and then thrusting his clenched hands under the Deacon's nose, as he sat near him, he asked, with an air of assurance, "Did you not say, Deacon Jones, that the doctor took away so much?"

"Yes," said the Deacon, gazing into the empty palms, "and how much is there, Brother Slack?"

A suppressed titter ran through the assembly. The pastor smiled in his presiding chair. Brother Slack, now for the

first time comprehending the joke, stood speechless for a moment, and then, with hat in hand, left the meeting, too deeply chagrined to be ever again on friendly terms with the jesting Deacon Jones, who, as a kind of Protestant penance, listened soon after to a plain and self-applied sermon from his faithful pastor on the text at the head of this paper. To the end of his life he was a soberer man; and when he found a Christian brother indulging in jokes which he once enjoyed, he would repeat, in a serious tone, "Foolish talking nor jesting, which are not convenient."

"I CAN'T REPENT."

EXPERIENCE is a good test of doctrinal belief. The following incident may serve as an illustration of this.

S——, a student of theology at a certain divinity school, was spending a vacation in a destitute country parish, as a "temporary supply." He held the theory (growing out of pushing to the extreme the doctrine of human inability) that men cannot repent. One day duty called him to a neighboring village. His only means of public conveyance was by stage, the driver of which was a shrewd sceptic.

With a real desire to honor his Master, by sowing beside all waters, he began conversation upon topics that he thought might interest the driver, intending at length to lead to the subject of personal religion. His plan was successful. Step by step the way was opened, till he deemed it prudent to press the claims of God upon his conscience and heart. It was done with plain Christian courtesy, and, as the driver afterwards acknowledged, was felt to be the voice of the Spirit of God. Determined, however, not to yield at once, he instantly replied, "They tell us out here in P—— that a man can't repent. I should like to know what you say about it."

No allusion had been made to this point before. S—— had evidently won the confidence of his fellow-traveller, for the question was more than half in earnest. It was S—— now, and not the driver, who was driven to the wall. His thoughts ran with lightning speed over the whole ground. He clearly saw the consequences of saying to the man, under conviction, as he really was, "*You cannot repent.*" He dared not risk the peril in which such an affirmative would put his hearer's soul. It was flashed on the mind of S——, with a light not greatly inferior to that which showed a certain traveller to Damascus once his error on another point of doctrine, that he was wrong. He *can repent* gushed forth from the very soul of S——, and stopped not short of a most fervid utterance in the ear of the driver. Then the Spirit met the word, and sent it to his heart. The convicted man bowed his head and wept like a child. Beginning at that Scripture, S—— preached unto him Jesus. S—— proved to be the first to put him on his personal responsibility before God, so as to lead him to see that his guilt lay solely in a determined "will not." It need not be added that S—— was thereafter a firm believer in the duty and ability of men to repent.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE was born in Brechin about 1800. His father was a wealthy banker. The son graduated at Edinburgh, and studied medicine at Paris, and finally came home and continued in the banking-house. In 1830 he was ordained by the Presbytery of Fife, and shortly translated to old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, and in 1840 to old St. John's Church, which was built chiefly for him. He was one of the leaders with Chalmers in the Free-Church movement, and is now settled over Free St. John's, a fine new

church, built as near as possible to the old one. It does not look altogether pleasant to a stranger, to see in Scotland new churches everywhere planted side by side, or, if possible, face to face, with the old ones, instead of being placed in the unreclaimed districts. Dr. Hanna, son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, and editor of his memoirs, is colleague pastor in this fashionable church. His ability as a scholar and essayist and theologian does not succeed in making him tolerable in the pulpit. But his dull, tedious, painfully wearisome preaching is the better foil to his colleague. Dr. Guthrie has been greatly interested in the ragged-school movements, and went hand in hand with Chalmers in his social renovations. He is the favorite minister of the poor, though few of them can get to his church. He is a man of most popular traits, and commands great influence among his brethren. He is a leader in the church courts and assemblies, where he shines and sways the debate by ready sallies of wit and sudden flashes of eloquence. As a preacher, his reputation perhaps is not exceeded by any one in the Free or National Church, if it is by any one in Scotland.

There could not be a better testimonial of this than our experience gave us. We reached the church a quarter of an hour before the time of service, and then the crowd extended from the doorway far into the street. By the time of the first singing, we had worked our way into the entry and could look through a door into the audience-room. And just before the long prayer, after the struggling mass had made several ineffectual rushes, trampling on children, or stifling them, and carrying away the outworks of ladies' dresses, we were borne of more than four down into a side aisle almost to the pulpit. Here we stood an hour and a half, casting wistful glances now and then to the happy sinners who had got a pulpit stair or banister to lean against. This was no extraordinary occasion, though it is true Dr. Guthrie had recently returned from his summer vacation. But this crowd was to hear a pastor who had been preaching more than ten years in that very place.

Dr. Guthrie is of stalwart height and proportions. His limbs show athletic development, and his features are massive. His large head is crowned with long, streaming hair, and his fingers find frequent occasion to pitch it away from his great blue eyes and off from his wide moorland of forehead. He wears gown and bands. But the scholastic, silken folds cannot tame the wild, awkward energy of gesticulations of such a live Scotchman. His hands go above his head, or are flung sheer over the ledge of the pulpit cushion; and his long arms crook into angles of every degree, in essaying majestic sweeps. And when he sometimes towers forward and then sinks back upon his heels, with a vehement energy that fairly makes his knees give way, you instinctively looked to see if the pulpit is real oak or imitation.

The rich volume of sermons, entitled the "Gospel in Ezekiel," presents Dr. Guthrie's peculiar excellences and defects so admirably that little need be said. In noble, poetic diction, in affluence of vivid illustrations, in absolute, passionate enthusiasm for natural scenery, and the keenest appreciation of every delicate shade and shadow of beauty, in intuitive power of detecting, and the most copious and apt facility of describing natural scenes, he rivals Professor Wilson. He resembles him also, not only in this faculty and in his personal presence, but no less in that genial abandonment and wild luxuriance of style, so full fed and overburdened with picturesque adjectives and suggestive parentheses that you do not like to confess the well-rounded periods are bloated.

When Professor Wilson has us along we know that we are rambling, and do not take much thought of our bearings. Dr. Guthrie, with as rich a genius, we cannot help considering as a sermonizer, subject to ordinances of method. It is kind in him always to announce his text before he begins, so that when you find yourself caught away at the start, and sentence upon sentence of eloquent discourse ravishes your ear, of all which you see no possible bearing upon the pas-

sage, you live in hope to find a clew to guide you safely, by and by, to the daylight of the text.

He announced as his text, this afternoon, 2 Cor. v. 20: "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ," etc. His first sentence was, "There are tides in the ocean. There is a succession of waves breaking on the shore, and after a series of small waves, at regular intervals, a long, heavy swell rolls in and sends the foam far up the beach." And thus he gave a description of these movements of the sea, which a poetic naturalist would fall in love with. He then spoke of the same tides and succession of waves in the atmosphere, and described and partially explained them. And there are tides among men, in society, in nations, — seasons of prosperity and adversity. Such is pre-eminently true of the Jewish nation; and so he spoke of their being prospered, and forgetting God; being visited with afflictions, and brought back to him. And at these times, God saved them by raising up deliverers. Then he spoke of Israel as once brought into subjection to the King of Moab; passed to the whole narrative of Ehud and Eglon, giving the stabbing scene with wonderful dramatic skill. Thus God's ambassadors dealt then. Now I am an ambassador for Christ. I might come to guilty men, to threaten and to strike, etc. And so he approaches the fact and nature and object of the Gospel ambassador.

This introduction was fifteen minutes long, before I could see any likelihood of his naming or alluding to his text. It was certainly most eloquent, highly impassioned, a delightfully refreshing presentation of important truths. The remaining two thirds of the sermon were on the subject of the text. A great amount of Gospel truth was conveyed. The value of the sermon, however, seemed, to my profane criticism, to be in the side-matter and the episodes. He had no notes, and spoke with the fluency of an unfailing memory. His voice passed frequently and suddenly over all the changes of a wide scale. In his pathetic passages he made the sternest faces weep.

It is sometimes the case that one is not in the state to appreciate justly the strange idiosyncrasies of speakers. The dead fly in this pot of ointment to me was the wild extravagance of manner which would have seemed bombastic declamation in any but one known to be a modest, simple-hearted man; and the highly wrought, over-fanciful, cloud-careering style, with such a tangled luxuriance of poetic metaphors. There is no foreign preacher one would more like to hear again, for the hope of correcting a first single unfavorable impression.

DEATH IN THE BALL-ROOM.

SOME years ago there occurred in one of our New England villages, where I have long been intimately acquainted, one of those terrible scenes which at the time every one thought could never be forgotten. Those most intimately concerned in it were a party of gay young pleasure-seekers gathered in a ball-room. In the thoughtless throng there was one — a young man of respectable connections — who was more thoughtless than the rest, and who to giddy mirth did not hesitate to add awful profaneness. As the hours passed he became more and more excited and reckless, and impatient with what he thought or pretended to think a degree of sobriety in his companions quite unsuited to such an occasion, he loudly reproached them for their indifference to the festivities which they had assembled to enjoy. With a fearful oath he declared his own intention to be to "*raise hell before morning*," and so *more* than carry out the meaning of the familiar words of Byron, —

> "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
> No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Whether, in any sense, the young man *did* what he an-

nounced his purpose to do I cannot say, but for years I have not been able, without an involuntary shudder, to think of the sequel to his rash remark. Rushing into the giddy whirl like a man whom God, taking him at his own word, had allowed to go mad as a fit preliminary of his signal destruction, he suddenly fell dead by the side of his companions, *a corpse in a ball-room!* The effect was indescribable. *Others* could quote Byron then, —

> "Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
> Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
> And there were sudden partings."

For a considerable time the event seemed likely to prove very salutary in its influence over others. But the sad lesson was at length forgotten, and many of the youth so serious that night, again, like unthinking animals, whirled around and over the very spot where their companion had fallen. Such is the *theology* of those "who know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." This moment uttering oaths in the midst of men, the next singing praises in the immediate presence of God! Now with a brain on fire with spirituous liquor; anon with mind and heart attuned to the worship of the glorified! The still corpse in the ball-room; the blaspheming soul in the bosom of God! Such is the boasted *rational* religion.

PREPARATION NECESSARY.

ONE of the principal reasons why no more benefit is received from the ministrations of the Gospel and all the privileges of the Sabbath, is the want of a suitable preparation of heart and mind. The thoughts and impressions and the whole influence of the business cares and perplexities of the week are not thrown off. They are apt to be with us when we wake on Sabbath morning, and it is well if we wholly free ourselves before entering the sanctuary.

But there is a remedy. God has provided ways and means by which our attention may be turned from worldly cares; a pause made, — our attention arrested, — the currents of earthly affections, thoughts, and conversation interrupted. For a little season every day we may give our minds to heavenly meditations, and come under holier influences. Daily secret devotion not only prepares us to go forth upon the duties of the day and successfully meet temptation, but keeps heavenly things in mind, keeps our hearts open to the reception and influence of divine truth from day to day, and enables us to oppose and bar from our thoughts those influences which hinder the proper improvement of the Gospel.

The maintenance of family devotion has the same general bearing. Its good effects are felt by the members of the household, and they are aided in preparing their hearts for the reception of divine truth on the Sabbath.

Of the same character and value is the week-day social prayer-meeting. This makes another pause in the daily attention to business. Called away from our worldly cares, our thoughts are for a season directed to spiritual things. We meet fellow-disciples in the place of prayer and praise. We unite with them in acts of devotion. We receive and give impulses heavenward, and return refreshed and strengthened

for the rest of the week, and better prepared for the duties and privileges of the Sabbath.

If we devoutly and habitually observe these seasons, — secret devotion, family prayer, and the social prayer-meeting, — we may reasonably expect progress in all that belongs to a sound Christian character. Let one man pursue and the other neglect the course here spoken of, and at the end of years let their positions in the Christian life be compared, their progress be measured, their fruitfulness be estimated, the clearness of their understanding of divine things, the depth and tone of their piety, their steadfastness, their readiness in every good work, be compared, and we should see the value and weight of influence on the spiritual welfare of Christians of those seasons of prayer which God has provided for the daily enjoyment of his children. We know full well in which class we find the most devout and circumspect, fruitful and useful Christians, whether among the observers or the neglecters of those privileges we have mentioned. We all need these helps, — these pools of living water placed along our way, — that here, renewing our strength, we may "run and not be weary, walk and not faint."

"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."

I HELD a viol in my hand;
Like Jesse's son, before the king,
Striving to make each strand
With melody to ring,
Worthy my Master's ear,
If he would deign to hear.

Sudden there fell a heavy stroke
From him I fondly sought to please,
And into fragments broke
The fount of harmonies.

Sad, silent, and amazed,
Upon the wreck I gazed.

"Henceforth," my pale lips feebly said,
"Talk not to me of any joy;
My hands henceforth are dead
To all their loved employ:
My life has heard its doom,
Earth is to me a tomb."

The Master meekly stooped and smiled,
No mockery was in that smile,
But love for me, — poor child, —
Who bowed in grief the while.
He sought, with tenderest care,
The fragments scattered there.

He gently joined them into one;
He stretched again the throbbing strings;
And, when his toil was done,
Drew from their piercéd springs
Sounds that symphonious rung,
As if a seraph sung.

Entranced I heard the heavenly strain,
Then on my soul the message fell;
See thus, my child, that loss is gain,
The sweetest tone may dwell
Mute, till God's hand evoke
Praise from the heart he broke.

JESUS WEEPING.

TWICE Jesus wept, — once over Jerusalem, once at the grave of Lazarus.

In both instances the deep interior motive of his sorrow would seem to be his vivid consciousness of the unbelief that surrounded him: in the former case, because the inhabitants of the beloved city would not recognize him as their peace; in the latter, because even those who loved him, and who trusted him most, and understood him best, still believed — if at all — so imperfectly as almost to prevent them from seeing "the glory of God."

If unbelief made Jesus weep while he was on earth, it would almost seem as if it must make his eye sad and tearful now, as, out of heaven, he watches the progress of his cause, the conduct of those who are professedly his.

What sin so blights and chills the life of the Church, and thwarts all its wholesome activities, as this sin of unbelief? Why are not all the churches revived; all hearts quickened and glowing with the purest and highest spirituality; all minds always intent upon the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, as the first great, absorbing, controlling interest? Can any reason be given why Jesus is not now doing "many mighty works" everywhere, but that same old reason which made Nazareth a barren spot — "because of their unbelief"?

This unbelief — which has made Jesus weep, and, if heaven can endure tears, may make him weep again — is a personal matter; the stagnation of *individual* piety.

Reader, is any of it in your heart? Does it make your apprehension of spiritual things dull and dim, and your response to their appeals sluggish and partial? Then you make Jesus sad, if you do not make him weep. It is not what he expects of you. It is not what you promised to him, not what you owe to him. He loves you, died for you;

watches you, to see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied in your affectionate, consistent, faithful, useful life.

Render to him his own!

Do not stand in the way of sinners!

Do not freeze your own brother professors by your cold unconcern!

Do not make Jesus want to weep, as he compares your unbelieving actuality with what you might be, ought to be, have pledged yourself to become!

GIVING AS WE SPEND.

"AH, Mr. Jones!" exclaimed Deacon Lane, "you are just the man I wanted to see. I am collecting money to purchase our good neighbor Pike an overcoat. You know he has been sick a long time, and I suppose he is very destitute. *You* will subscribe something, of course"; and so saying, he passed Mr. Jones the subscription-paper.

"Should be glad to assist neighbor Pike, he is a worthy man; but the fact is, I have paid out so much for myself and family for clothing, this fall, that I am not able to give at present. Besides, the repairs on my house exceeded my calculations by a hundred dollars; and all these things together have made my purse lean. I think you will have to excuse me this time."

"I don't know about that," replied Deacon Lane. "The reason you offer for not giving is one of the reasons why *I* feel that it is my duty to give. I paid twenty-five dollars for a surtout for myself, and I said, 'Surely if I can do this for my own comfort, I ought to be willing to give a dollar, at least, for the comfort of my friend Pike.'"

"Well, that is a new rule of giving, I must confess," said Mr. Jones.

"Not so new as you may think," responded Deacon Lane. "Eighteen hundred years old, at least; which is not very new. I apprehend that this is the rule of the Gospel."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "Do I understand you to say, that if we spend much to clothe ourselves, we should, for that very reason, do something to clothe others?"

"Yes! that is what I mean."

"And does this hold good with regard to other things? Because I spend much for the comfort of my family, in rearing and furnishing a habitation, is this a reason why I should give to others?"

"That is my idea, exactly," replied Deacon Lane. "I see you are not a stupid man."

"So stupid, if you please, that I do not see the authority for such a rule," said Mr. Jones.

"That is not surprising," continued Deacon Lane. "Many people say just as you do, in substance, 'I have been at so much expense for my own comfort, that I cannot do anything for the comfort of others.' And I appeal to yourself, if that is not rather of a selfish practice."

Mr. Jones was on a new train of thought. He began to see clearly that duty lay where he never saw it before. His eyes spoke, while his tongue was silent. Deacon Lane perceived that the argument was taking hold, and he went on: "If people spend money according to their pecuniary ability, then they who spend much upon themselves ought to give much to benefit others. That is my doctrine. When I see a person having a splendid house, richly furnished, with a plenty of servants, yet unwilling to contribute, except in a parsimonious way, to objects of benevolence, I say he does not give as God requires. If he gave in proportion to his gratification of self, his contributions would be very large."

"Well, suppose a religious society should erect a costly house of worship," said Mr. Jones, "does your rule hold good? I mean where there is much outlay to attract the eye."

"Certainly," answered the Deacon. "If our society should relinquish our house of worship, worth ten thousand dollars, for the sake of a better one that cost twenty-five thousand, their contributions to benevolent causes ought to increase in the same proportion, provided they incur this additional expense for the sake of display or self-gratification. We should not be consistent without doing this. Doing less than this for God would be doing more for ourselves, in proportion, than we do for his honor, which is selfishness. If everybody should practise upon your principle, neighbor Pike would go coatless the coming winter."

Mr. Jones looked wiser than he did a few minutes before, and he said, "Perhaps you are right. Put down a dollar for me."

THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY.

THERE are two modes of dealing with those who hold with us substantially, but differ from us in some of the subordinates of dogmatic belief. The one method is to dispute them, to denounce them, to complicate them into falsehoods, drive them into heresies, hold them up to opprobrium, and break them off, if possible, from the body of the Church, or destroy their influence in it. On this principle, they must all say "shibboleth," and not "sibboleth," or we shall run them through the heart, if our arm is strong enough, or our theological spear is long enough. On this principle we shall hunt for heretics; our eye will be constantly roving along the ranks, and over the hosts of Christ's kingdom, and especially among the great captains of his army, to detect, if possible, some one not fully panoplied in orthodoxy,— some one who, according to his own deserts, and for a warning to all who vacillate, and the confirmation of the faithful, can be burned at the stake of a theological persecution. We

shall keep the Church in alarms, with the perpetual cry of "Wolves in the fold." We shall make every man jealous of his neighbor, and ready to suspect some enormity of false doctrine in every variation from current expression. If we see one casting out devils in Christ's name, we shall forbid him if he follows not us. In our efforts for the purity of the Church, we shall always be chipping off suspicious fragments, till few besides ourselves remain, as the alone defenders of a pure faith. As our opponents will not readily consent to their own excommunication, nor allow their orthodoxy and their influence to be held at discount, they will respond in self-defence, and to be equal to us, will hurl back our own fiery missiles of denunciation and abuse. Hard feelings, offensive personalities, violent language, unjust insinuations will follow, and the disciples of Christ will no longer be known by their love to one another.

It is at least a question, whether a different mode of dealing with the class under notice might not have considerable advantages. It is, to exercise towards them a charity which "vaunteth not itself," which "hopeth all things," and "believeth all things" good of them, — so far as a just regard for the right will possibly allow, — and to associate them with ourselves in earnest works for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. On this principle, though not blinded to obvious heresies, we shall not be watching for them. We shall never misrepresent another's opinions, and make no effort to intertwist and tangle up a brother's words, so as to involve him in inconsistencies or drive him to extremities. Holding alike firmly to great doctrines, we shall allow some minor questions to remain in abeyance, till, by co-operation in important enterprises, we have secured some great results for Christ. In other words, we shall spend our main strength, whether of objurgation or of oppugnancy, directly against the strongholds of Satan's empire. We shall fight the real enemies of our religion, instead of spending our energies in settling difficulties with its friends. Our policy will be to include as

many among the soldiery of Jesus as are willing to do battle with us for this cause, instead of endeavoring to make the number of his professed supporters so small, that there shall certainly be none but followers of our own straitest sect among them.

A FREEDMAN'S WEDDING.

WOULD you hear a description of a freedman's wedding? I have this evening returned from one, the circumstances of which were so peculiar, and withal so touching, that I cannot refrain from making a report of it before I sleep.

Richard Tucker has been known to me ever since our occupation of this State (North Carolina) as a leading and influential colored man in Newbern. He reads and writes a little, talks well, and is a person of character and standing. He is by trade a carpenter and undertaker, and is a devout class-leader in the St. Andrew's Methodist Church. To-night Richard participated, not in a funeral, but in a wedding; and it was on this wise.

Thirty years ago he, the slave of John Flanner, married Emeline, the slave of Raymond Castix, a colored clergyman officiating according to their own simple forms. They have lived together happily, frugally, honestly, heirs of the grace of God; and fifteen times has their union been blest with offspring. "How many children have you, Mrs. Tucker?" one of us asked her to-night. "I have eight head living, and seven head dead," was her reply. But Richard and Emeline were not satisfied with their slave marriage, and invited me to marry them according to the laws of liberty and the word of God. They knew that legal marriage between slaves was, by decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, impossible, and that, according to State law, they were living in adultery and their children in illegitimacy.

So to-night they stood together, at their own fireside, before the hymeneal altar, a few colored friends and several officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, and lady teachers from the North, being present and deeply interested spectators and guests. They took each the other by the hand, as their lawful and wedded mate; and tears of grateful joy streamed down their serious faces, while the sanctions of our holy religion were thrown around their union of thirty years' duration. Their household shrine is proudly rescued from the bondage of Egypt. They stand amid their children and friends in the quiet dignity of citizens who know their place, and do not ambitiously overstep it or basely stoop beneath it.

After exchange of pleasant congratulations, all sat down to a bountiful supper, and the past was recounted, the present enjoyed, and the future predicted. Castix, it appears, sold away from them seven of their children, and obtained for them upwards of $5,000. Richard at length persuaded his master, a kind man, to buy his wife and baby, which, with Richard's help he did, for $800. Richard paid his owner $15 per month for his time, and, in addition to this, fully supported himself and his family. (The negroes won't work, they say!) When, after the war, his old master came back fleeced by his friends, Richard lent him money, and did everything in his power to aid him in his destitution. (The negroes have no generosity, they say!) Richard has gathered his children back from bondage. The oldest keeps a flourishing store; and the younger ones can read and write so well, that the ebon patriarch takes off his spectacles and listens while they read the daily paper aloud; and at family devotions they read in the Testament, and he devoutly prays.

The wedding feast was followed with some characteristic songs. The refrain of one of them was in the words, —

> "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
> Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"

This is very popular among the freedmen of Newbern; and

they sing it splendidly. But the rarest one to me was "Wake, Nicodemus," of which I must quote the first stanza and the chorus: —

"Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
He was bought for a bagful of gold;
He was counted as part of the salt of the earth,
But he died years ago, very old.
'T was his last sad request, so we laid him away,
In the trunk of an old hollow tree;
'Wake me up,' was his charge, at the first break of day,
'Wake me up for the great Jubilee.'

CHORUS.

"There 's a good time coming, it 's almost here,
'T was long, long, long on the way;
Now run tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
To meet us at the gum-tree down by the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day."

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

EVERY parent should remember that his children are affected by his constantly moulding influence. Beware of the copy you set before them to imitate. Be sure they will mark line for line, shade for shade, blot for blot. Your conduct is their rule of life. Expect no more from your children than you are yourself. The stream rises no higher than the fountain. Far better suffer wrong; let another have the last word, or the last blow even, rather than that your children should photograph your life and character on their own, all disturbed and marred by passion and folly.

FELLOWSHIP.

O CHRIST of God! how teachest thou
The loss of self and all below,
The fellowship of pain to know!

The wine-press is but beaten blood,
Wrung, drop by drop, from feet that trod
Alone, where fell the scourge of God.

That fire and blood betoken love
Is hard to learn, and hourly prove:
We shall not question it above!

The tears from Holy Eyes that fell,
Which heap the waters of that well
Whose depth no human gauge may tell,

Must on our sinful hearts return,
Must on our scorching eyelids burn,
That we their bitterness may learn;

And that deep hunger of the heart,
The pain that gnaws with constant smart,
Till human love by death shall part:

And thirst, that all our utmost will
Is powerless yet to bid "be still";
The want an ocean could not fill;

And learn to bow before the scorn
Of petty hate and malice born,
While meekness on the brow be worn;

And naught but tender pity pale
The brow, where seraph-eyes would quail,
Beholding sin cast off the veil;

Our meekest love and mercy pour,
Where Higher Love hath gone before;
And wondering seraphim adore!

Each drop wrung out by pain to-day,
Refines the spirit from the clay;
Brings noontide clearness o'er the way.

The livid scars left here by fire,
Are steps to bring us from the mire;
Consuming, each, some low desire.

The discipline will grow more dear
As stain by stain shall disappear:
Perfecting love will banish fear.

When gates of pearl are backward rolled,
And sinless feet o'er streets of gold
Shall walk, through years that are untold;

When love divine shall satisfy
The thirst by which we daily die;
We shall not ask the reason why!

O Christ of God! thy passion's pain
We press to share: the sharpest strain
Hath wrought our everlasting gain!

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

THE recognized head of the British government is the king, or, as at present, the queen. The idea of royalty is associated in the minds of the masses in our own country with that of absolute power and of tyranny, yet practically the queen of England exercises but very little authority. She has but the shadow of power compared with the President of the United

States. She has emoluments. With many of the English people she is almost an idol. They seem greatly to enjoy having her, nominally, to rule over them; but she is an expensive luxury. The cost of the nation of supporting the royal family at the present time is enormous, about $3,000,000 a year. Every precaution is taken to guard the monarch against prejudicial assaults. Lest some disrespect should be shown the king, the members of Parliament are forbidden by law to mention his name in debate. The Ministry is held responsible for whatever the Crown may do. The king has, like our President, the veto power; but, unlike our President, the king does not think it prudent to use this power, — hence it has not been used in England since the time of William III. The Ministry represents the Crown; and while our President holds his office for four years, and we cannot have a change sooner than that if we would, the English may have a change in their Ministry almost any time.

A distinction is sometimes made between the Ministry and the Cabinet, but the Cabinet, as such, has, in fact, no legal existence. The Ministry consists of twenty-five persons leading officers of the government; but the Cabinet, so called, has but thirteen members. The latter are selected from the former as special advisers of the Crown. They derive their name from the historic incident that in the reign of Charles I. they were in the habit of holding their meetings in the *Cabinet* of the Queen Consort, Henrietta Maria. But this Cabinet council is not recognized by the law, and no record is kept of its doings.

The Ministry is the legal body of advisers, as is the President's Cabinet in our own country. The Prime Minister, or Premier, is the first Lord of the Treasury. The second post of honor is held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

When an important measure is brought forward by the Ministry, and the House of Commons rejects it, the Ministry resigns; and although the king or queen remains as before, there is an immediate change in the government; as was the

case recently when the Reform Bill was rejected. The House of Commons is presumed to represent the will of the nation, and hence it is allowed thus by its votes to change the Ministry. If, independently of any bill proposed by the Ministry, the House of Commons at any time passes a vote expressive of want of confidence in the Ministry, then the Ministry resign, or are dismissed by the Crown. Whenever there is a serious disagreement between the Commons and the Ministry, there must be a change in the government. If, however, the Crown thinks the House of Commons does not express the wish of the nation, he can, instead of dismissing the Ministry, dismiss the Parliament, and order a new election. If the old members are returned or re-elected, this proves that they represented the will of the people, and then the Ministry must be dismissed. If, however, new members are elected who are in sympathy with the Ministry, then the Ministry is retained, notwithstanding the votes of the old Parliament against it. Thus, at any time, if the Ministry does not suit the people who exercise the right of suffrage, the House of Commons, as the representatives of the people, will condemn the Ministry by its votes, and the people will secure an *immediate* change of government. If, however, the Ministry and the House of Commons are in sympathy, and both are in conflict with the wishes of the people, then the people can secure a change in both as soon as there is an election of a new Parliament. Hence there is far less stability in the Ministry, which represents the Crown, in England, than there is in our own government; at least there may be, and if there is not, it is because the majority of the voters desire no change.

Next to the Crown, comes the House of Lords. The power of creating peers is lodged with the Crown, and its exercise is intrusted solely to his discretion. The House of Lords consists at present of about four hundred and fifty members. All bills affecting the peerage must originate in the House of Lords, and cannot be altered by the House of Commons, —

but in ordinary matters of legislation, the Lords do not oppose the measures adopted by the House of Commons, especially when such measures are carried in the Commons by a strong majority. Unless the bill is one which will seriously affect the fundamental institutions of the government, the House of Lords, although they have the power to negative the action of the House of Commons, do not regard it prudent to exercise that power. Hence in general legislation, practically the Upper House exerts but little influence. But the House of Peers acts not only in a legislative, but also in a judicial capacity, and is the supreme judicial court of the nation, — and in its peculiar sphere must be regarded as a power. The twenty-eight temporal peers sent by Ireland are chosen for life. The sixteen sent by Scotland are elected for each Parliament by the nobility of that country. The Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and twenty-four bishops, constitute the spiritual peerage of England. Four spiritual peers from Ireland alternate with each other at successive sessions. The remaining members of the House of Lords are English temporal peers. Thus constituted, this House thoroughly represents the aristocracy of the kingdom.

The House of Commons is the popular branch of the government. It originated in the year 1295. It has at present a little over six hundred and fifty members. About fifty of these are from Scotland, somewhat over one hundred from Ireland, and the remainder from England and Wales. A few over two hundred and fifty are sent by counties, and about four hundred represent towns and universities. The theory of the government is that this House represents the whole population. The knights, or the members chosen by the freeholders of the counties, are alleged to represent the agricultural interests, while the citizens and burgesses, or the members sent by towns, are said to represent the interests of trade. But the poor have no one to represent them, and the people generally, at the present time, are far from admitting the correctness of the above theory of the government. The

House of Commons, although the most popular branch of the government, in fact represents only a small portion of the nation.

As the members of Parliament receive no pay for their services, no one but a man of large fortune can afford to accept of the office ; and, at present, with the prevailing practice of bribery, it is necessary sometimes to expend a handsome fortune in securing a seat. Many of the members belong to the nobility. To accommodate those who reside in or near London, and who have business which must be attended to, the House does not ordinarily meet until four o'clock in the afternoon, and continues its sessions until late in the night. Of the bills which excite any general interest, it is said that there is not one in a hundred which is passed until after midnight. The House of Commons, although less dignified than the House of Lords, is more alive. It furnishes the chief arena of British eloquence, — and the liberties taken in debate are hardly less than those which prevail in our own House of Representatives. The habits of the House of Commons seem to an American peculiar. The Speaker and the clerks still keep up the custom of wearing an old-fashioned gray wig. The room in which the House holds its sessions is oblong. There is an open space in the centre nearly the whole length of the room. The Speaker's desk is at one end of this open space, and on both sides there are rows of very long seats. As the Ministry of the Crown are selected from the members of Parliament, and many of them from the House of Commons, those members of the Ministry who belong to the Commons always sit on the forward seat nearest the Speaker on his right hand. The members generally sit with their hats on. When one rises to speak, or when he changes his seat, he must take his hat off. Thus should a member move a few feet to speak to another member, or for any reason leave his own seat without taking off his hat, he would at once be called to order, — but it is all right for him to wear his hat so long as he sits still.

The popular interest of the nation centres in the House of Commons. Here is the nation's power, — so true is this as to call forth from Mr. Roebuck, in 1858, the exclamation, "The Crown! it is the House of Commons!"

USEFULNESS OF FAULTFINDERS.

IN a certain town in Massachusetts there was a man, several years since, who seemed to be a bold leader of all opposition to religion, and always ready to publish abroad any delinquencies which might be discovered in any professor of religion. At length he made up his mind to remove from the place to another part of the country. Meeting the pastor of the Congregational Church one day, he said, after passing the usual salutation, —

"Well, I suppose you know that I am going to leave town soon, and *you* will probably be glad of it."

"Glad of it? Why, no," said the minister; "you are one of our most useful men, and I think I shall hardly know how to spare you."

Taken aback, somewhat, by such a reply, he immediately asked, "How is that?"

"Why," rejoined the minister, "there can't be a sheep that gets a foot out of this fold, but what you will always bark from one end of the town to the other. I think you have really been one of the most useful watch-dogs that I ever knew."

The remaining conversation we will not repeat; but there seemed to be an idea too good to be lost, in reference to the *usefulness* of some wicked men, who are always disposed to find fault with the Church. They may often exert some restraining influence and do good in that way, when they do not intend to. David recognized this kind of usefulness,

when he said, "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me." (Ps. xxxix. 1.) If the Lord has bid them curse, why should they not finish their work? The reward of such a kind of usefulness may, indeed, differ from that of those who really love to honor God in what they do; but *that* God will surely see to in the end, so that no injustice shall be done them.

Reflection. More than one kind of watch-dogs may be very useful; and though they may be liable to occasional *madness*, yet their bite is seldom fatal to any but themselves. Kind treatment may sometimes quiet them for a season, but the very sight or hearing of a straying sheep is quite sure to make them active again in their useful work. Pity that they could not have *reason* to use for their own good, as well as *instinct*, that must be spent alone for the good of others.

HONOR FOR THIEVES.

TEMPORA *mutantur*, *et nos mutamur in illis*, ("Times are changed, and we are changed with them,") is an old proverb, but a true one.

> "Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
> Tenets with books, and principles with times."

"Honor *among* thieves" has long been a common saying, but honor *for* thieves is the modern rendering. There now seems to be a point where vice rises into the scale of virtue, where swindling becomes a shrewd business transaction, and rascality honorable. But just where stealing ceases to be stealing, and is recognized as evidence of shrewdness, is not as yet clearly defined. There can be no doubt that a miserable fellow who picks your pocket of ten dollars has committed a great offence, and should be dealt with rigorously, pun-

ished to the very extent of the law; nor is there any doubt, on the other hand, that he who swindles government or corporations of thousands or millions of dollars is looked upon as a remarkably smart man, and although, in deference to a little sense of justice still lingering in some minds, he may be restrained in his personal liberty for a short time, he is not generally regarded as a villain, and erelong reappears in society and is petted and honored as he never would have been had he remained stupidly honest or honestly stupid.

A graduated scale runs from the petty larceny to the gigantic fraud, and somewhere on this scale robbery ceases to be sin and becomes a business transaction. But the precise line of distinction is like the vanishing point in a picture, or like the horizon at sea, — it is *somewhere*, but not exactly discernible; and, therefore, if a man is inclined to be a thief, his proper course, according to the present standard of honor, is to be sure and make his theft large enough to carry him up to a safe position beyond all possible doubt, and where he is certain to receive that deference which is due to his great skill and success.

Robbery thus becomes a question, not of how little, but how much; for danger lurks in the former, and security and a fortune in the latter. This is not the day for small things; for why should a man steal an editor's or a minister's pocket-book and go to jail, when he can retire on an ample fortune, secure from all molestation, by stealing a hundred thousand dollars? Human nature is not quite so short-sighted, and therefore it is that we hear every few days of swindlings and robberies which astound us by their magnitude. Then follows compounding with felony, "arrangements" with the rogues, public admiration of the brilliancy of the affair, and minute descriptions of the iniquitous details, which make a hero of the robber just in proportion as they show his skill in crime; and if the guilty party by some mistake gets inside instead of keeping outside of prison walls, sympathy is immediately roused, petitions from men high in social and business and

official circles pour in upon the Executive, either that the unfortunate man shall be released, or at any rate not be compelled to associate or be put to menial labor with those vulgar men who were silly enough to commit insignificant instead of magnificent crimes, for it is manifestly unjust that the accomplished villain who robs upon a large scale should be put upon a level with the cowardly man whose trembling soul did not dare great things. At last, when once more free, the finished rascal is received with open arms by the mercantile community, and holds his head as high, at least, as any of his fellows.

This picture is not overdrawn. It would be easy to specify instances sustaining all that has been said. Mercantile honor is not what it once was. The standard is sadly lowered, if not, indeed, in many cases, wholly lost sight of. We have seen it stated that strict integrity is not an indispensable qualification for admission to our Boards of Trade, or our Chambers of Commerce. These names were once guaranties for the character of their members, but it can hardly be said so now. There is rottenness somewhere in our business circles. Shrewdness or business tact are words that cover what we once called dishonesty, and *success* in accumulating property by whatever means seems to be the grand touchstone to which everything is applied.

The very fact that stock gamblings and bogus companies of all sorts are not only countenanced, but oftentimes originated and carried on by men claiming to be honorable in their dealings, shows that the moral element is sadly lacking in the business community. We heard a broker remark a few days ago, that it was next to impossible to transact his business on a basis of rigid integrity toward both buyer and seller, and we fear that the number of those in business circles who would shrink from a public exposure of all their dealings is fearfully large. The theory that "all things are honorable in trade" is practically adopted by many whom we little suspect, and we fear that many who profess the Christian name do not carry

the principles of the Bible into their counting-rooms. There are those always ready to declaim against mixing religion with politics or mercantile affairs; but is there not need of it? Is it not time for sober thought and action, when our code of business morals will not stand the test of our church morals? when we feel compelled to separate our religion from our daily vocations, lest it, too, become contaminated and lose its identity? Is it not time to cease being honest *only* when it is the "best policy," to cease from that practical honoring of rogues which our consciences condemn, but which our code of business morals too often allows, and to carry enough of religion into our daily transactions to save community from moral rottenness?

"WE ESTEEMED HIM NOT."

WE were showing to a very little boy a picture of "the child Jesus in the Temple with the doctors," and were saying that they did not know that he was the Christ. He replied: "But why did n't they know him? He has n't got his *shine*, has he? They 'd know him if he had his *shine*."

Ah yes, that was the true reason. When the Son of God came to earth he laid his glory by. He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. Long beforehand the prophet had described him as being without form or comeliness, with no beauty that we should desire him, as a root out of a dry ground. He left "his shine" behind, and so people wondered, not knowing who he was. He spoke wonderful words, and did mighty deeds, and thus gave hints of his rightful glory, which were in strong contrast with his humility and poverty; but only once were men permitted to see his

glory. That once was on the mount of transfiguration, when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." But at all other times, to the human eye, he seemed to be a child among children, or a man among men.

Many painters have thrown a radiance around the head of Jesus, suggested by their ideas of his glory, but not authorized by any Scriptural account of his appearance. We can but admire their works as works of art, and yet we need to guard ourselves and our children against the thought that there was any such "shine" upon our Saviour's face when he lay in the manger, or wept over Jerusalem, or suffered on the cross.

TWO DYING BOYS.

SAID the Rev. N. McLeod of Scotland, "The other day, I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who, during three years' sickness, had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a singular enlightenment of the Spirit. I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him, and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes, — he could not move, it was the night before he died, — and breathed into my ear these few words, "I am strong in Him." The words were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek and quiet and affectionate mother: and these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart; they seemed to make the world more

beautiful than it ever was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth. May you, sir, and I, and every one else, be strong in him!"

It is now almost five years since the sufferings of this dear boy ended, — since he entered that painless world where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick," but where all are "strong in him." Many times, in the interval, has a vision of that death-scene passed before us; many times has it brought to painful consciousness the weakness of our own faith, in contrast with the strength of that patient little sufferer; but many times has it made us "strong in Him" whose strength was thus made perfect in weakness, and who enabled that dying child to breathe forth, though but in whisper, those last strong words of faith and hope. These words have been wafted to these Western shores; they have been repeated on the islands of the sea; they have doubtless been spoken in languages of which that dear boy had never heard. We would not detain them from their blessed mission of strength to the weak, of patience to the suffering, and of hope to the dying. Nay! rather will we again intrust them to the winds of heaven, and speed them on in their errand of peace and joy, — to visit yet other shores, to speak in yet other tongues, and to enable yet many departing souls to feel, if not to whisper, "I am strong in Him!"

The scene changes from an obscure chamber in Glasgow to the still more secluded wigwam on our Western border. Again the minister of Jesus is present to cheer a dying boy, as he looks down into the dark valley, and timidly reaches forth his hand to grasp the staff of the good Shepherd. The little Testament, which his kind teacher had taught him both to read and to love, lies by his side. With an earnestness which cannot be denied, but with a reach of purpose which his teacher cannot fathom, the meek child of the forest makes one last request, — "When you lay me in my coffin, I want you to place my little Testament at the side of my head, and bury it with me." When asked why he desired

this, he replied, "In the resurrection, when so many shall appear before the Saviour, I am afraid he will not notice me. I will take my little Testament in my hand, and hold it up, and when he sees that, I am sure he will receive me."

We love to think of this meek and lowly child. We love to follow him through the river of death, and along the farther shore, until he stands before the gates of the celestial city. He bears in his hand a passport, on which the watchful sentinel at the pearly gate needs not to write his name, for it hath already on it a name which is above every other. It is the same passport which was sealed by John at Patmos, and which alone has admitted, to the New Jerusalem, every one of its blood-bought and ransomed inhabitants. He moves forward towards the burning throne, all unconscious of inferiority of age or race or present rank; all unmindful of former doubts and fears and conflicts; wrapt in the vision of glory which surrounds him; filled with a fulness of joy which his tender thoughts had never conceived; and joining already, without waiting to be taught the strain, and with a sweetness which no practised cherub can surpass, in the new song which is sung in heaven. Standing, at length, before Him who sitteth on the throne, and laying his passport at his feet, he feels a gentler than a mother's hand laid upon his head, and hears a voice, sweeter than that of his earthly teacher, saying to him, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Dear boy! you, too, are now safe in the tender Shepherd's arms. We would take up the passport which you have laid down. We would bear it with us through all the wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, until we, too, are guided safely home to the loved fold, where there shall be one flock and one Shepherd.

THE BITTER CUP.

"Father, remove this cup."

THOUGH in his stress of human grief
An angel bore him up,
My Lord loved not the gall to taste,
Nor seized the draught with vaunting haste,
But cried, while yearning for relief,
"Father, remove this cup!"

Not with a stoic's stony pride,
Veiled by a seraph's wings,
The Christ looked through the Garden's gloom,
Upon the thorns, the cross, the tomb,
But faintly turned his head aside,
With human shudderings.

When sin's red vintage must outflow,
His cruel drink to be,
With no defiant step he trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God,
But meekly prayed, to shun the woe,
"Remove this cup from me."

And may not I, when from the cloud
That darkly folds me up,
The heavy drops of grief distil,
And life's deep chalice overfill,
Cry out, afraid, and not too proud, —
"Father, remove this cup!"

Why need my lips the gall embrace,
Nor shrink with pale dismay,
It is enough, that I as he,
The servant of his Lord should be,
And I may plead with God's sweet grace, —
"Let this cup pass away."

Yet while I sue, like my dear Lord,
Some bitter cup to shun,
Like him the murmur I must fold,
In high resolve, and purpose bold,
And copy still his loftier word, —
"Yet not my will be done."

His fainting flesh and faltering speech,
May not my patterns be,
While these alone I wrongly learn,
And from the true example turn,
Which my weak words may never reach, —
"Remove this cup from me."

This plea be mine, — and only then, —
When from these lips of clay
Can break the Master's after-tone,
Yet "not my will, but thine, be done,"
And joyful suffering hush the strain,
"Let this cup pass away."

PENDANTS AND PILLARS.

CONVERSING a few days since with a friend, respecting a church that had lost several valuable members by death, and expressing some fears for their prosperity, he replied, "Their loss is more than made up in young ——. He has piety and good sense, and is very active and useful in the church."

All understand that much more was conveyed by this statement respecting the individual in question, than the simple fact that he had made a profession of religion. He had not only entered the church, but he had carried his manhood with him. Many a young man fails to take *all of himself* into the church. That which can plan, and execute, and suf-

fer is left without. If you would learn his true power, you must see him when employed in secular affairs. Then he is a lion; terrified by no enemy, disheartened by no opposition, shrinking from no self-denial. If you would learn his weakness, follow him to the labors demanded by his Christian profession. There you will see timidity, irresolution, and, along the plainest path of duty, a halting step, that contrasts most painfully with what you witnessed before. But this young man in this church was *all* sanctified and set apart to the service of God. His energy, his reliability, his power of accomplishment as a man of business, showed themselves in the church in the performance of the duties which his profession enjoined upon him there.

The risks of life follow us everywhere. While destitute of religious principle, the young man is in constant peril. Indulged appetites and passions, or that more seemly friendship of the world which is enmity with God, watch for his soul. If, hopefully escaping from these, he enters the Church, his highest growth may be impeded, and his promise of usefulness prove delusive. We look with delight upon the beautiful blossoms of spring, but it is a delight chastened by the conviction that few of them will fulfil the fair promise they make. The frost will chill. The storm will blight. The worm will gnaw away their life. And few will bring forth fruit unto perfection. So have we looked, at some communion scene, upon the throng that have come forth to profess their faith in Christ. There was youth. There was talent. There was energy of character. It was inspiring to think of the good that might be performed, of the attainments made, of the treasures laid up for a better world by that fair company that were just then putting on their armor. But the saddening reflection, suggested by experience, would occur to us that this bright promise would not be fulfilled; that the forest and the field, with their disfigured, dwarfed, and dying forms of vegetable life, "are emblems true" of the Church; that here, as respects the highest usefulness, failure is the rule and success the exception.

In almost every church there are those who are prompt at the call of duty, ready to assume responsibility, to perform the labors and bear the burdens that their profession imposes. These are the body-guard of the church, — the men that meet its emergencies and sustain its interests. It is not extravagant to say that the number of such is, relatively to the whole, very small, in most of our churches, while in some they hardly exist. The great mass must be "watched and tended." They are unsightly *pendants*, not *pillars*, — either of strength or beauty, — in their church.

When the intelligence that some one professor of religion is active and useful produces a feeling akin to surprise, it is plain that we greatly need that dispensation of the Spirit which shall secure to the Church the resources that are rightfully hers; that shall not only plant new trees in the courts of the Lord, but render those that are already there fair and flourishing. An entire consecration to God, such as the Scriptures enjoin and true piety approves, of all now in the Church, would be felt to the ends of the earth. Then would Zion arise and shine, "her light being come, and the glory of the Lord being risen upon her."

LUKE SHORT.

"Can a man be born when he is old?"

LUKE SHORT was born in Dartmouth, England, about the year 1630, and lived there till he was sixteen years old. At a later period, he came to this country, and settled in Marblehead, where he led a seafaring life. Later still, he removed to Middleborough, Massachusetts, where he spent the remainder of his days. At one hundred years of age, he worked on his farm, and his mental faculties were but little

impaired. He remembered to have seen Oliver Cromwell, and to have been present when Charles I. was beheaded in January, 1649.

He was sitting one day in his field at this advanced age, calling to mind, as aged people are wont to do, the scenes of his early life, when memory recalled the fact of his having heard the celebrated John Flavel preach on the text, 1 Cor. xvi. 22, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." Mr. Flavel explained these words somewhat in the following manner, "Let him be cursed with a grievous curse, let him be devoted to utter destruction when the Lord shall come to judgment." Mr. Short recollected much of the sermon; and also that Mr. Flavel, when he came to dismiss the people, said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is anathema maranatha"?

The impression on the assembly was exceedingly solemn, and one person, a baronet, was so overcome by intense feeling that he fell to the floor. These reminiscences now passed in solemn review before the mind of Luke Short; and, through the infinite grace of God, led to his saving conversion. He joined the First Church in Middleborough, May 22, 1731. Rev. Peter Thacher, who admitted him, and who records the transaction, says, "I suppose him near one hundred years old." He gave pleasing evidence of piety until his death, which occurred in 1746, at the age of one hundred and sixteen. Here, certainly, is a striking instance of the indestructibility of impressions once made on the mind. Impenitent sinner! all the solemn warnings you have ever heard, though you may have forgotten them for the present, will sooner or later come to mind, perhaps to your everlasting sorrow.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

I AM elevated about eighteen feet from the ground, and command an almost perfect view of the accursed den. I am in the valley formed by the little brook that runs directly across the enclosure, nearly bisecting it. This brook is not, as has been said, a slow, sluggish stream, but a ripple is clearly discernible, glinting in the sunlight until it disappears in the stockade on the other side. The water falls six feet in crossing the prison grounds. Hills arise on both sides of this stream, that on the north side much more precipitous than the one on the south. The former is now much washed and gullied by storms, but formerly it was literally honeycombed by caves in which the prisoners lived, or rather wretchedly stayed. Some of these caves now remain, and are objects of intense interest, and it will repay us to go in and examine them minutely. You must crawl in on hands and knees, and be reverent as you go, for many plucky hearts and weary frames have gone before you. When you get in, you can scarcely sit erect, but look around, and you will find that a workman has been there. The red clay can be cut into any shape, and does not easily crumble. There is a bench formed by cutting away the earth above, the corners as square now as when the work was completed. There is a little fireplace carved elegantly out of the solid clay, the jambs and mantel yet entire, the cunning, square chimney, cut through up to daylight, — there it is, without a flake having fallen from its sides; and the ornamental top above the surface is there entire, with its little black hole, making one think that a little volcano had been in action. Then looking a little farther you will see where the poor prisoner scooped with an unfaltering hand his bed out of the cold, damp clay. There he slept and dreamed of home; there, perhaps, he died. But let us take

a look on the other side of the brook. Here the color of the earth is light yellow. There are no caves except one that is found sunk under one of the large sheds used for the sick who were not taken to the hospital. This cave was dug in the level ground about three feet deep, with chimney and fireplace as in the others. We lighted some straw in the fireplace, which illuminated the interior and burned with a great roar, so powerful was the draft. Here are hundreds of huts, made of mud and sticks, the weeds and grass growing over them.

Let us enter one of them. The side walls are about one foot in height, laid up most beautifully with laths split from the pine. A cornice is made of the same material, the lath running in an opposite direction from that in the wall. On this cornice the rafters are laid, running up with a very sharp pitch and meeting about four and a half feet above the ground. The rafters are covered with the same kind of lath about half-way up, when thatching begins, evidently from want of material.

In the midst of these huts there is what they called a ward, which consists of posts planted in the ground, covered with a shingle roof. Of such sheds there were eleven within the stockade. Each would contain about one hundred and twenty-five men, and one plate and drinking-cup was furnished by the "Confederacy" for the whole. Some objects of interest can be seen in walking about among these huts. Here are the remains of an old shoe, tied up with strings to keep it together, another is fastened with wire. I kick over a bruised and battered piece of sheet-iron tied up into shape by strips of cotton cloth, and am about to ask what it is, when I discover that it is a drinking-cup. And scattered all about are tiny staves, some of them only two inches long, some much longer. These were once parts of a drinking-vessel, curiously made with a penknife.

The stories of horror, materials for which are supplied by the history of this place, will be read with a shudder so long

as American history shall be known. The shocking crimes against humanity were, like all crimes, so unnecessary that they are without a single apology. The prison was situated in a region of country teeming with abundant supplies, as yet not wasted by the ravages of war; near a dense pine forest, from which, had our men been permitted, they would in one week's time have covered the whole enclosure, but from the insatiate malice of the enemy they were compelled to shiver in the storms, and scorch under the rays of the midsummer sun. Entering these gates seemed like going alive into one's grave.

The inner stockade is an immensely strong thing, the logs rising eighteen feet above the ground. Then all around the top arose at every few rods the sentry-roof, where a blood-thirsty wretch watched, too glad to have an opportunity to shoot a man if he but crossed the dead-line with his hand! Twenty rods behind this stockade rose another equally strong, and two rods in the rear of this another was in process of erection, which opened into nine different forts, all nearly completed, rendering escape impossible. The grounds lie in two slopes, and one earthwork with two or three guns, and a fort with five or six, were so arranged that they could sweep every foot of the interior of the stockade. But there was another battery of a more frightful character, — a battery that opened twenty mouths on the prisoners, — the slave-hunting bloodhounds! This was a real institution, consisting of three log buildings about a hundred rods from the stockade, one house for the dogs, one for the keepers and drivers, and one for the horses. It was the business of the keepers to make the circuit of the stockade with the pack of hounds every morning to detect the track of any prisoner who might have escaped. These dogs actually tore the flesh of our men, and I have seen one who was tracked to his hiding-place by them. This caps the climax both to the strength and diabolism of this prison.

In view of all this, what was the dark and bloody philosophy on which this prison was founded? What the reason for such

inhuman treatment? It was not necessary to the perfect security of the prisoners, neither was the Confederate cause advanced thereby, at home or abroad. The philosophy is simply this: it was an outcropping of the system of American slavery. When I left those dreary gates, through which so many American citizens have gone to die, I uttered these fearful words to my companion, which, on reflection, I want to put on record. Pointing back to the stockade, I said, "That is the damnedest fact of this age, — a hieroglyph on the walls of hell appearing in time; and posterity will decipher it with a shudder." It is the last grand spasm of the demon Slavery, as he shakes his gory locks at liberty, order, and law, and then sinks into outer darkness. If the above words skirt the borders of profanity, please let the unconscious type utter them on my responsibility, for profanity here becomes the utterance of sober truth.

GONE! — SO SUDDENLY!

IT was between six and seven in the afternoon when I reached the house. D—— was very sick. He was a young man "of wonderful strong constitution," the father said. The doctor had told them, "There 's nothing alarming in the case." They all thought so. I had a glimpse of him as he opened the door, and called for his sister, a girl of marked excellence, — his only sister. There are only three of them, — two brothers and this sister. He was in the field with the horses three days ago, and has not taken off his clothes only nights. I 'm some afraid of *diphtheria*. So we just spoke through the door. I felt uneasy at the tone and symptoms.

An hour after the physician came again, — saw "no cause for alarm," — left him. In a little time poor D—— could not

endure the agony for breath, — called for ice, — sprang up, — went through the door to a room where his father sat, and in convulsive anguish strove for breath until blood flowed. The strong, noble father (he is six feet and more, and heart as big in proportion) embraced him to help him, drew him to a lounge in the room, and while holding him in his arms, D—— gasped, "*Ice, ice!*" The head fell back; he was — dead!

The clock had struck nine and a half. The house was still. Nobody was in it, by chance, but the father, mother, the brother and sister, and the dead son. They were stupefied with horror, and laying him at length on the seat, they sat down, speechless, tearless, motionless! and gazed, and gazed, they say, an hour; — not a word, not a tear from one of them. Neighbors at length came in — took up the body. Tears and cries filled the house.

I 've just been again. Such a house of mourning is seldom seen. D—— was the rising hope of the family, fine in form, brilliant in gifts; a master of the city-side of the business; almost an idol in the family; and *gone so suddenly!* O, putting all together, did I ever see *such* a morning?

Was he a Christian? If you have read so far, you are sure to ask that question. He never thought he was. None claimed it for him. Alas! the brilliant gayety of the young manhood had no tinge of the blood from the cross on it! "No hope, — without God in the world!"

Young reader, I have written this for you. Put your soul in that soul's place, and say, does heaven or hell await you? Stop, young man! young woman! ponder. Hearken at your own heart. Dying in your working suit, — in the arms which meant just to support you, — say, are you ready? "*Gone so suddenly!*"

GOD'S ANGER.

IT is not that impatient, stormy, passionate wrath which men indulge; but something calm, self-poised, tender, yet unerring and fearful. Have you ever been in a court of justice when a kind-hearted judge was in the act of pronouncing a fatal sentence upon an offender? If so, your attention was perhaps arrested by perceiving his deep and subdued emotion. You heard his address to the criminal, and were surprised on discovering his voice sometimes growing husky, his hands trembling, and his eyes suffused with tears. You listened to his words, and were deeply moved to hear him say that it was inexpressibly painful to him to consign a fellow-man to death; that he would freely give all he possessed could the deed of wrong be undone, and, were it right, he would hasten to solicit a pardon for the guilty man; yet that far deeper than his pity was his love of right; that he could not allow his sympathies to disturb the tranquil decision of justice, and must, though weeping, utter the words of doom.

If you have seen this, you have felt that justice in man is not a mere passion, which exists only by subduing every gentle and kind emotion, but rather that it is something more central and vital than any passion; itself peaceful, yet having power to touch the finest sensibilities, and assemble in its train all the tenderest emotions of the soul. Not unlike this is the justice of God. It does not stifle his compassion, and create a reign of pitiless severity in his breast; it rather quickens the play of all compassionate feelings, and utters its decisive voice in accents of sympathy, as did the Saviour when he beheld the city and wept over it, even while he condemned it.

How hopeless will be the sinner's escape from such "anger"! The judgment of an enraged being would be less certain and awful.

OUR BABY.

WHEN the pansies' purple buds
Opened in the early spring,
And all Nature from her sleep
Woke 'mid songs and blossoming,
Baby opened her soft eyes,
Bluer than the April skies.

Purest depths of feeling stirred
For the helpless little thing,
Sent us from the Father's hand,
Such a wealth of joy to bring;
By her coming, filling up
To the brim life's sweetest cup.

Peeping through the cradle bars,
With her gentle eyes of blue,
Answering back each fond caress,
With a low and dove-like coo,
Daily golden cords of love
Close around our hearts she wove.

But the cradle 's empty now,
We shall turn there for the light,
Nevermore, of soft bright eyes;
Ne'er again the pillows white
Will be pressed by that dear head:
Baby has another bed.

Withered flowers and grassy turf
Cover close the form so fair:
O, how bitter were our grief!
If our gaze but rested there.
If what memory could recall,
And that little grave, were all!

Now, as when he walked on earth,
Jesus bids the children come.
Many, listening to the call,
Have gone up to his bright home.
Safely in that upper fold,
Is the lamb of *our* flock told.

Saviour, in this chastening hand
Let us love and mercy see,
By it, draw our wounded hearts
Near, and nearer unto thee,
So, when free from earthly stain,
Baby shall be ours again.

THE PLEASURES AND BENEFITS OF TRAVEL.

THERE is no more profitable expenditure for any man than that which is made, occasionally, at least, for the purpose of seeing his own country, and, if his resources will admit, of visiting other lands.

The *pleasures* of travel are among the purest and most delightful that we experience. We see the varied wonders and beauties of nature, and our tastes thus become elevated and refined, and our minds are impressed with the evidences everywhere afforded of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator.

If we travel into foreign climes, we are surprised with the difference between the habits and appearance of the people there and those of our own country; while we are pleased with the displays we see of enterprise, wealth, and magnificence. We are delighted to visit spots which are hallowed by the touch of genius on the part of the poet and the novelist, or by recollections of the illustrious men and women who once dwelt there, and whose memory still lingers around the vicinage.

But there is no satisfaction greater than that which is felt when we look upon objects hoary with antiquity, and stand in places associated with great historic events, which carry us far back into the past as we call to mind the scenes enacted there, and strive to reproduce in our imagination the actors in those scenes. One of our most gifted writers has said: "The pyramid in its sandy vale, the Parthenon, the Acropolis, the Colosseum, the Tiber, flowing so quietly, while the decrepit mistress of the world slumbers amid the relics of departed greatness, touch new sources of feeling and contemplation."

Nor are the pleasures of travel to be exhausted while we are traversing foreign lands. There is a perennial source of satisfaction in the retrospection of what we have seen and heard and felt. "Travelling," says Mrs. Farrar, in her "Recollections of a Lifetime," "is one of the few pleasures of this world that does not 'perish in the using.' Southey said, 'It is more delightful *to have travelled* than to travel,' and I think he is right. The most prosperous journeys have their anxieties and disappointments, and sight-seeing is so fatiguing as sometimes to destroy all enjoyment. But in the retrospect all that was unpleasant is forgotten, and we only live over the most delightful part of our experiences."

"GOD IS LOVE."

ANNA G—— died at the age of thirty-two. At twenty-two she publicly professed her faith in Christ, and united with the Church. The goodness of God led her to repentance. Then she was laid in the furnace, — by the inscrutable providence of God appointed to suffer. Twelve wearisome years of invalid life were hers. More than eight years she lingered on within the walls of a sick-room, and most of the time unable to leave her couch. Severe were

her sufferings; yet in all the dwelling no room was more cheerful than hers. Everything was just right. She welcomed whatever her friends did, as the best that could be done, and so it was never a task, but always a delight, to take care of her.

The writer has never seen, and never expects to see again, such patience, cheerfulness, fortitude, unfaltering trust, as throughout this sickness. So serene and sweet was the experience, such heavenly joy and fellowship were vouchsafed, and so clearly could this sufferer read her title "to mansions in the skies," that she desired her pastor, when she was dead, to preach a funeral discourse from these words, "God is love." Wearisome days and nights were appointed, yet her song of daytime and of night was, "God is love." It pleased her Heavenly Father to strengthen her Christian hopes and remove all clouds from her mind. She was a remarkable example and illustration of sustaining grace. The world needs such examples. They are a power. Probably no one ever left the chamber where lay this daughter of adversity — as the world would say — without a silent testimony for Christ and his religion.

Our friend has only gone from one apartment of our Father's house to another. She is released from suffering and reigns in glory. Her voice to survivors is, "Come, come up hither." Through faith and patience, she now inherits the promises. On golden characters she reads the mysteries of Providence, and perceives why it is if we would reign with Christ, we must *first suffer*. Her serene life, her peaceful death, were a fulfilment of the Divine promise, "My grace is sufficient."

MISS DAFFODIL.

"O MY eyes!" said Clo.

Now Clo's eyes *were* worth looking at just then; they were very blue, and very round, and very wide open; moreover, there were two bright dancing lights in them, that played hide-and-seek with her long lashes. But then, you see, that was n't what she meant at all.

She was standing on the very edge of a chair, on the very tips of her toes, with both her hands put up on the closet shelf, half her curls, and half her face, as far as her little round nose, raised above it, so that she could just peep in. To be sure, the edge of the shelf did jam and flatten the nose, so as to be decidedly unbecoming, but she did n't care for that.

For upon the shelf stood a little arm-chair covered with dark-blue velvet, and in the chair sat a doll as large as a good-sized baby. And *such* a doll! Its hands and arms were of flesh-colored kid, and looked so much like real hands and arms that Clo always insisted upon it she could n't tell them from her own, unless she tried pinching. Its face was made of the prettiest and pinkest of wax, with two exceedingly red cheeks, and two very black eyes, that opened and shut according to orders. Its hair was long, and could be arranged after every passing fashion. Just now it was crimped into two very peaky, perky, wide-awake little rolls on the top of the head, with a bunch of tiny yellow flowers between. She was in full dress for a party, and wore a cream-colored silk that trailed as much as half a yard behind,—I mean a doll's half-yard. Altogether, she looked about as much like some bright, golden, spring flower, picked by mistake, as it was possible for a young lady of her size and abilities to look. That was the way she came to be named Daffodil.

Now, of all subjects of earthly happiness or ambition, Clo thought Miss Daffodil held the pinnacle. She also thought it a very mysterious arrangement of Providence, that her mother forbade her to touch the doll without leave. It was a discipline she could not understand, and to which she had never become fully resigned.

Therefore, on this particular afternoon, when her mother had gone out to walk, and left her alone, the hollow pleasures of her picture-books and paint-box were soon exhausted; the attractions of the new blocks and the tin soldiers served only to prove that there was an aching void in her heart, and she gave herself up to the melancholy occupation of meditating upon her affliction.

"O, I never! *don't* she look splendid?" she sighed, clutching tight hold of the shelf, to keep from falling.

"O dear! her undersleeve's gone and come unbuttoned, and I'd oughter fix it, I know I had."

By dint of great exertion, she managed to get her chin up high enough just to rest on the edge of the shelf, and then she put out one hand to fasten the undersleeve.

"It's only one little button, and mother says I must keep all my doll's clothes in order; she did, of course she did. She said so, one, two, three yesterdays ago."

So Clo fastened the little button, and strangled herself holding on by her chin, meanwhile.

"Now, if I only *could* take her just on the floor a little minute, and we'd play house, — how nice I'd amuse me. Mother said I must amuse me till she came back."

Her eyes grew rounder, and bluer, and larger, and she began to feel of the soft silk of Daffodil's dress. Her little fat hand looked like some pretty pink spider walking all over the flounces and trimming.

"O my! O, suz me!"

Clo kept on looking and looking, and the longer she looked, the more she wanted the doll.

"Mother lets me have her lots of times; she allers gives

me to her, — no, — I mean she goes and gives her to me, when I 've got a headache. I do guess I 've got one now, — a awful one." She put her hand up to her forehead, and felt all over it.

" Yes, I knew it did. It just aches like everything, and it 's goin' to make me cry by and by, if I don't have somethin' to play with."

Then she began to cough, and choked a little, and then she groaned with the funniest little groan. It was more like the noise a kitten makes when somebody treads on its tail than anything else.

" I 'm gettin' worser and worser, — I guess I 'll have to have the doctor. May be I 'll be lyin' dead on the carpet when mother comes home — *would n't* she cry, though? I do think I 'll have to take Daffodil to make me well. Nobody don't see me, and nobody won't never know, and I 'll just be all over it, and just as — just as well as ever when mother comes. I think she 'd oughter be real glad."

So Clo took hold of Miss Daffodil's throat, and began very slowly to pull her out of the chair. But all of a sudden she stopped, let the doll fall back into her seat, and began to look all round the room, — up to the ceiling, and down to the floor, and behind all the chairs. Then her face began to grow very red.

" I should n't wonder a mite if He was ! " she said, aloud.

You see she had a thought just then — a little quiet thought, that came into her heart before she knew it — about God.

" May be he 's right in the room, and he 's been lookin' at me all the time. I don't guess he 'd like it a single bit, if I went and took Daffodil."

She waited a minute, looking very hard at the doll, then around the room, then at the doll again. Then she turned away her face, and shut her eyes very tight, to shut out all sight of Miss Daffodil's silk dress and flowers, and so climbed down from the drawers, and shut the closet door.

"There!" she said, giving it a little bang, "you 're a hateful, horrid door, and I wish I had n't never opened you."

When her mother came in, about fifteen minutes after, she found Clo was engineer to a long train of cars, built out of the nursery-chairs, and looking as happy as could be.

"Clo," she said, "have you been a good little girl?"

"Yes, *mum!*" said Clo, talking very fast. "I 've been just as — O, just as good as anything! I thought I was goin' to be naughty once though, and then I thought I guessed I would n't."

Her mother said she was very glad, and went to hang up her bonnet.

"Mother," said Clo, presently, giving the bell of her locomotive a furious ring, — "mother, what do people in Boston, and Europe, and Asia, and all those places do for a heaven?"

"O, they have a heaven just as much as we do, Clo."

"O, well, I suppose their heaven is just hitched on to ours, then."

"No," said her mother, biting her lips, "it 's all one heaven. God is everywhere, you know."

"Clear in the closet, on the shelf?" asked Clo.

"He is everywhere, all at once," said her mother. "He could see into the closet."

"Well," said Clo, winking very hard, "I thought so; and it scart me so all to once this afternoon. I was goin' to do the awfullest thing — O, you don't know! I was — I was goin' to — I was — "

Here Clo stopped to have a little coughing fit, and then began again.

"I was going to take Daffodil down. I got her clear out of the chair, and then I thought may be He was lookin' right down from heaven, — right smash down, — and I put her straight back, and shut my eyes tight, and runned away."

Clo's mother stooped down, and gave her two or three

kisses, and said something that made the little girl very happy,—something about being very much pleased with her, and about God's being pleased, too.

Awhile after, she went into the closet, and brought out the doll. So Clo and Miss Daffodil played house till supper-time.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

THERE are some tendencies in the custom of preaching from the manuscript alone which limit very generally the effectiveness of the pulpit. One of these is a tendency to sameness. The clergyman who preaches written sermons altogether is very apt to cast them all in the same mould. Many, it is true, resist successfully this tendency; but still the tendency exists, and the majority more or less yield to it.

Another tendency is to the adoption of the essay style, that is, a style fitted for matter which is to be read, and not heard. Of written sermons those are best adapted to their purpose which are composed as if the preacher while writing had his audience in imagination before him. This can seldom be effected if the writer never speaks extemporaneously to his people. Doing this in the lecture-room is but a partial corrective of the evil. The preacher must speak from his pulpit a part of the time, if he would make his written sermons have, in full, the character of speaking sermons. The pulpit of the church and the desk of the lecture-room are far from being the same in the preacher's mind or in the minds of his hearers, but are different stand-points in his relations to his people.

Another tendency is, to degeneracy in the character of preaching, or, at least, to the hindrance of growth. Those who write all their sermons write too much to do it as well as they should in justice to themselves and to their people. This

writing just so much matter weekly, — this writing by the yard, as one may term it, — is a drudgery that in most cases inevitably enfeebles and dulls the mind. "His ordinary sermons do not show his real power," was said to me of one of the most commanding minds in the clerical profession in this country. The explanation is found in the quantity that he writes so rapidly from week to week for his pulpit, in addition to his other labors to which he is called, from the prominent and wide influence that he exerts upon the public mind. I am clear in the opinion, — and I am sure that any one who has had any extended experience in composition will agree with me, — that clergymen generally cannot write more than one sermon every fortnight, without either breaking down more or less in health, or failing to improve in sermonizing, or, perhaps, even degenerating. It is only extraordinary mental power that can enable one to avoid either one or the other of these results.

Another tendency is to the separation of the preacher from the modes of thinking and the sympathies of his hearers. This comes in two ways, — there is too much of looking out upon men from the study; and the amount of writing to be done interferes with the parochial duties which bring the pastor into near and practical fellowship with his people. This isolation tends to bring into his preaching too much of either the technicalities of theology, or those unpractical speculations which more suit the study than the throng and bustle of every-day life.

All these tendencies may be obviated by a judicious and faithful use of extemporaneous preaching. I say judicious and faithful, for if there be carelessness, neglect of due preparation, too frequent use, or a too large reliance upon extemporaneous powers, there will be failure. Half of the sermon should be written. If this be the plan, the preacher will not speak as if he spoke always, or write as if he wrote always. The two classes of effort will affect each other, — the written giving definiteness, con-

ciseness, and system, the extemporaneous giving life, freeness, and adaptation to the actual present needs of the audience; the written furnishing the scholarly element, the extemporaneous the practical; the written supplying both mind and heart with the deep riches of truth, the extemporaneous gathering the resources of imagination, and of thought inspired and elevated by a living sympathy. This mutual influence will always be on the increase, so that from year to year the two modes of sermonizing will become more and more assimilated.

That the plan which I advocate should be universally adopted, I do not claim. The elderly clergyman, whose habits have been long fixed, cannot be expected to change them; he would probably fail, if he attempted it. But the plan is a feasible one for all young clergymen, unless it be some few, who from original constitution, coupled with defective education, are incapable of any extemporaneous effort. It cannot, however, succeed fully, until there is a different mode of training in our theological seminaries. The student should be taught how to speak as thoroughly as how to write.

A REFORM-SCHOOL SCENE.

THE long lines had been signalled to enter their sleeping-cells, and stood, exposing each a hand through the grated door, while the watchmen rapidly turned the bolts. At last all was still, excepting the necessary movements of scores of retiring boys, the tread of the inspector on the corridor, and the voice of one sobbing child. "*That boy must be still*," rang through the vast hall in the stern voice of the superintendent. But he was not stilled. It was the chaplain's privilege to seek out and comfort the little stranger. He had "slept with his brother the night before, in the room next to

his parents." His "sister played with him yesterday." He was "kissed by a mother's lip," last night. O, how his young heart sank now. Alone! A grated door! An iron bedstead! No table! No chair! No *friend!* He had thrown himself upon his bed as I entered, and I took his *hot* hand in mine. It was not hard and rough like the hands of most of his future companions. His soft hair was evidently *used* to lying upon his forehead in glossy ringlets as I saw it now. After being soothed with kind words and a seat upon my knee, he asked, —

"Please, sir, will you let me go *home?* I will never steal *again*. Indeed, sir, I will not — *ever*. Can I go, sir? *Can* I?"

He had slipped down upon his feet, his tears ran like water, and he evidently hoped to hear me tell him, "Yes." That stern command, "Let the noise in the third corridor cease," could not hush his earnest alto voice to a whisper. He pleaded to see his mother.

"She will forgive me, sir. *May* I not see her? Oh, sir, I *will* do right after this."

Let the curtain drop here. It was but one of numbers of such scenes. And now that years of active life have intervened, such tender pleas still follow dreams of the day, as well as of the night, and whisper, "Pray for those lonely, misled, but not yet ruined boys."

LENGTH OF LIFE.

WHAT an amazing lifetime was that of the patriarchal fathers of the human race! Our minds reel around the very conception of such a hoary age. Century after century passed over them, and beheld them still in the prime of their enduring manhood. It almost seems as if nothing could waste the lusty vigor of such a prodigious vitality. Of those

ten lives whose monuments are set in that early record, — the *tenth*, reared rather on this side the dividing waters of the flood, — three reached or exceeded the age of nine hundred and fifty years, four just entered upon their tenth century, one attained within five years of that century's birth, one just failed to complete his eighth century, and one left earth in his early youth, — not dying, but translated, his years matching the days of our year, one year for each day. The single life of Adam would overspan just thirty-one generations of the modern life of humanity, counting thirty years to each generation. Reckoning the world since man was created to be not yet six thousand years old, the life of our first father prolonged itself through nearly one sixth of earth's present age. Six lives like that of Methuselah would have reached almost the dawn of this latest century of time touching the boyhood of some of us who yet linger here.

To help us conceive the breadth of one of these ancient lives, let us suppose that Noah, the second father of men, had just been borne to his grave at the noon of our century, and trace back his biography of nine and a half hundred years to see what lines of human history it would cross. He was born, then, just as Alfred the Great, of England, died. In his early boyhood, Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, fell beneath the battle-axe of the Norman conqueror. He is still young when Peter the Hermit preaches the first crusade. His youth has not yet passed when English Wickliffe arises, — the morning star of the Reformation. His manhood nears its meridian when the art of printing is discovered. The bark of the Genoese touches the shores of a new world before that manhood wanes, and the night of the Middle Ages pales before his eyes in the breaking day of religious reform and the revival of letters, while yet those eyes have suffered no dimness of age. In his autumnal years the feet of the Pilgrims press New England's storied rock, and the Puritan cause reigns in England, guarded by stern Oliver and his Ironsides. Peter the Great's imperial apprenticeship in Holland, the battles of Blenheim and

Pultowa and Culloden, the old French and Indian wars of our colonial story, the drama of our own Revolution, the meteoric career of him after whose name only France has again run mad, — these are with the dying patriarch events of yesterday. History, of course, was not so eventful in Noah's times as in the period over which we have thrown so brief a glance. But what changes in the strange annals of the multiplying and wide-spreading race, — the world drowned and repeopled from his own loins, — saw those eyes that watched the course of time for so near a thousand years.

Enter now some rural graveyard of our day, and read what the silent marble keeps on its white, lettered pages, "Died, an 'infant of days.'" — "Departed this life before the fifth, the eighth, the twelfth summer, the child of two fond parents." — "Called in the flower of youth, a young man, a young maiden, — not yet a score!" — "In the midst of his usefulness and activity, fallen a pillar of the Church or State, — a man of forty winters!" — "Drooped beneath the infirmities of age, a mother in Israel of threescore and ten, a PATRIARCH of *fourscore!*" And so the inscriptions vary. And almost before the turf is settled on the graves of one generation, the fresh-broken mold shows where the next are sleeping by their fathers' side. What an amazing contrast with that old-world record; a youth of seventeen with young Enoch of three hundred and sixty-five; a patriarch of ninety-five, with an original patriarch of nine hundred and fifty! And when the press hands about from daily to daily an instance of extraordinary longevity, — the obituary of some hardy old veteran, who struggled forward with staff and crutch to the farther bound of a hundred years, — what is it more than as the fleeting childhood of one of those elder worthies? If good old Jacob, at the age of a hundred and thirty years, could say to the monarch of Egypt, "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage compared with the days of the years of my fathers," how befitting is such language to our lips, who must repeat after Moses,

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away."

NEW HAMPSHIRE FEMALE CENT INSTITUTION.

THIS institution had its origin in the late excellent Mrs. Elizabeth McFarland, wife of Rev. Asa McFarland, D. D., many years pastor of the First Congregational Church in Concord. She was a native of Boston. Her father's house was the rendezvous of clergymen at anniversaries of the old Massachusetts "artillery election." At home on such an occasion, in 1805, she heard the ministerial guests conversing on methods of raising funds in aid of benevolent objects, among others that of societies whose members should contribute at the rate of one cent per week. Pleased with the thought, Mrs. McFarland felt that something might be done in this way to aid the New Hampshire Missionary Society, then only some four years old. On returning to Concord, she named the matter to some of her Christian sisters, and a society was formed, consisting of females, on the principle of each member's contributing at the rate of one cent a week.

The receipts of the society the first year were five dollars, indicating that the membership did not exceed ten persons. The next year cent societies were formed in some of the neighboring towns. The receipts that year from the several societies were $34.23. The existence of these few societies becoming known, like societies were organized in still other towns, in different parts of the State, and the third year the receipts were $129.02. New societies were formed from year to year with almost constantly increasing income. The aggregate receipts in 1816, the twelfth year, were $1,546.72. In 1850, they rose to $1,891.48.

From the organization of the first cent society in 1805, in Concord, during a period of fifty-six years, the total receipts from the several cent societies in the State have been $55,883.88. The present number of these societies is a little short of one hundred, all of which are embodied in a general society under the title of "The Female Cent Institution," auxiliary to the New Hampshire Missionary Society. There is no annual meeting of the institution; indeed, I do not know that any such meetings were ever holden by the general society. The cent societies of the several towns hold anniversaries. The vital bond of union between them is the Annual Report of the Treasurer, its only officer. A copy of this Report is designed to be sent to every member of all the cent societies throughout the State, from which all see at once what the whole have done through the year, and in this silent way provoke one another to good works.

A striking peculiarity of these female cent societies is that they are, in a great measure, *self-sustaining*. Many of them, with almost no influence out of their own circle, have lived vigorously and efficiently for more than half a century. Of the 20,200 members of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in New Hampshire, 13,801 are females, of whom some 3,500 are members of cent societies, giving at the rate of one cent per week.

Were all the female members of the Congregational churches in the land to contribute one cent per week annually to the cause of Home Missions, what incalculable good would result!

A WINTER SUNRISE.

ALL through the long, dark winter night
The snow was falling soft and light,
While weary eyelids gently slept,
Save those that patient vigil kept,
Or those that pressed the couch of pain,
Seeking the blessed boon in vain.
While the wild pulse of life was still,
The snow-elf did his work at will,
And through the dark and silent night,
Unheeded, wrought his robe of white.

The Sabbath morning's dawning ray
Revealed the landscape. Calm it lay
As folded wings of seraphim.
Above upon the horizon's brim,
A belt of amber shed its light
On field and hillside spotless white,
And glowed behind the bordering screen
Of a dark wood of evergreen.

Lovely amid that Sabbath scene,
So pure, so breathlessly serene,
Like heaven in brightness and repose,
The church in simple beauty rose.
Upon its roof a snowy crown
Resting like fleece of lightest down,
The smooth white slopes around it spreading,
The sky behind its glory shedding,
It seemed in saintly grace to stand
Betwixt earth and the better land.

Now in the east the brightness grew
More bright, till sudden bursting through,
The full orb flashes, — tapering spire,
Hill, field, and village catch the fire,

And rays on snowy crystals gleaming,
Glance back with myriad lustres streaming,
As if were suddenly revealed
The wealth in India's depths concealed.
I bowed my head before the might
Of Him whose fiat brought the light;
Who spreads the darkness, works his will
In the smooth snow-flake, soft and still.
O Lord of life and beauty! we
Here but thy glory's *shadow* see.
Earth 's but the hiding of thy power,
With all its wealth of summer dower,
And autumn pomp, and winter's snow, —
What then must be its unveiled glow?
Let seraphs tell, who evermore
Cover their faces to adore.
Ah, thus do they, with covered face,
Pure spirits, bow? Where is our place,
Unholy, but the dust, when we
Dare to approach thy majesty?

NEW ENGLAND HOMES IN KOORDISTAN.

TAKING a new route to Persia, for the sake of visiting the missionary station at this place, I found myself here, November 1st, (1862,) on the head-waters of the Tigris, among the rugged mountains of Koordistan. Hardly anything could be more romantic than the situation of this town, which hangs picturesquely along the slopes of two parallel mountain ranges, divided by a small tributary of the Tigris. It contains thirty thousand inhabitants, one third of whom are Armenians, and a majority of the rest Koords, with a sprinkling of Jews, and a few Jacobite Christians.

But the point that struck me the most forcibly at this place is the marvellous contrast of the *missionary homes* here

to everything around them. Just outside of the town I was met by Mr. Knapp and Mr. Burbank, who had notice of my coming, and I was by them conducted to the house of the former, through many a narrow and crooked lane. All dusty and weary as I was, from my long, rapid, and hard journey, on which my nights had been passed (as my Armenian host in one instance very graphically stated the case) "with fleas beneath, and mice above, and cows, calves, and buffaloes around me," to be ushered, in that plight, and from such antecedents, into the presence of Mrs. Knapp and Mrs. Burbank, was a transition that utterly defies description. The ladies looked like angels, without the use of a figure, and the clean and comfortable room, like a fairy mansion. Never was I before more forcibly impressed with the power of New England women to create oases in the desert, and almost out of nothing.

And what was the dwelling which presented such charms to my eye, not then, to be sure, in the most fastidious mood? A common structure of the country, built of huge blocks of rotten sandstone that abounds in the mountains. Glass windows had been introduced into this structure, — the first ever seen in Bitlis. Hardly anything else had been changed. A few articles of the plainest furniture, most of them manufactured by natives, under the guiding hand of Mr. Knapp, who is a *Yankee*, were so arranged and disposed by Mrs. Knapp, — a real "Ophelia" from Vermont in this matter, though without any acute angles, — that the whole presented the charms I have mentioned. When dinner came, that too was thoroughly New England in style, and never have I enjoyed a more neat and comfortable, though perfectly plain table.

Now think of Mrs. Knapp suddenly transferred from the post of a greatly respected teacher in the beautiful village of Castleton, Vt., to these wilds of Koordistan. The accomplishments that adorned her station there are by no means wasted here. They only shine the more brightly and conspicuously,

and to far greater advantage, amid these wild and rude surroundings.

I hope I shall not seem too *material* in my tastes, in dwelling on this feature of the missionary cause. Though not the *most* important, it is also not the least so.

THE FIRST DEATH-BED.

MARY was about nineteen, a lovely and pleasant girl, full of youthful buoyancy, and fond of gayety, yet meaning nothing but her own enjoyment. Serious thoughts of things unseen had frequently knocked at her heart for consideration, but her worldly inclinations had always been deaf to their admission. Once, indeed, they had gained a temporary entrance; but, as she told me afterwards, her gay companions proved too strong an influence to be resisted. She lived like thousands of other youth of her age, quieting a now and then complaining conscience with promises of future attention to its demands, which she could never find time to fulfil.

At length she was taken suddenly with a hemorrhage from the lungs, induced by a cold, which prostrated her at once upon her bed. I was called to visit her, and expressed my fears as to her recovery, and the pressing importance of her attending immediately to her long-neglected duty to her Saviour, while her strength was equal to the work. But it was without any apparent impression. She was buoyed up by a hope of recovery, which a loving family were unwilling should be dissipated.

A few days passed without any apparent improvement in her health, or marked interest in her mind. In about two weeks her pastor was suddenly sent for. It was Sabbath evening, and near the close of a prayer-meeting which he was

attending. The messenger came up to the pulpit and whispered, "Mary is failing and is asking continually to see you." As soon as the meeting closed I issued forth to pay the painful visit. The night was dark and the air was full of falling snow. The ride was long and dreary, and passed over in an almost silence with a sobered driver. We were met at the door by a weeping mother; who could only say, "Mary is calling for you all the time, to pray with her." I speedily entered the room, and saw, in a glance at the bed, that the invisible messenger was there before me.

The father, her two brothers, and a sister were weeping around the fire in suppressed silence. Mary, flushed with fever, and with arms flung in distress over her head, was moaning to herself, "I can't die now! I can't die now!"

Her face turned quickly at my entrance, and she exclaimed with eagerness, "O, pray for me, I cannot die!" During the prayer she subsided into a calm, and at its close remained quiet with closed eyes, in evident anxious thought.

I withdrew silently to the afflicted group around the fire, and ventured a few whispered inquiries respecting her state of mind. Shortly she opened her eyes, and, missing me from her side, called me back again. Supposing that some particular request weighed upon her, I inquired what she wished. "Pray for me again," was her instant reply. I endeavored to point her to the Saviour, graciously waiting to hear her own heart call upon him, and ready to deliver her even at this eleventh hour of her short life; but I could not succeed in directing her disturbed soul to the only Deliverer in death's distressing hour. I moved again to withdraw, but she could not have us out of her sight. She stretched out her now cold fingers, and placed them in my hand, and begged me piteously not to leave her. I sat by her side and watched the slow approach of death.

It was now nearly midnight of a dark, stormy, winter night. The icy branches of the large elms above the house creaked in the screaming blast, and it was certainly to me a most

solemn hour, by the bedside of that young dying girl, clinging to her pastor as a last earthly hope, while shrinking in agony from the dark unseen into which she must shortly step. I never understood the "fearful looking for of judgment" before.

At length the last struggle came on. One more exhortation to cast herself upon the tender mercies of Him who loved sinners so much as to pass through death himself to save them. But to every entreaty, she replied, —

"I have tried to, but he won't help me! He won't help me!"

At the last moment, I bent my head down close to her ear and asked if she was still conscious. She gave a sensible pressure to my fingers in reply. I asked her, if she could yet trust her soul to the Redeemer, to repeat the same signal. But no pressure came! "She died and left no sign." This was my first personal observation of dying, and it haunts the memory still, after many years.

Who of the young is willing to pass through *this* door into the dark domains of death? They that say to the Holy Spirit, "Go thy way for this time!" Do you?

TESTIMONY OF THE STARS.

NEARLY a half-century has passed away since Dr. Chalmers preached his celebrated astronomical discourses. It was, we believe, the first attempt worthy of the name, on the part of the Christian ministry, to show that science, instead of being the supporter of infidelity, is the handmaid of religion, and that astronomy gives infallible testimony to the truths of divine revelation. Since the publication of those discourses there have been great discoveries. Conclusions which were then based on probabilities have become certainties, and hypothesis, which then was deemed possible, has been proved to be improbable. Stars which then were fixed

are found to be in motion. Faint films of light which were like luminous clouds, changeless in space, have, before the penetrating telescopic eyes of these later years, become immense systems of suns and starry spheres. Throughout the unfathomable depths, new evidences have been revealed of the existence of a God of wisdom, power, majesty, eternity, goodness, and glory. Now, to the human mind, as never before, do the "heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament show his handiwork." The discoveries have been so rapid, that literally "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

If the Church is the conservator of truth, she has been, in the past, also, the conservator of error. When Columbus, in 1486, met the learned doctors of the Church in the Convent of St. Stephen in Salamanca, to propound his theory of reaching the Indians by sailing west, they spread out before him the chart of the Geographer Cosmos, who, taking the Bible for his authority, and attaching literal interpretations to figurative language, had represented the heavens as spread like a "tent above the earth," as spoken of by the Psalmist. The earth was a body of land surrounded by oceans. It was not round, but a plane. In the North, or beyond the Caspian Sea, was an immense mountain, around which the sun revolved, and which, by intercepting the sun, brought on night. The great navigator was met by citations from Moses, Job, David, Christ, and the Apostles. Ridicule was used by the learned bishops. "Is any one so foolish," said they, "as to believe that there are antipodes where men walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down? Where it rains, hails, and snows upward, and where trees grow with their branches downwards?"

One hundred and fifty years later, in 1633, the Holy Inquisition met in the Convent of Minerva at Rome. Before the assembled prelates and cardinals stood Galileo, the philosopher of Florence. He was old and gray-headed. He had made a telescope, — the first the world had ever

seen, — a poor affair, not equal to those on board a Down East fishing-schooner. He had looked through it at the sun, moon, and stars, and, seeing new phenomena, proclaimed to the world that the earth moved. That was a heresy. It was contrary to the Bible, to their own sense of sight. He was laid upon the rack; from the rack he passed to the dungeon, and, after a short respite, from the dungeon to the grave. John Winthrop was then Governor of Massachusetts; not so very long ago as might seem. It comes almost down to our own times.

At that time, in one of the Lincolnshire cottages in England, there was a pale, sickly child, who, as he advanced in boyhood, whittled out water-mills and mouse-machines, or tread-mills for the little cheese-thieves, in which the caged animals trotted all day to reach a bit of toasted cheese within an inch of their noses. As he grew to manhood, he read the writings of the pious Kepler, who, when entering upon a study of the motions of the heavenly bodies, after praying that God would guide him, rose from his knees and wrote in his diary, "I believe that God works by fixed laws, laws that may be expressed in numerical terms," and who was led, through all the darkness of the past ages, through prejudice, through scientific and theologic error, into the clear light of truth, to show to the world that there are no contradictions in the works of the Creator of all things, but that throughout the celestial spheres there is harmony.

Isaac Newton read the laws of nature as laid down by Kepler, — that planets move in elliptical or oval orbits around the sun, — that a line extended from the sun to any planet will, as it is carried forward by the planet, sweep over equal areas in equal portions of time, — that the planets are a harmonious brotherhood, moving in regular motion. "Why," he asked, "does nature have such laws? Why are the orbits of planets ellipses instead of circles? Why do they move with accelerated motion when approaching the sun? What is the fixed law which regulates the clockwork of the sky?"

Theology gave one short answer to all these questions, — that God governs. But Newton believed, with Kepler, that God works by laws which are as unalterable as his own immutable character, — laws which in the kingdom of nature may be expressed in numerical numbers. He saw the rain-drops fall, the apples, or whatever was left free to move. What power sent a stone, dropped from a tower, downward with a velocity increasing in proportion to the square of the distance through which it fell? What retarded it in the same measure when tossed upward into the air? If all matter was free to move, why did not the sun, moon, and planets rush together? The earth was round, but in England, America, and China apples dropped to the ground. Why? It was all a mystery.

Kepler had devoted seventeen years of study to the subject before he declared to the world that God worked in nature by law, and, in like manner, after seventeen years of study, Isaac Newton made known to the world that God kept the planets in their courses by making every particle of matter in the universe attract every other particle with a force proportioned to the quantity of matter in each, and decreasing as the squares of the distances which separated the particles increase.

The last step was taken, the last discovery necessary for explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies was made, and the human intellect was commissioned to go out from this little speck of a world, to sweep from orb to orb, measuring and weighing them, travelling in advance their paths, beholding them as they will be ages hence, going back over the past, beholding them as they have been from the primeval morning, questioning them in regard to the future, if they are destined to dash the universe to atoms, and crush out all the celestial wheel-work of the great eternity clock, — sweeping from the little orb lying close up to the sun, out to that far-off sentinel on the outer aisle of the solar fields, keeping ward and watch in slow and solemn marches down the pathway of ages!

This last grand discovery was made when our grandfathers were alive, — when the grandfathers of those of us who are in the prime of life were children. It was in 1680. Cotton Mather was just entering upon his great career, and Boston was the largest town in America. The short and hasty years of two generations of men only lie between us and Sir Isaac Newton.

The heavenly fields are wide, and they are filled with innumerable starry flowers, which demand our admiration of their beauties, and which also demand our adoration of Him who set them on high so bright and fair. The subject is enlarging, ennobling, and elevating, and, at the same time, humiliating. It is calculated to exalt the Creator, and to abase the creature. Modern science has illuminated the world. By the light of the stars we read the Bible understandingly. Blazing suns and revolving systems shine from the amazing depths of space, and there we behold infinity, — eternity.

LITTLE WILLIE.

THE name brings before me visions of his blue eyes and golden hair, of his rosy cheeks where dimples loved to linger, and the ruby lips that so often used to say, "Tecer, are I a dood boy to-day?" But best of all were the gentle words and winning smiles that made him such a sunbeam in our little school. His heart seemed overflowing with love and sympathy for every one. I remember how he came to me one day, after a regiment of soldiers had marched past the school-house, bringing a strip of a buffalo-robe covered with long hair, which he had found beside the road; and as he held it up he said, pityingly, —

"Do thee; thomebody losth their whithkers."

One afternoon I told the primer class, of which he was a

member, how Christ took little children in his arms and blessed them, and I taught them the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That afternoon, after school was excused, as I was locking my desk, Willie stole softly back. Climbing upon the desk, he put his arms around my neck and kissed me, saying, —

"I love oo, tecer."

"What is love, Willie?" I asked.

He thought a moment, then replied, earnestly, —

"It 's what makes us dood to folks." After a little pause, he added, "Tecer, who is Kwist that b'est 'ittle children?"

Before I could reply, there came a knock on the door. I opened it, and a little girl handed me a billet, saying timidly, —

"Mrs. Hamlin supposed it had been sent before."

It contained an urgent invitation for me to spend the afternoon with a friend. I knew that Willie was the child of irreligious parents, and that I ought to encourage this his first seeking after divine truth, but the tempter whispered, to-morrow will do as well, and I yielded to the voice. To-morrow! how many broken hopes, how many duties unfulfilled, come from too firm a reliance on its deceitful promises!

But the next day Willie's place was vacant. I missed the bright face and ringing laugh of my little pet, and after school had closed, I directed my steps toward his father's house. On my way I met his sister. Taking my hand, she said, hurriedly, —

"O teacher, won't you come right down to our house? Willie is so sick, and he don't know any of us."

In a few minutes I stood by the bedside of the little sufferer. He was tossing to and fro with restless pain, and they told me that scarlet fever was drying up the fountains of that young life.

As I entered the room, he said, softly, "Who is Kwist that b'est 'ittle children?" Sitting beside him, I told him

then the sweet story of the cross. But reason was dethroned, and when I ceased speaking, he said, with pleading earnestness, —

"Pleath tell me who is Kwist that b'est 'ittle children?"

"Will you pray for us?" asked the father.

It was all he could say, for his heart was full. Kneeling there, I prayed that God would spare our darling if it was his will, and if not, that he would comfort the hearts of his parents in their great sorrow, and make me more faithful to the little flock committed to my charge.

When we arose, a convulsion came over Willie, and the little form writhed in agony. It was but for a moment, then he lay still with closed eyes and clasped hands. Silently we watched beside him, till the ticking of the old clock that stood in one corner seemed like a sombre interlude, weaving the moments of suspense together. An hour passed on. Then there was another convulsion. It was longer and harder than the last. At its close he lay pale and exhausted. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and his lips unclosed. There was a strange, agonizing earnestness in his voice as he pleaded, —

"Pleath tell me who is Kwist that b'est 'ittle children: oh! *pleath* tell me who is Kwist that b'est 'ittle children!"

"Pray for him, *for him*," sobbed the father, and I prayed then as I had never done before, that Christ would reveal himself to that dying child.

God heard the prayer; for as we watched him, an exultant look glanced across Willie's face. He lifted his head and stretched forth his small white hands toward heaven. I shall never forget his last words, —

"*There* is Kwist that b'est 'ittle children! I coming, I coming." And the golden head was buried in the pillows. The beating heart was hushed forever.

Two days after, when the clouds were weeping rain-tears, we laid him down to sleep. And as the aged pastor told us that Willie had gone to see Jesus Christ, who blessed little children, there were eyes unused to tears, and hardened, sunburnt

faces, that were moistened with something else than the raindrops that were falling thickly around us.

Brief was his life, beautiful his death, yet through God's blessing they were the means of leading his parents to fix their hopes for both time and eternity on that dear Saviour who blessed little children. And in the great day of account how many ransomed souls will there be who have fulfilled the prediction, "And a little child shall lead them."

GRACE ABOUNDING.

IN the town of M——, in the State of New York, there lived, some years ago, an old Dutchman, whose religious experience is worthy of record. In early life he became an advocate of Universalism, and for years labored with only too great success in poisoning the minds of his neighbors with this soul-destroying error. But at length as old age came on, and he began to realize that eternity must be near at hand, he fell into trains of reflection concerning his spiritual state and prospects. He began to inquire for what purpose he had lived, and what preparations he had been making for an exchange of worlds. As is usually the case in such instances, the more he reflected the more his thoughts troubled him. He saw that the error which he had so industriously propagated had been of no benefit to himself, nor to any of his neighbors, but had only operated to cause them to neglect all serious preparation for eternity, and to live, in great measure, in disregard of God and divine things.

These conclusions but increased his unhappiness. He now began to realize what he had been about, and to have glimpses of his own character, which, with the workings of conscience, distressed him, and led him to look about for help. In these circumstances he resorted to various expedients for relief;

but all of no avail. Finally he said, "I see my mistark; I mus' to as Jacop dit." So he told his "old woman" that he did not feel very well, and wanted his bed brought out before the fire that night; and, after sending the rest of his family to their rooms, he carefully put a fork over the latch, and then, as he said, "I pegins to pray, and I prays and prays and prays." Unconscious of the flight of time, he continued his supplications all night. When his son came to build his fire, and told him that it was morning, the father, in his anxiety, fearing that all was lost, cried out, "O mine Gott! I have lost de plessin', — I 'm goin' to hell, — I 'm an old sinner, and I ought to go to hell."

On looking round everything seemed changed, — appearing bright and good and lovely, as never before. This he regarded at once as an indication that he was about to die, little realizing that the change was in himself, and not thinking it possible that he had received the "plessin" without knowing it. On meeting his wife at the door, he exclaimed, "O, how good ye look!" but he continued, "I 'm goin' to die. I 'm a great sinner, and I 'm goin' to hell, and I ought to go to hell." He then entreated her to seek religion, telling her that she might get the "plessin," for she was not such a great sinner as he was. To his son and his daughter-in-law he addressed himself in the same strain. As yet he had no hope for himself, and therefore he entreated them as one in despair. And so earnestly did he plead with them, and so honestly did he condemn himself, and justify the ways of God with him in casting him off, as he supposed, forever, that his family were soon overcome with their emotions, and by the quickening influences of the Spirit were led to cry mightily on God for help. In the course of a few days, hope dawned upon the old man. His family were soon found hopefully in Christ, and for years they lived to sing of his amazing grace and to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

From this brief sketch some important truths may be drawn: (1.) That the sympathies of the truly convicted and

converted are thenceforth on the side with God, and against guilty self. No more complaints against God's law. (2.) Some people may be Christians when they do not know it. (3.) With the renewal of the heart by Divine grace the errors of the head disappear. It is the heart first, and above all things else, that is not right. (4.) Why, then, do not God's people, clerical and lay, bear this in mind, and act more accordingly? *Aim at the heart.*

"Not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ be made of none effect."

THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

MY Saviour dear, to thee I pray;
Through all the sorrow of this day,
Be thou my strong, unfailing stay.

Closer than earthly friend can be,
When heart meets heart in sympathy,
O pitying One, draw near to me!

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—
To earth's unconscious sod I must
Commit this day most precious trust.

Help me in faith to lay it there,—
"In sure and certain hope" to bear
The form I love from out my care.

Watched over by the sleepless eye
Of Him who called the soul on high,
It shall, I know, in safety lie.

Till he a quickening power shall bring,
And bid it, sown in weakness, spring
Into a glorious blossoming.

And when, this crushing duty o'er,
I seek my lonely home once more,
Jesus, draw nearer than before.

Help me, with resting, quiet heart,
Hiding away the inward smart,
To act in life a holier part.

To joy, henceforth, in others' weal;
The grief of other hearts to feel,
And strive through thee their wounds to heal.

And thus, perchance, some blossoms fair,
From out the grave we hollow there,
May precious fragrance to thee bear.

THE BIBLE IN THE PULPIT.

THE Bible is not read enough in our pulpits. It is regarded as a secondary matter whether it be read much or little. A leaf out of the sermon cannot give way for a leaf out of the Bible. Hence, if any part of the service is to be shortened, it is the reading of the Scriptures. The hymns cannot give way, and the prayers must occupy the usual space, but the selections from the Bible, it is thought, may be easily curtailed. I have heard of a minister who was censured for making long prayers, and who excused himself by saying that he had no means of telling how long he did pray. Perhaps that was the case with those whom Christ censured for long prayers, but he does not seem to have thought of that excuse. There is really no reason why the reading of the Scriptures should be so subordinate to the other parts of worship. We pray and sing three times, but we open the Bible but once, and that often for the briefest space. This is the

general custom, though some of our clergymen read at two different times, and some always read from both the Old and New Testaments. But so rarely is this done, that many ministers in the course of twenty years read no more than a very small fragment of the Bible. They preach, perhaps, two thousand sermons, equal in matter to a score of Bibles, and read to their people not a hundredth part of the Bible itself.

This fault appears more plainly when we notice that the Scriptures are not read with system. But ought not the reading of the Scriptures to have a meaning and value of itself? And ought not every book of the Bible to be sometimes used? If it were so, a new interest would be aroused in that part of the service. The preacher need not read in exact course. He need not read whole chapters always, but sometimes parts of several chapters where an interesting history is given, or where devout and striking passages are intermingled in chapters that are chiefly local, and not instructive to the general reader. In this way every book in the Bible may be laid under tribute; and in the course of a few years a large portion of the Scriptures will be read in the pulpit, and the regular worshippers will be instructed in this part of the service. The time spent in selecting and pondering suitable portions for the Sabbath reading will be richly repaid in the new views of truth that will open on the preacher's mind, and the rich themes that will be suggested to him for elaborate development.

"GONE."

"THE Great Republic is gone," says Mr. Russell to the British people. Of course Mr. Russell knows. He wrote Crimean letters which England read at her breakfast-table with breathless interest. He has been travelling now these several weeks in the Great Republic. He was guided through New York. He saw the inside of Washington. He wanders at his own sweet will among the cotton-fields of the sunny South. He has seen the forging of swords, the rounding of shot, the priming of guns, and he puts his trumpet to his lips and rolls his verdict over the ocean, "The Great Republic is gone!"

Not so fast, my boy. A part of it is gone, but there are several large slices remaining. A part of it is gone, — gone to Baltimore, gone to Fort Monroe, gone to Fort Pickens, gone to Cairo, gone to Washington; but there are a few more left of the same sort, to be had at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Gone? Mr. Russell, what do you mean? Is the Mississippi shortened? Is the Ohio dried up? Has Niagara stopped agitation? Have the prairies of Illinois grown barren? Have the Pennsylvania coal-mines caved in? Has Lake Superior given out? Is there no copper in Michigan, no lumber in Maine, no granite in Massachusetts, no grain in Minnesota, no gold in California? Has Mount Washington bowed his hoar head, or the Blue Ridge dissolved in blue air, or Pike's Peak vanished in smoke? Does Lake Wenham no longer freeze in winter, or the surge dash against Newport in summer? Is Valley Forge forgotten? Has the memory of Saratoga passed away? Have Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill given up the dead which were in them? Are there no bones of brave men buried along the Atlantic shore? Are there no deeds of heroes flaming in song and story?

"The Great Republic is gone"; but, Mr. Russell, what constitutes a state? One of your own poets has said, —

> "MEN, high-minded MEN,
> MEN, who their *duties* know,
> But know their *rights*, and knowing, dare maintain,
> Prevent the long-aimed blow,
> And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
> These constitute a state;
> And sovereign LAW, that state's collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate
> Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

This is what we are doing to-day, — repressing ill and crowning good. This is what we mean to do, — crush the tyrant while we rend the chain, — a chain under which we have been too long quiescent; but we grew restive at last. The iron has entered into our souls, and now the nation arises in mailed might, hurls off the manacles from her wrists, and thrusts back the dagger from her heart. In this main ingredient of a state the Great Republic was never greater than now. What trials, what sacrifices, what shame or sorrow or humiliation, await her in the future we do not know; but as yet her eye is not dim, nor her natural force abated. The most imminent danger is over. It lay in her apparent acquiescence in cumulative wrong. Money, it was feared, was becoming her god. She was falling down before material prosperity. Success became the criterion of merit. Show stood for substance. Luxury usurped the throne of integrity. Rank, position, power, lorded it over genius, merit, benevolence, and the inflexible principle of right. We have changed all that. The lethargy is thrown off. The crisis is past. Life sweeps through her into fever, and her redemption draweth nigh. Her present attitude is her best vindication of her past course. Now men and things are rated at their true value. Now you shall see capital vying with strength and skill to insure that the Republic receive no harm. You shall see men giving up, without hesitation, the luxuries, and even the comforts of life; children deny themselves toys; women wear last year's raiment;

students turn resolutely away from the book-stalls: all take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, for a better and more enduring substance.

The Great Republic is gone. Whither away? Put it at the worst, Mr. Russell. Grant that a line of division be drawn between the Free and Free-growing States, and the Slave and Slave-cherishing States, what then? What element of greatness is departed? How is virtue gone out of us? What source of material or moral strength is diminished? Is a tree killed when its unsightly branches are lopped off? Is a state ruined when its murderers are hung? Is a man dead when his wart is cut out? These States are our weakness, and reproach, and shame, — a thorn in our flesh at home, a fling in our faces abroad. Their manners and morals would be a disgrace to Dahomey. Scarcely a newspaper but contains an account of their hacking, hewing, or hanging the stranger that is within their gates. There is not a cannibal island in which a Northerner would not be just as likely to travel safely as in the South. You can scarcely stop a day in Europe without feeling your cheek redden by some allusion to the Southern plague. The whole nation is saddled with the weakness, and vice, and villany of the South. They have been the chief source of our annoyance and trouble these forty years. They have clogged the wheels of progress. They have sucked the blood of religion. They have clamored, and strutted, and mouthed, and ranted, and bullied, to such an extent that we are likely to overlook even the good things that do exist, and may be found among them. They have never paid their own postage, nor printed their own books, nor educated their own children, nor made their own shoes. They are a lady-bug, sitting in the rose's breast, and smiling with pride and scorn, as she sees a plain-dressed ant go by, with a heavy grain of corn, — and there is a great deal more of the bug in them than of the lady. Mr. Russell, what are you talking about? There is not a Free State, I verily believe, that would not be glad at this moment

to be quit of the whole slave South, if it could be done with honor to ourselves and with justice to the memory of her loyal dead and the weal of her loyal living. We could slough her off at any moment, and, for all dependence on her, never know it. We might be short of calico for a while, but in a year or two somebody in Connecticut would invent a superior article — impossible to be torn, and warranted to wash — out of winter-killed grass. We should be more modest than now, — the loudest braggart element being gone, — and, consequently, more agreeable. In a little while Canada and the North would unite, frame a new Constitution, which should embrace all the good and reject all the evil of both British and American, call ourselves by a new name, the auspicious and beautiful Italian name, Columbia, and behold a young nation girding its loins, and starting, with lithe and sinewy limbs, on such a race as the world has not yet witnessed.

Mr. Russell, neither you nor I, wise nor foolish, can see a hair's breadth before us in this tempest; but my vision is every whit as likely to come true as your lugubrious vaticinations.

"The Great Republic is gone." Yes, thank heaven, the Great Republic that you saw *is* gone. That was a great image, whose brightness was excellent, and the form thereof terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, but, alas! his feet were part of iron and part of clay. Therein lay his weakness. His base feet baffled the fine gold of his head. You think you have seen the blow given which is to hurl this great image to ruin. Not you. You have seen a pebble flung up against his invulnerable head. The stone which is to destroy him was cut out without hands. It is the spontaneous, inexpressible uprising of a great people that will to be free. They will smite the image on his feet that are of iron and clay, and break them to pieces, and old things shall pass away. This spirit of freedom shall become the soul of another republic, springing up on the same soil,

but more glorious than the old. It shall become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth. No oppressor shall pass through it any more. Nations shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honor into it.

Have you seen a dark stain on the pavements of Baltimore? It is the baptismal seal of this new republic, whose corner-stone is universal right, whose headstone shall be brought forth with shoutings, crying, "Grace, grace unto it." Do you see there only a mad conflict of chaos with chaos? But "I see the skies grow ruddy with the deepening feet of angels."

"The Great Republic is gone." Mr. Russell, do not you be too sure. You come of good English stock, and you must be familiar with the thrilling history of Chicken Little. Chicken Little rushed to Hen Pen one day with the startling news that the sky was falling!

"How do you know that?" says Hen Pen.

"I heard it with my ears, *I saw it with my eyes*, AND A PART OF IT FELL ON MY TAIL!"

The force of evidence could no further go, it would seem; yet the sky smiles as serenely to-day as when the morning stars sang together. It was only a roseleaf fluttering earthward which Chicken Little's sensitive tail intercepted.

But, Mr. Russell, mark well the fate of Chicken Little. He died a victim to the panic which he originated. It was only a roseleaf, but it might just as well have been the sky, so far as he was concerned, for he and Hen Pen and Duck Luck, and the whole fear-stricken company rushed into the jaws of Fox Pox, and not a feather remains to mark the spot where they fell.

"The Great Republic is gone." Mr. Russell, those who have a tender regard for your reputation are beginning to think it may not be amiss for you to follow suit!

OPINIONS OF A NEGRO.

ON the steamer from City Point to Fort Monroe, I came upon a group of negro soldiers in friendly conversation and banter with some white soldiers. They were all on a furlough, and consequently good-natured. The colored men were going to Norfolk; they had been selected for merit as entitled to a furlough. One was a sergeant, — a fine, open-faced, well-formed man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, with his sword at his side.

He heard the conversation on fighting-men, high bounties, etc., in silence, till a battery-man turned to him and asked, —

"What bounty did you get?"

"No bounty. I would n't enlist for bounty. I have twenty-three more months to put in. I don't say I will go in again, — can't tell that till the time comes; but if I do, it will not be for bounty. I would n't fight for money; my wages is enough."

"How much pay do you get?"

"Seven dollars a month, till they riz to sixteen. That keeps me along right smart. Them big-bounty men don't make good soldiers."

"What 's the matter with them?"

"Dey come in for money, dere is no country 'bout it, an' dey has n't no stomach for fighting an' digging an' knocking around like soldiers has to."

"What 's money got to do with that? Why can't a man fight just as well if he leaves a thousand dollars in bank to have when he comes back, may be sick or wounded?"

"Well, he mout; but you see it 's the greenbacks that fotches him in, an' he keeps studying how he can jump for anoder bounty; an' dem sort o' soldiers ain't no 'count for fightin'."

"Sergeant, did n't you enlist 'cause you had run away from master, and had no place?"

"No, sir (with spirit). I had a place an' good wages, — heap more 'n a soldier gets, — driving team for quartermaster; and when I told him I was going in, and wanted my back pay, he cussed me, and said I should n't 'list. I told him I had a right, and I would, and all I asked of him was to pay what was coming to me, — more 'n two hundred dollars. He swar and took on about 'resting me, and next day when I had 'listed, he saw me on the street, and called a guard and put me in irons ten hours. Dat 's my bounty, two hundred dollars' wages gin up, and ten hours in irons by a copperhead quartermaster."

The soldiers had gathered around, highly interested in the sergeant's straightforward, earnest story.

"I 'd a split his copper head open with the irons," said one of them.

"That 's not me," said the Sergeant. "I don't take vengeance, — dat 's God's business, and he 'll work it to suit hisself."

The men drew back a little, and were silent all around the ring.

I stepped forward, and said to him, "Sergeant, how long have you been a Christian?"

He looked at me with a full, quick eye, as if he had found a brother, "Ten years, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight, sir."

"Then you were converted when you were eighteen years old. Where did you live?"

"Near Richmond."

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes. I left my wife and son when McClellan came close up to Richmond, and everybody reckoned he was going to walk in."

"How old is your son?"

"Not quite a year when I got away."

"Do you hear from them?"

"Yes, I seen a lady from thar in Norfolk, and she said my master done an' sole Nancy and de boy."

"You will hardly see them again, will you?"

"When dey get done fighting, I reckon I can find her."

"But you won't know where to look."

"Den I 'll keep looking, an' I reckon I 'll find 'em. Anyhow, I trust in Providence about it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean de Lord God Almighty; he knows all 'bout it, and he will do what 's right."

"Yes, Sergeant, the Lord may do what 's right, but the man who has bought Nancy and your baby and carried them off may not do what 's right about it. What then?"

"Why den I reckon dat 's for him to settle 'bout; I 'se nothing to do wid dat."

"You are pretty near your master. He might be looking for you one of these days."

"Yes, he mout, and den I mout be looking for him. Chance de same on both sides now. They say my master was 'scripted, and had to go in."

"Perhaps you will have a chance yet to pay him back," said the battery-man.

"I never pays back. De Lord Almighty takes the vengeance. Dat 's hisen, an I don't have nothing to do wid it."

"That 's his doctrine again. He sticks to his text," says a Pittsburg soldier. "He 's right, too, all the time," said another.

"Well, Sergeant, have you really made much by running away?"

"Made much? I made two hundred dollars in Norfolk, but did n't get it."

"I mean, you are not much better off soldiering, lying out in the wet, and digging in the trenches, and going in where

the minie-balls hum. That 's not much better than to be at home on the old plantation with wife and baby."

"Soldiering is hard work, but there is a heap of difference."

"What 's the difference?"

"Freedom, sir, freedom! I say liberty in Dutch Gap. I wake up in the night and say liberty. Yes, there 's a heap of difference. I can say liberty all de time."

"You said you enlisted for your country. What has your country done for you except to give you a chance to make tobacco and cotton for your master, and have your wife and baby sold down in Georgia?"

"God has done a heap for me. He has given me my life. I never had no sickness, and now he 's done and made me free, and I am willing to fight for de rest of them."

"Sergeant, do you know that you are just like Jeff Davis on the war question?"

"Not much, I reckon."

"Exactly alike," I said; "you are both fighting for the nigger."

"That may be, but it makes a heap o' odds which whips."

"God be praised for such piety and patriotism!" came from my thankful heart, and I parted with the Sergeant going to the Norfolk boat, with a prayer for the mother and baby far away, and that a country saved by such devotion may learn at last to deal justly by all her children.

SYSTEM IN BENEVOLENCE.

NOWHERE is system more important than in our charities. Each church should have a well-digested plan of its own. Let it be decided for what objects a public contribution shall statedly be taken; let there be a definite order in which the various objects decided on shall receive attention, each having its appointed month or week; and when the time for a given collection comes, let it be taken.

Here is a work for pastors and churches too generally neglected, faithful attention to which would give a new impulse to all our benevolent operations. And individual contributors, as well as churches, should have a system based on the Scriptural principle of statedly setting apart a certain per cent of their income, giving as the Lord prospers them. After all that has been said and written on this subject during the last few years, it is proved that no considerable portion of professing Christians have adopted any scheme of systematic giving. How many in our churches have conscientiously devoted to the Lord, beforehand, a fifth, or a tenth, or a twentieth of their income? How many, at the beginning of the year, have any idea what they shall give in charity, or, at the close of the year, have any idea how much or how little they have given? How many are there who do not leave this whole matter at loose ends, giving only in a haphazard way, without any settled plan or principle? It surely ought not so to be.

From this state of things arises the necessity for one of those evils in our charitable movements, of which they are most ready to complain who do least for its abatement. There has been, for years, a widespread grumbling over the expensive employment of agents in collecting funds. And certainly it is highly desirable to remove this wasteful encumbrance from our machinery. But how is it to be removed?

Not by complaints, however loud and oft repeated. The societies themselves, who employ agents, would gladly be rid of them. Let the funds come forth freely and spontaneously, and agents will disappear like dew before the sun. We do not hire men to pump water from a full, outgushing fountain. There has to be a great deal of pumping done to bring the water up from the low and shallow wells of our charity. Agents are but men at the pump. Let our wells become overflowing fountains, and their trade will be gone. Let Christians give from principle, and systematically; let the churches do their own collecting from principle, and systematically, and the evil complained of is removed. Let the members of our churches generally adopt the Divine plan of systematic charity proportioned to their means, giving not less than a tenth of their income, and more, as their property increases, and the treasuries of our benevolent societies will be quickly replenished, and kept full to overflowing.

Why shall not the experiment be tried? Surely it is time for us to realize more fully that the gold and silver are the Lord's, and that we are but his stewards, to use it in his service. A perishing world sends up its urgent appeal by day and by night. The great work of its redemption is but just begun. We must enlarge our hearts, and enlarge our charities, if we would see the Saviour ride forth conquering and to conquer.

MONICA AND HER SON.

ABOUT the year 350 of the Christian era, there lived at Thegaste, in Africa, a woman who bore the name of Monica. She possessed that meek and quiet spirit which is of great price in the sight of the Lord. While yet a virgin, she had embraced the Christian faith, and over her disposition, naturally gentle, the religion of Jesus had exerted its holy in-

fluence, thus making her a Mary who delighted to sit at the feet of the heavenly Master.

In the providence of God, she became the wife of Patricius Augustine, who was precisely her opposite in disposition. He was extremely irascible, and almost demoniacal in temper. She, however, meekly endured his harshness, and in the arms of her faith bore him to the throne of grace. "The unbelieving husband," though born and nurtured a heathen, "was sanctified by the believing wife." When at length his earthly career was closed, her eye of faith followed his departing spirit, and saw him take his place at the right hand of the adorable Redeemer.

One child, a son, followed, by the mother's side, the father to the grave. O, how did the mother pray that Aurelius might be a comfort to her in her widowhood. But, alas! he was "vile." He had passions whose strength was equalled only by their corruptness. Stimulated to evil conduct by temptations without, which appealed, not in vain, to strong passions within, he wandered into ways which were offensive to God, and a great grief to his mother. After acquiring an education such as his native place afforded, he went to Carthage, and thence to Rome, and thence to Milan, where he spent many years in teaching oratory. Here he became grossly profligate, and lived in open violation of the seventh commandment.

Meanwhile the mother, Monica, prayed with great earnestness. For more than thirty years, she hoped against hope, and maintained confidence in God, when everything but his naked promises prompted to despair. Filled with anxiety which none but a mother can feel, who believes that "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," as she contemplated the sinful career of her wayward son, she could not rest in Africa, while he was away from her. She longed to look upon him with her eyes, and fold him to her aching heart, and to breathe into his ear words of affectionate entreaty. She left her home and found her way to her son.

A little previous to this, Ambrose, who was the Governor, became, by unanimous consent, the Bishop of Milan. His heart warmed towards the young and ambitious orator, and his prayer was, that his talents as a public speaker might be consecrated to the service of God. Augustine listened to him; his conscience testified to the truth of his words, but the "law in his members" was opposed to the convictions of duty, and obtained the mastery over him.

The mother took counsel with Ambrose, and they labored and prayed in unison for the conversion of the son. He was prevailed upon to put away the idol of his heart, and she was sent to Africa; but so vagrant were his heart's desires, that he soon set up another idol. Who would wonder if history had recorded that, under these circumstances, the faith of the mother had failed? Who would be surprised, had it been written that her hands hung down and her heart was broken? History does not so record. It tells how her faith in God rose triumphant over every obstacle. She gave herself to prayer anew, with a faith which did not falter. It soon had its reward, for God had mercy on her son. He delivered him from the bondage and pollution of sin; and he became a freeman in Christ Jesus our Lord. Who can describe the feelings of the mother, when that son fell upon her neck, and told her he had found Jesus? All her struggles for more than thirty years were forgotten. The emotions of gratitude and joy drove from her remembrance the sorrows of the past.

Her work was done. She had lived to see him converted. She felt like Simeon. The language of her heart was, "Now lettest thou thine handmaid depart in peace, for I have seen thy salvation." She wanted to die at Thegaste, but before the journey was completed, Christ took her to himself.

Augustine grieved over her loss. He who, had she died while in his sins, would have rejoiced that a faithful reprover was removed, now deeply mourned that, just as he had learned to appreciate her worth, she must be taken from him. This son became Bishop in Hyppo.

Let mothers who have wayward sons continue instant in season and out of season. Let them continue in prayer. God will hear their supplications, and answer them in his own time. *Have faith in God.*

MONICA AND AUGUSTINE.

[The following passages from the life of Saint Augustine and his mother may be found in his "Confessions."]

IN the martyr Cyprian's chapel there was moaning through the night;
Monica's low prayer stole upward till it met the early light:
Till the dawn came, walking softly o'er the troubled sea without,
Monica for her Augustine wept the dreary watches out.

"Lord of all the holy martyrs! Giver of the crown of flame
Set on hoary-headed Cyprian, who to thee child-hearted came,
Hear me for my child of promise! Thou his erring way canst see;
Long from thee a restless wanderer, must he go away from me?

"'T is for thee, O God! a mother this her wondrous child would keep;
Through the ripening of his manhood thou hast seen me watch and weep:
Tangled in the mesh of Mani, groping through the maze of sense,
Other, deadlier snares await him, if from me he wander hence.

"Thine he shall be, Lord! Thy promise brightens up my night of fears;
Faith beholds him at thy altar, yet baptized with only tears;
For the angel of my vision, came he not from thy right hand,
Whispering unto me, his mother, 'Where thou standest he shall stand'?*

* While Augustine was yet a believer in Manicheism, his mother dreamed that a shining youth came to her, telling her that her son shall stand just where she is. Augustine interpreted it to mean his mother's conversion to his belief; but she replied: "No, no; it was not said to me, 'Where he is, there shalt thou be also'; but, 'Where thou art, there shall he be also.'"

"Saviour, Lord, whose name is Faithful! I am thine, — I rest on thee;
And beside me in thy kingdom I this wanderer shall see.
Check the tide! hold still the breezes! for his soul's beloved sake
Do not let him leave me! Keep him, keep him! lest my heart should break!"

When the sun looked o'er the water, Monica was on the shore;
Out of sight had dropped the vessel that afar Augustine bore;
Home she turned, her sad heart singing underneath its load of care, —
"Still I know thy name is Faithful, O thou God that hearest prayer!"

Man must ask, and God will answer; yet we may not understand,
Knowing but our own poor language, all the writing of his hand:
In our meagre speech we ask him, and he answers in his own;
Vast beyond our thought the blessing that we blindly judge is none.

* * * * *

By the garden-beds of Ostia now together stand the twain,
Monica and her Augustine, looking o'er the beauteous main
To the home-land of Numidia, hiding in the distance dim,
Where God parted them in sorrow, both to bring the nearer him.

Now the mother's prayer is answered, for their souls are side by side
Where his peace flows in upon them with a full, eternal tide;
And Augustine's thought is blending with the murmur of the sea,
"Bless thee, Lord, that we are restless, till we find our rest in thee!"

And their talk, — the son and mother, — leaning out above the flowers,
Is like lapse of angel-music on through heaven's enraptured hours;
Hushed is all the song of Nature; hushed is care, and passion's din;
In that hush they hear a welcome from the Highest, — "Enter in!"

"What new mercy has befallen? Every earthly wish is gone";
Monica half speaks, half muses, "Why should earthly life move on?

Ah, my son, what peace and gladness surging from this silence roll, —
'T is the Eternal Deep that answers to the deep within my soul.

"Not a sigh of homesick longing moves the stillness of my heart.
In the light of this great glory unto God would I depart;
Though more dear thou art than ever, standing at heaven's gate with me,
For the sweetness of his presence I could say farewell to thee."

There 's a silent room in Ostia; tearless mourners by a bed:
Since the angels roused that sleeper, who shall weep, or call her dead?
Not beside the dust beloved shall her exiled ashes lie;
But she knew that One could raise her, though beneath a Roman sky.

Now Augustine in his bosom keeps the image of a saint,
Whose warm tears of consecration drop on thoughts of sinful taint;
In the home that knew him erring, — a bewildered Manichee, —
Minister at Truth's high altar, him that mother-saint shall see.

In the dreams of midnight, haunted by the ghosts of buried sins;
In the days of calm, the spirit struggling through temptation wins;
Monica looks down upon him, joy to bless and gloom beguile,
And the world can see Augustine clearer for that saintly smile.

Still the billows from Numidia seek the lovely Roman shore.
Though Augustine to his mother sailed long since the death-wave o'er,
Still his word sweeps down the ages like the surging of the sea, —
"Bless thee, Lord, that we are restless, till we find our rest in thee!"

FORMS AND CEREMONIES.

THE moment we begin to depart from the simplicity of the word of God, we are beginning to wander from him, and from the truth; and the moment we begin to receive in religion the traditions and commandments of men, we are in danger, and know not to what degree of degradation in religion we may be left to arrive. The greater part of the traditions and commandments of men our Puritan fathers rejected, and they were called Puritan, because they wished to receive nothing in religion which is not found and clearly taught in the pure Word of God.

Many of them were men of great talent and learning, and of ardent piety. Of the name they bore I am not ashamed, though I wish to take no other name than that of *Christian*, according to the Word of God. And to that Word we owe, as a nation, all the civil and religious privileges which we now enjoy, — all our prosperity and happiness hitherto unexampled in any other part of the world.

The mixing of the traditions and commandments of men with the pure Word of God by the Jews was the primary cause of all their error, and the consequent misery brought upon them, and all they have suffered in their dispersion among all nations for eighteen hundred years. And the mixing of the traditions and commandments of men with the pure Word of God, by the Christians in the East, was the primary cause of their degradation and subjection to the Mussulman power for hundreds of years. And the degradation of morals among multitudes in the Western Church, and the want of civil and religious liberty, may be justly attributed to the same cause. And in so far as we see that same cause operating in any other church, we have reason to fear its consequences in that church, and its influence on society.

There is no safety for an individual, nor for any church, but in keeping close to the pure Word of God, and the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To that simplicity let us all return, if we have, in any degree, wandered from it. Let us not be allured by pompous ceremonies of any kind, by gorgeous dresses, theatrical performances, or enrapturing strains of music, to leave the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who, when he sent out his disciples to preach the Gospel, told them not to take *two* coats, and who himself, when he preached in Judæa and Samaria, and till he was led out to be crucified, wore, as we have reason to believe, simple garments, and a seamless vesture, on which the Roman soldiers cast their lots.

Simplicity in rites and forms, simplicity in religious worship, simplicity in the places where they met for prayer and religious instruction, characterized Christians everywhere in the time of the Apostles, and during the greater part of the first century after Christ. And never did Christianity appear more lovely, and never was the preaching of the Gospel more efficacious in pulling down the strongholds of sin and superstition and paganism, than during that period. The vilest of men may be, and often are, delighted with pompous rites and ceremonies, and frequent the churches where such rites and ceremonies exist, as they do the theatre and opera, for mere amusement, without receiving the least apparent spiritual benefit.

DO YOUR BEST.

WE mean you, brother minister, — you who are all the while preaching to others. Sit down and let us preach to you a moment. "Suffer the word of exhortation."

Do your best, then, we say. Not your smartest, nor your profoundest, nor your beautifulest, but your *best*. It is a rare privilege you and we enjoy, after all that is said in disparagement of the minister's position and influence. There is a whole day once in seven set apart for our purposes. God consecrates the day and hallows it. Our people feel that it must not be given to ordinary objects, — that it must be kept for the sanctuary. When that day comes, other men are silent. The lawyer is quiet, the lecturer is mute, the politician holds his peace, but you and we may speak. The people gather to hear *us*. What a place is that in which they gather! The sanctuary, with its comeliness and comfort and hallowed associations. The sanctuary, where solemn things are to be said and done, and where there is ever a solemn presence. Who has such a place to speak in and such surroundings as we?

No matter whether the congregation be small or large. The smallest congregation is large when reckoned according to the arithmetic of the sanctuary. They have come to worship, — they have come to listen. They love to come. Not all, indeed, love God. Not all love the Gospel. But, for one reason or another, the great body of our hearers love to come. See them as they sit before you, still, decorous, attentive. "We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

Not attentive, do you say? Not interested? Readier to listen to the flashy lecturer, to the mountebank orator, to anybody or anything rather than the Gospel? Nay, brother, do not judge the people too hardly. Their curiosity may be

more awake in looking at a stranger than at you, whom they have seen every Sabbath day for years. The merest clown in fantastical garb, the pedler of other men's jests, may amuse them more, may awaken more of that sort of interest which shows itself in clapping and stamping and uproarious laughter; but it is a question if they like anything better, as a constant matter, than the preaching of God's word. That, after all, has attractions that nothing else has. That goes to the heart. That stirs depths in the soul which nothing else can reach. The people recognize its substantial interest, the grandeur of its themes, its practical force and bearing. They recognize these, and are, for the time, affected by them, whether they turn them in all cases to practical account or not. They are ready to listen to them. They would tire of anything else sooner. If Daniel Webster, in his lifetime, had come to discourse upon the Constitution, no doubt your church would have been fuller than you ever saw it before. But if even he had come a hundred times a year, perchance *his* audience might have been somewhat reduced.

Behold the people, then, before you. There they sit, — more or fewer, — every Sabbath day. If *more*, you certainly will not complain; if *fewer*, then the better guaranty you have that they who have come have come to listen. There they sit, your people, and you their minister. It is yours to speak, while all besides keep silent. It is something to have an opportunity to speak to your neighbor as he passes to his daily business; but here that neighbor sits, free from business engagements, and says, "I am ready to hear. What is the best thing you can say to me?"

It is something to wield a pen. In some respects, undoubtedly, the pen and the press have the advantage of the pulpit; but in other respects how greatly the pulpit has the advantage over them! In the press, it is your simple thought that speaks; but in the pulpit, it is your thought incarnate, — yourself. You, a living, breathing man, stand where men can look at you, and hear you, and feel the pulsations of your

heart, and you speak to them. With tongue and lips and eye and hand, with your whole visible and audible self, you speak and they hear.

This often, this habitually, this every Sabbath day, when your people are most favorably situated and in their most hopeful mood, and when all the surroundings are serious and impressive.

What an opportunity! What a privilege! What a power this which is put into your hands! How much you may do to direct the inquiries, mould the views, determine the characters, and thus the destinies, of your hearers! May we not well say, — *Do your best!*

NOT A NEW IDEA IN IT!

"NOT one, — from beginning to end. I'm sick and tired of such preaching; it does n't interest me. I 'm going to give up my present pew and take one in E—— Street, where they say their new minister gives them the most *unheard-of* sermons. Neighbor P——, who has been over there a month, told me that the Rev. Mr. Sodawater gave them last Sunday, in the morning, the most beautiful disquisition that you ever heard, on the "Music of the Spheres," and, in the afternoon, a most eloquent and startling discussion of the Chinese and Turkey question, with some remarks upon the Ingraham and Koszta affair. The fact is, a man might go here ten years, and never know that anything at all was going on in the world except sin and repentance and all that old and worn-out stuff. I am going to speak to the sexton now, and tell him to rent my seats. I must go where something is stirring!"

Well, good by, parishioner; you did n't think I over-

heard you, but no matter. You and I have faced each other, — you in the pew and I in the pulpit, — (let us see) it must be now some six months. You came here, if I remember right, from Dr. Galvanism's church in B—— Street; and the reason given was because the Doctor devoted rather too much attention to the spiritual-rappings, and preached too often upon dry, "scientific" subjects; and you wanted a little of that kind of Gospel which Jesus used to preach. You have been here pretty regularly in the morning, and in the afternoon I have pretty regularly noticed you driving by my study window in a buggy-chaise headed toward the country, about twenty minutes before the ringing of the second bell. You have usually listened to the text, especially if in any sense unique; and I *have* known you to look up toward the pulpit with some intelligence in your eye for the first ten minutes of the discourse. Once, when the Rev. Mr. Q—— (agent for the —— Society) occupied the morning, and told a great variety of stories more or less queer, I did know you to keep awake until the commencement of the closing appeal, preliminary to the passage of the contribution-box. Circumstances (other than those alluded to above) have led me to the supposition that you have an immortal soul, and on that supposition I have preached to you. More than once I have prepared a sermon with your case in my eye, and have cherished the momentary hope that my words might find the (difficult) passage from your ear to your heart; but your bowed head (not in prayer) has soon convinced me that I was preaching only to the one hundred and sixty pounds of flesh and blood and bones, with their linen and broadcloth envelopes, which constitute by far the largest portion of the complex being which has just stalked off in indignation from the door of my church, and which will be to-morrow accosted upon State Street as Mr. ——.

You have been afflicted since you came among us. I well remember your little daughter, whose sweet face (lit up by

her mother's eye in miniature) was the light of your pew, when first it was yours; and how she looked when the fever-flush was giving place to the death-pallor on her cheek, and your tears dropped like rain upon her little bed (then it was that I knew you had a heart); and how, at your summons, I rose at midnight from a Sabbath night's overwearied couch to thread the streets to your dwelling, to commit her departing soul, in prayer, to Him whose gentle "suffer the little children to come unto me" was upon both her lips and mine, and to close her eyes, and to speak comfort and warning to you. I remember this, and I remember my hopes and prayers that, by the avenue of that sharp grief, conviction and penitence might find their way to your heart. The crape is on your hat now, but you have forgotten these things; and it is many days since I surrendered all hope that God would use me as the instrument of making an impression of eternal value upon your spirit.

I have n't preached to you any new ideas, it is true (though your slumber-steeped brain is a poor witness); for I do not know of any new ideas to be preached to old sinners like yourself. I presume in the six months that you have been my parishioner you have not eaten or drunken any new ideas in the way of food, but that your daily hunger has been satiated and your daily life nurtured by such old ideas as bread and beef and their kindred staples.

I doubt whether you would dismiss your baker for not putting daily by your plate a wheaten loaf with some heretofore unseen substance glittering upon it, and some heretofore unknown taste resident in it; or your butcher for not supplying your table with a daily joint, the roasting of which should develop some odor heretofore unsmelled. In the matter of clothes, too, you seem to keep on good terms with your tailor, though I notice that he still fits you with coats and pants like the rest of the world. Your body seems to get on reasonably well upon old ideas newly served up to suit daily wants.

And as to your soul, I know of no reason why the old facts of its condition and necessities and dangers are not just as essential to its life now as ever. And, if you would keep the peace with your doctor when he gives you old physic for your plethora, and old tonics for your feebleness, I know not why you should desert and abuse your spiritual physician for prescribing according to his best skill for the malady of your heart.

No, I have not preached about the "music of the spheres," nor have I discussed either "Koszta" or the new Constitution; not because they have not an inherent interest, but for the same reason that, when a woodman is felling a forest of oaks, he does not stop to grub up the ferns and berry-bushes that grow far down under their shadow. A man *can* die in peace without a matured opinion upon the Koszta case; but a man cannot die in peace without matured opinions and acts upon the great matters of Christian faith. And as long as men are dying thick around us, and all men are exposed to die at any moment, the time has not come yet when the pulpit can afford to take a microscope to find its subjects.

We are not to meet any more under this roof, it seems; probably — as your departure breaks the link that bound us, and your daily walks are wide from mine — we may never meet again in this world. But, ex-parishioner, let me tell you, we shall meet again in an august assemblage. And when certain books are opened, there will be a reckoning between you and me in reference to our brief parochial relation. I must answer to God for all my sermons, — poor, poor things. If conscience did not plead for them that they were well meant, I should tremble for that. And you must answer to him for your hearing and your not hearing, your sleeping and your waking, your sins of omission and of commission of which God's house has been the scene.

It will be a solemn hour! Very dreadful will it be to you, if you do not repent. Yes! if I could call so loud after you that you could catch the sense of what I say, I would repeat

those same ever-old, ever-new ideas, "Repent and be converted, so your sin shall not be your ruin." Wake up, and prepare for the hour of death and judgment.

Until then, farewell!

IN AFFLICTION.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

'TIS sweet, upon the bed of pain,
When anguish racks the tortured limb,
To look to Christ who once was slain,
And all our sorrows cast on him;
To lift the heart in love and faith
To Him who holds the keys of death.

'T is sweet to know that he is near,
A present help in trouble's hour,
Tempted in all as we are here,
Yet proof against temptation's power:
Our Great High-Priest, whose heart can feel
Our sorrows which to him appeal;—

To feel 't is he who makes our bed
In all our sickness,—he who keeps
His angel watching by our head;
Who never slumbers, never sleeps,
But brings us through the darkest night,
With wondrous love, to morning light.

And when to us Death draweth nigh,
And seems to say our hour is come,
'T is sweet to feel, that Christ on high
Is fitting up our endless home;
And lift the heart in cheerful prayer,
Not doubting we shall soon be there.

HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, which has become to all who speak the English language, since the days of Sir Walter Scott, one of the leading spots of the world's interest, has one long street, which, divided into two sections, and called by two different names, is the centre of the interest of Edinburgh. I speak of the famous avenue known in one half of its course as the High Street of Edinburgh, and in its other half as the Canongate. Robert Chambers has beautifully said of it: "As the main avenue from Holyrood into the city, it has borne upon its pavement the burden of all that was beautiful, all that was gallant, all that has become historically interesting in Scotland for the last six or seven hundred years." I confess I never have seen any street which is so crowded with memorials of the past like this one. It lies on the ridge of a hill, which is not conical as a hill ought to be, but which extends a mile in length, rising like a camel's back. The two sides of it are quite steep, and one end is precipitous, and there at that end stands frowning the old and the famous Edinburgh Castle. From this crowning point runs the long street of which I write, ever descending with a gradual slope till it reaches the plain a mile away, and confronts at its opening the still more famous Holyrood Palace. This street is the heart of the old town of Edinburgh. In it stand all, or nearly all, the buildings known to fame; and the High Street and the Canongate have witnessed nearly all that is sad and thrilling in the public history of Scotland.

Not the least interesting feature is the houses themselves, and they would be interesting, even without the historical associations which hang around. Palaces they were a hundred years ago; now they seem like tall houses, standing like a guard of grim giants guarding the way. Edinburgh has the highest houses of any city in the world, and it is not un-

common to count from seven to ten stories in those houses which are built on the sides of that hill whose long ridge is formed by the High Street and the Canongate. As one stands on the plateau of the new town and looks up, these tall houses seem like a band of giants trying to scale the hill, and as you walk down the Canongate, you meet the same giants keeping guard. The houses, too, have a most impressive air of antiquity. The small windows, the curiously cornered roofs, the projecting upper stories, the old English mottoes, the antique signs, the grimness and blackness of age, the stone staircases, either outside of the buildings or winding up into them like the stairs of an old ruin, — all these things bring back the past most vividly. And then the people who live there are of that class whose manners and habits do not much change from generation to generation. The rich follow new fashions; and their life is ever spent in seeking new novelties. But the poor of an old European town have no money to throw away on novelties; they are independent of the fashions, because they have not the means to follow them; as their fathers dressed and lived, so dress and live the children. So when I look at the men and women of the swarming population of the Canongate, I feel that the past is before me, that I now see those whom Scott has painted; and if a few changes in dress have been made, yet that, in all the great features of the scene, these are the men and women who are so interesting, or "quaint," as we say in history.

And the High Street and Canongate are alway so swarmed with this old-fashioned life that it brings out still more strongly the impression. I hardly ever pass up the street without seeing, in the tide of low, ragged life there, the self-same Porteus mob which Scott has so vividly painted in the Heart of Mid-Lothian. For the Canongate, once the residence of the titled, is now wholly deserted by this class, and is inhabited by the lowest classes of the population. From the street lead narrow lanes, about ten feet wide, and called closes, and they were once filled with the mansions of men

whose names are conspicuous in the history of Scotland. But now those closes are the abodes of filth and wretchedness; and the guide-book remarks, with a sly humor which I did not appreciate till I had visited them, that the tourist must visit the closes of Edinburgh, "if he wishes to witness the change of a century in the manners and customs of society." From the windows of palaces where once dwelt dukes and earls you may now see every day of the week a pole five feet long, with two or three strings attached to the end, and fastened at the sides of the window, while from the stick and the strings hang the week's washing, the suds dripping upon the passers below. Nor is this scene confined to the narrow closes alone; but from all the windows of the Canongate the same sight is seen. One must make his excursions into this street on one of the last days of the week, or else walk in the middle of the street.

It would be almost impossible to do justice in a single letter to the many interesting memorials of the High Street and the Canongate. Beginning at the Castle, you have in it an object on which the eye loves to linger, and in which are choice objects of interest. How grandly that old Castle lifts itself to the skies. Seven, even forty miles away, it seems to be the presiding genius of Edinburgh; and such indeed it has always been; and these tall houses have grown up around it, that many people might be securely sheltered under its protection. The long hill of the High Street comes to an abrupt termination with the Castle, and so there it stands on a bold mass of rock two hundred and fifty feet high, telling so many stories of the warlike history of Scotland. That Castle, which runs back before the time of authentic history, has witnessed all the development of Scottish glory, has been besieged and ruined and restored, has been scaled by Wallace, has given the unfortunate Mary a prison-room, — alas! it only competes with the Tower of London in the sad sights, too, which it has witnessed. In the Castle, too, are kept the regalia of Scotland, interesting in itself as the crown of Bruce,

the sword of state must be, but made more interesting from the fact that during the whole civil wars it was hidden, and it was thought lost, till about 1816, long after quiet was restored, it was discovered hidden in a strong oak box carefully laid away by some strict loyalist then in the grave. And there are the rooms in which Mary was imprisoned, — most interesting both. They are little changed from what they were; the old and rich wood-panelling remains; so, too, the inscriptions on the walls, and the little marks of Mary's taste. In the smaller room, James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, was born; and from the window of this room was let down, a height of two hundred and fifty feet, in a basket, when he was but eight days old. A picture of Mary hangs upon the wall, — a noted picture, which has come down from her times, and is considered one of the best portraits of her in existence. And certainly, however high I may have thought Mary's beauty was, I have never rated it so high as this picture would indicate. The face is square, as the common pictures of Mary represent, and not oval, as the statue at Westminster Abbey gives you to infer; the nose is straight, and not Jewish, as is too often represented. But the eye, the hair, the complexion, the brightness and animation of face, — all these are so attractively represented, and the dress withal has such a modern air, not distracting your attention with any absurd exaggerations of lace, that I was lost in admiration, no longer wondering that much trouble should have been brought into the world by one who was thus beautiful.

"If to her lot some human errors fall,
Look on her face and you 'll forget them all."

"A LAUGHING-STOCK."

HE was a good man, that Deacon L——. I knew him well. He was my kindred and my friend. I met him often for many years. He stood over six feet high, and was proportionally large; a farmer, "well to do," always moral and upright. When about forty years old, he became deeply interested in personal religion. Naturally very, *very* diffident, he said little or nothing to any one about his feelings. Months rolled on, and still he was anxious, distressed; while yet he had regular seasons of secret prayer, read his Bible, and was doing all he felt he could and ought to do, save *one thing*. He was the head of a family. He had a lovely wife and four children, all impenitent, but they were his, and conscience urged him to the duty of erecting the family altar. But the cross, O it was too great for his timidity! So it was put off, and new duties discharged in other directions as an offset; but he grew nothing the better, nay, rather the worse. At length, one morning, in his field he solemnly resolved that that night he would, come what might, make the attempt at least to pray in his family. A seamstress was at his house, from whose ridicule and scorn he shrank; but his mind was made up. And here I give his own language. "When I went to dinner she told me she wished to go home that afternoon. Never did I carry a person from my house so gladly before. She was now out of my way, and one great obstacle was removed. Night came on, and I seemed to gain strength for my duty. But just as I was about to get my Bible and tell my family what I intended then and thereafter to do, who should knock at my door but the youngest brother of my wife, a mirth-loving, captious young man, a member of college, just the last person in the world I then wanted to see. What shall I do? what? what? my heart cried, and my

agony seemed to me more than I could bear. But my vow had been made, and there could be no going back. I arose, got my Bible, and told them what I was about to do. My wife looked as though she would sink. My children looked one to another, at their mother and at me, not knowing what was to happen. My brother-in-law seemed greatly amazed. But rallying all my strength I read a Psalm, and knelt down, and at length said, "O Lord,"— and could not utter another word; and there I stood, a great stout man, upon my knees, *a laughing-stock* for my dear family. There I stood, I could not speak, and there my proud heart was humbled, and there my Heavenly Father met me, and my soul was filled with unutterable peace. When I arose, my poor wife was mortified, and hung her head to conceal it. My brother-in-law said nothing, soon retired, and the next morning left for college again."

That family altar has not yet ceased to burn with daily incense, though the priest thereof has ministered unto it for forty odd years.

Now mark the result of that attempt at prayer, when the good man was, in his own esteem, a "laughing-stock." In about a week he received a letter from that brother-in-law student, which began with these words, "Rejoice with me, Brother Daniel, for I have found the Saviour, and that scene at your house the other evening God has blessed to the salvation of my soul." This young man studied divinity at Andover, but when about to be licensed to preach the Gospel, was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and soon went to his rest. That wife, those children, and many others under the same roof, have found the Saviour through the instrumentality of this praying man. He bore the cross and received the crown. He lives still in a green old age, waiting for his summons to go up higher.

Be sure it is always best to obey God? Nothing is gained, but much lost, by shrinking from duty. They are difficulties, *overcome* and *conquered*, upon which we rise. The Christian

is a soldier. He must not *fear* when executing a command. The anxious lose, — O how much they lose! sometimes the immortal soul, — by failing to *do* the right thing, that *one* thing, to which God evidently calls. Many a head of a family has stumbled at the cross of family prayer, and lost all. What though for once, or a hundred times, he may be a "laughing-stock!" It matters nothing, when such interests are in peril. The care of the soul is the great care. Who can, or will, neglect it?

FICKLE PIETY.

WHY is there so much defective piety in the Church? We imagine one reason is a sad, practical mistake in the proportioning of faith and works.

A person, for example, opens his Bible, and reads there of the incomparable beauty of religion, as consisting in that charity without which we are nothing. He finds that it is a heart free from sin, and a life radiant with love and well-doing, that God approves; that it is pure religion and undefiled to wipe away the orphan's tears, to soothe the sorrows of the tried and the oppressed, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world. He pictures in his own mind such an angelic character walking the earth like a form of pure and radiant light, itself uncontaminated with the contact, cheering and blessing all around as it moves on through the world, until, at the end of life, it goes out to us like the setting sun, only to burst forth with a new and clearer effulgence in the eternal world, shining there as "the brightness of the firmament," and "the stars for ever and ever." "That," he exclaims, "is *my* idea of true religion." And then, perhaps, he honestly resolves to be religious. He sets himself strenuously to the work. He will restrain every wrong passion;

he will put down every sinful thought and feeling; he will kill out the rank selfishness of his nature; he will nurture every angelic grace; in short, he will at once commence, step by step, the ascent; so, step by step, he will ascend to that heavenly character which God loves, and which will secure to him the rewards of the righteous. Reaching the summit of the first mountain of attainment, he finds that another still rises before him, seemingly, now that he is nearer to it, piercing the very skies. Nothing daunted, he girds himself afresh for the work, and at last makes the ascent. But what is his dismay to find that still mountain rises on mountain, stretching away into the interminable distance, and he knows not that, even at that farthest visible point, he should reach the full height of the requirements of God, and be perfect even as he is perfect. Looking back, and looking forward, he seems to himself to have made no advance at all, and so, at the very beginning of this stupendous ascent, he falls back panting and discouraged.

Again he opens his Bible, and, to his surprise, finds that he has heretofore omitted, or at least passed thoughtlessly over, a very large class of texts, which all seem to point in one direction, and, as it now appears to him, a very different one from that which he has been pursuing. He finds them on almost every page, interwoven with nearly every narrative, hardly ever omitted in the parables of the Saviour, never absent from the sermons and letters of the Apostles. Wearied by his ineffectual efforts to scale the heights of the divine law, and to make himself an angel by the loveliness and beauty of his own obedience, he reads such passages as these: "Come unto *me*, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest"; "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works." These, and such as these, he reads, and wonders that they have never attracted his attention before. So, then, all his laborious painstakings to reach the heights of the divine requirements, and become pure and holy by his own

obedience, have been in vain. The only way to please God, and attain unto everlasting life, it seems, is to trust Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who proposes, through the great and mysterious sacrifice of himself for me, to place me at once, where of my own efforts I never can get, on a vantage-ground equivalent to that of perfect obedience, so that thus I may be accepted of God, and admitted to the eternal glories of his presence. He proposes this as a strictly free gift, offered to my acceptance, purchased for me at a price which no created intelligence will ever be able to estimate; and the only condition he annexes is my repentance for sin, and my grateful and affectionate trust in him.

Now, in the case of such a great reaction in the religious experience of a person, possibly he may entirely forget, or at least act as if he had forgotten, that first class of passages, which are equally true with the last, and which so entranced him with the sweetness of religion, as consisting in a pure and benevolent life. He has forgotten the beauty of that personal holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, and the pure and cheerful radiance of that charity which is to live and sing when faith and hope are dead. He is simply to believe in Jesus, he now thinks; there is no other duty to perform, no other command to obey. He is to be saved, not by works, but by trusting Christ, and (fatal inference, secretly drawn) consequently he thinks it can make no *great* difference what life he lives or what spirit he breathes. And so he sinks down into a cold, heartless, dead piety, immovable, useless, a mere profession, the very negation of all *religion*, his heart full of worldliness and covetousness and bigotry, his life following its impulses, and himself a burden upon the Church; until, finally, startled by some fearful providence of God, or some great awakening of religious interest in the community, or by some dread truth of God's word flashed upon his mind, he wakes up from his long death-like stupor, and under the lashings of remorse and fear for his remissness and ungodliness, and satisfied that he has not ever yet been

upon the right ground, very likely again attempts to answer all the requirements of God by his zeal in well-doing, — a zeal which he thinks will never again languish, but which, in reality, burns for a while, only to go out as before.

And thus he oscillates between these two extremes, like a pendulum, finding rest nowhere, never dreaming that the only place of rest possible to him is that very medium point, so often passed over in his vibrations, where the two extremes harmoniously meet and combine, where faith takes hold of life, and life takes hold of faith, where life becomes a life of faith, and faith becomes faith in life, each necessary to the very existence of the other, both together securing at once remission of sin and personal holiness, and the two, like angel wings, neither of which can be spared, bearing the soul up to the bosom of God.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

HER IDEAL SCHOOL.

"MOTHER *did* say yes, and now she can't help it. O, I 'm so glad the school is fairly engaged, that I 'm half crazy!"

"Crazy," said Miss Paddleford, peeping over her spectacles; "I think myself there 's been a *degree* of partial insanity about you for some time. Here 's your little sister just got over a *fatal* sickness, and your mother never needed you so much in the world; and you must go off in spite of all she can say, and keep school!"

"But, Miss Paddleford, father is willing!"

"O yes, your father 'd let you do anything under the sun. Just got your dresses let down! Thirteen years old. It beats all!"

"O, I 'm fourteen, Miss Paddleford, and three months over, and *very* large for my age!"

"Well, well, it 's ridiculous. You 've about as much notion of governing a school as a baby! As soon as a girl is old enough to write a *palatable* hand now-a-days, she thinks she must keep school!"

And Miss Paddleford went on pressing the seams in Willy's pants, and her goose seemed to hiss out scorn of Rose and all little girls who thought they could keep school before their time had come.

"Well, Miss Paddleford," said Rose, saucily, "if I ever have to earn my own living, I 'd rather be a teacher than a tailoress, anyhow! It 's a good deal more genteel! Boarding 'round, too! I shall have the best chamber, and live on strawberries and cream, and be just as dignified. I 've made up my mind to be dignified!"

"Have you?" cried Will, who was going by the window. "Begin now, and let 's see how you 'll look!"

"Behave, Will; I was n't talking to you. You say that just because I have my hair curled in my neck, I suppose. But I can be prim enough, I 'd have you know!"

"A perfect primrose," said Will, drawing down his mouth. "I 'm thankful I don't belong at Getchell's Corner, *Deestrict* No. 3; 'the terror of your noble eye would strike me dead.'"

"You saucy thing! I 'd strike you with something heavier than my eye, I guess. Should n't I enjoy punishing you for impertinence on the old score? If I only once got hold of you!"

And Rose drew herself up, and assumed the attitude of Miss Lyon, her favorite teacher, whose deportment she intended to imitate whenever she could think of it.

Will thrust his hands into his pockets and laughed; leaned against the fence to laugh harder still.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Rose; if you can catch me you may give me a smart flogging, and welcome. Now for a race

from here to the sweet-apple-tree. One, two, three, — begin!"

And Will started off at the top of his speed, and Rose after him in close pursuit, her face aglow, and her hair streaming in the wind. As she skimmed over the ground, shouting and laughing, she seemed for all the world like a little girl, and not in the least like a young lady. Or at any rate, so thought her mother, who was standing at the pantry window watching the chase.

"Well, well," thought mamma, as she finished rolling out her biscuits, "the child is determined to teach school, and perhaps it 's all for the best. I can't help hoping she 'll be better contented afterwards to stay at home and help me."

HER REAL SCHOOL.

There were bits of paper, dry leaves, and sticks lying about under the seats and in the corners, undiscovered by the girls' brooms. The curtains were tearing away from the gentle clasp of the tack-nails, and leaned over from the tops of the windows as if they were tired of the sun themselves, and wanted a little rest.

Rose wanted a little rest, poor child! School was out for the day, and she sat by her desk scribbling in a blank-book because she wanted to "free her mind," and had no one to talk with. I have seen that blank-book, and have a mind to give you a peep at it. It is written sometimes with black ink, sometimes in blue, and then again with a lead-pencil. It is blotted, too, — with tears.

"*Monday night.* — First day over. Seems like a week. It is n't a bit as I expected. I jumped once or twice when they said, 'Miss Lawrence.' (It sounds dignified, though!) How the children do stare! I wonder how they like my looks. They 'll go home and tell their mothers *some* kind of a story! I know one thing, — I 've looked as grave as a tombstone. I suppose it would n't do to smile. I nearly

smiled, though, when those little girls came out to read their letters. I pointed to 'T,' and asked the pretty one what she drank out of cups sometimes. She looked sober and said, 'Nothing. They don't give me anything but cold water in a pint!'

"Then I asked the other one, and she said, 'My mother has grounds in her coffee sometimes, but it does n't look like that!'

"O dear, it was so funny! I wanted to kiss the little darlings, and send them out to pick buttercups. But no! I had to make them take their seats and fold their hands. The pretty one nodded, and finally lost herself, — not much of a loss, poor dear!

"There! how strict I am going to be, and yet they will all love me. And when the School Reports are printed, District No. 3 will go before the rest, perhaps.

"I 'm afraid the other teachers in this town will feel mortified, — so young as I am, and my first school. But I sha'n't feel like rejoicing over them; I know I sha'n't.

"Will may treat me more respectfully, though, and I shall be glad of that. It is certainly provoking the way he talks to me, as if I were a child!"

"*Friday.* — Those three 'Committee-men'! They have been in! I had to hold on by the chair, I shook so! I wished I was dead and buried, and the grass was a foot high over my grave, for a few minutes.

"Don't know what they thought. I can't even remember what they said. My tongue felt as if it had been changed into something as stiff as leather. I had no idea I could speak with my tongue feeling so, and my throat having such a lump in it; but I did, and they, the men, did not look at each other and smile, as I expected they would. I guess I appeared very brave. They gave me enough good advice to last me if I should live a hundred years. They will come in, the last week, again."

"*Thursday.* — Why, how these children do act! I *scold* as hard as ever I can, but they don't seem to mind much about it. I wonder if they mistrust I 'm only fourteen years old? They keep running out of their seats with questions. I suppose I ought not to let 'em.

"It 's 'Miss Lawrence, *need* Nancy tickle me?'

"'Miss Lawrence, I was just lying down on the seat, and Tid Glover spilt some ink on my neck. She says she did n't *go* to do it, but she did.'

"'O Miss Lawrence, may n't I speak? I want to get the *tink up*, — it 's under Johnny's dinner-basket.'

"O dear me — there! I wish I was at home, out in the orchard, under the trees, and could hear mother call me in to supper, — 'Rose, Ro-ose, Ro-osa!'

"Mrs. Applebee sweetens her custards with molasses, — who ever heard of such a thing? Coffee, do. (bread, *dough*). Mother never made me eat fried pork at home, and because I don't like it they think I 'm 'big-feeling, stuck-up, and proud.'

"Mrs. Applebee is n't like Mrs. Glover, where I boarded at first. She petted me, but Mrs. Applebee thinks I ought to be a woman, I suppose. She said something about letting me have a tub to wash my clothes. Perhaps she thinks I can wash! I 'll *make believe*, then (it will take the skin off my fingers, though)."

"*My last week! Monday.* — I 'm boarding now ever so far from the school-house, and it has rained almost every day for a fortnight. The clouds seem to be let loose. I wish they had some kind of *check-rain*.

"I 've kept a boy after school, and have got to whip him if I can get up the courage. Then I shall go paddling through the mud to Mrs. Johnnet's, and hear her scold, scold. I don't like boarding round. I *hate* teaching school, — now it 's out!

'Needles and pins! needles and pins, —
When a girl teaches her trouble begins!'

"I only want to live through this week, so I shall be alive next week! Then the cage will open and I shall fly out."

"*Tuesday.*—Worse and worse. Then I 'm so homesick, if I must own it. I 've cried myself to sleep ever so many nights. I want to see mother. I don't think I used to treat mother just right, I always hated to wash dishes so. But if I once get home, I 'll go to work, the first thing, and wash all the dishes in the house, clean ones and all. I miss father and Ada, and I know Will misses *me*. Will 's a good-hearted boy, after all."

"*Last day! The Committee!*—Dr. Palmer is the one that makes such long sentences, with so much dictionary sprinkled over them. And he is the one I think is heartless. He always looks as if he thought you were very much to blame about something. He made a speech about 'order,' and 'regulations,' and 'system,' and 'discipline,' and I don't know what all, for I had as much as *I* could do to keep from crying. I wonder if he has got any daughters about my age? I know one thing, he never will let them keep school! Well, father told me I was a silly child to attempt to govern 'other children.' I begin to think one's father and mother know best. I wonder if the other teachers in town will be jealous of little Rose Lawrence,—'the Rose that all are praising'! Well, little miss, you won't keep school again till you reach the years of discretion. If you do, I hope some kind friend will just take you and use you for a pincushion."

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

A WEEKLY prayer-meeting is something which no church can well afford to do without. It might about as well dispense with its family altars, its closets, its places of Sabbath worship, and, I had almost said, its Bibles. And there are the best reasons for believing, that, if a church feels no interest in sustaining a weekly prayer-meeting, its members are also sadly neglecting their family altars, their closets, their places of Sabbath worship, and their Bibles. It has its foundation in a church's necessity. It is the needful key which a church should ever have at its command to wind up its spiritual machinery, whose tendency ever is to run down. The prayer-meeting is a withdrawal from the din and turmoil of life to the place of devotion. It is the assembling together of saints, and Christ is in the midst of them. It is the Christian's *agape*, — his feast of love. And it is this meeting which is the thermometer of the church ; it indicates its spiritual temperature ; it is a reliable index of its spirituality. The Christian cannot best be such as a recluse. Piety does not thrive best in cloisters and by itself ; it needs the sunlight and ventilation, and to come in contact with other piety. Piety shut up in one's own bosom smoulders and dies, as soldiers sicken and die of inaction. Embers, asunder, go out. Bring them together, and they kindle and burn.

My brother, we can, and we should, bear one another's burdens, — I yours, and you mine. You are my keeper, and I am yours. You should pray for me, and I for you, and in each other's presence. Perhaps either of us may do for the other what neither of us could do for ourselves. You may see my failings and my spiritual necessities more distinctly than I see them myself, — so I may yours. I will tell you of my sins, my struggles, and my successes, and you

shall tell me yours, and we both shall thus be made more vigilant, wiser, and stronger. We will meet in our weekly meeting for prayer, open our hearts, and agree as touching one thing. We will *unite* in prayer. And our union shall be our strength, and we shall prevail with Him who has the residue of the Spirit.

I pity that member of the body of Christ who never meets with his Christian brethren in the place of social prayer, and who feels in his soul no pressing need of coming to the church's weekly convocation. He is among those who forget the assembling of themselves together, — and at the very place where he needs most of all to come. For a church-member never to be found at any of its stated meetings for prayer, is an ominous symptom. He has reason to beware lest he should not be welcomed to that greater meeting, where all prayer shall be exchanged for praise. The prayer-meeting is a strong link in the golden chain which unites any church here below with the Church above.

A WORD IN SEASON.

EMMA C——, an earnest young Christian, had returned from school, where much religious interest existed, to her country home to spend a summer vacation. It was a sultry Sabbath in August, and the long, dusty walk to church was very wearisome.

Toiling up the hill before her, she saw Mrs. D——, a young woman about her own age, who was far more weary than herself, — weary of her life of toil and hardship, weary of her cares and trials, but, above all, weary of her own sinful heart, — weary without any hope or prospect of rest in this life or in that which is to come. Arrived at the small church, they found it closed. It was the pastor's summer

vacation, and no supply had been obtained. Numbers turned away, sadly, to pursue their walk homeward under the rays of the fierce noontide sun, and Emma, as she turned, caught a glimpse of Mrs. D——'s sad, careworn face, and thought she detected more than ordinary regret at the disappointment. In an instant she was by her side. Their way home was the same, and Emma resolved that Mrs. D—— should not return without a friendly invitation to come to Jesus.

To her surprise she found her more than willing, — anxious to learn the way of life. Earnestly Emma pointed her to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. As they parted she said, "Now, my dear Mrs. D——, go to your room and leave it not until you have resolved to cast your soul upon Jesus, and I will spend this Sabbath in prayer that you may be accepted. When they next met, this was the language of Mrs. D——'s heart: —

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

And her subsequent life proved the reality of the change. She gave herself no rest until her sisters were also brought into the fold, and both Mrs. D—— and those sisters are now rearing their families "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

DEAD.

HE left us, our "first-born blessing," our brave, noble, beautiful boy left us, to lay his precious life a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. It was a sad, painful day, and yet how different from this; for then white-winged hope fluttered over my heart, warding off the sharp arrows of fear. True, when night came, and our dear boy had *gone* to the seat of war, the world was less bright, but still hope whispered of the loving letters that would soon come to cheer us, and with that the heart rested. And they did come, soon and frequently, — for months they came, those long, interesting, tender epistles, and the *last one* came. Then the kind-hearted captain wrote, and, one dreary March night there came a message, — and we were smitten.

Dead, — what a crushing weight that little word brought! How much of earthly joy it blotted out! He was dead, and the "sacred dust" was even then on the way to his loved home. What a night it was! What a sad, tearful, sleepless night! And when at last it had worn away, how strange and gloomy everything seemed. But the *agony* of our bereavement was yet to come. An "express," all unlooked for, stopped at the gate. One hasty glance revealed the errand, and O, had not God's pitying angels then been near, reason had surely left me. I ran to my chamber to be alone. I heard the muffled tramp of feet, and knew they were bringing in the still form, that went out so full of life, so determined to fight valiantly for "freedom's sake."

They came to me with tender words: "He looks so natural, so peaceful, so lovely, you will feel better to look at him." I begged to go alone. "I would be *alone* when I *meet my son*." I opened the door. "A *coffin!*" Others have doubtless experienced the same emotions that swept over me in that dreadful moment; but, thank God, they can never

come but *once*. "A coffin in our house! Oh! can I live?" A score of years had come and gone since our home was constituted, and in all that time the death-angel had passed us by, invading the homes of nearly all around us, and now our time had come. "A coffin in our house!" I stepped tremblingly forward, and looked. It was indeed my son, but oh! so pale, so thin, so changed, yet with an expression so peaceful, even as the good captain had written, "peaceful as a child asleep."

"It cannot be that he is dead: he must open those dear eyes, must call me mother!"

I touched my lips to the broad, beautiful brow. It was cold, oh! *so cold!* that I for the first time really knew that he was dead; and oh! my heart's rebellion, in the agonizing moments that followed, was fearful! I forgot the loving heart that ever beats in sympathy with my own, forgot the dear ones that are still left to call me mother, and felt that I must die, and be with my patriot son. Then there came a voice to my heart that said, "*Be still, and know that I am God*," and I sank beside that sacred clay in humble submission to His will, and communed with him as I had never done before; and his heavenly love so filled my soul, I had such glorious perceptions of his wisdom and justice and mercy and love, that I arose with a spirit of peace and gratitude, knowing that my Father had only afflicted that he might draw me nearer to himself.

"And in that room of death my soul drew nearer
To the great presence of the things unseen;
The deep, dark mystery of life grew clearer,
Until on life and death I looked serene.

"And looked serene upon that lovely sleeper;
Kissed the pale face, which silently had taught
That death and sorrow bring us knowledge deeper,
And deeper joy than this dear life had brought."

Mourning mothers, I have turned to this saddest chapter in my life-book that I might show you the sweet, sustaining

power of heavenly love, and entreat you to lean trustingly upon the Saviour. Every fresh announcement from battle-field and hospital carries me swiftly back to that sorrowing time, when earthly ties were suddenly riven, and the joys of heaven took a brighter glow; and I long to take you tenderly by the hand, — you especially who cannot lay the great burden of your grief at the foot of the cross, who cannot, amid your falling tears, say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," — and tell you of the blessed love that has often filled my heart with praises to the "great and glorious Giver," even to forgetfulness of the loss of one of its dearest objects of earthly solicitude. Nothing but God's grace can sustain us in these sorrowing times, and that is all-sufficient. He knoweth how much affliction is necessary for our discipline; and let us accept it meekly, nay, gratefully, and go on our way with increased faith and chastened love. Let us remember that one may be selfish even in grief; and though our tears must sometimes fall for the bright, beautiful ones who will never appear again in our home circles, our smiles must not be withheld from those who are still left us. And though our sons may go down to patriot graves, others' sons are left, for whom we may labor. While we remain in this life we have a work to do, and let us give ourselves to it with cheerfulness and zeal. Let us not brood over our sorrows, but rejoice at our manifold blessings. What though our eyes are dimmed, and cheeks withered, as with many years, it matters little, so that the spirit is brightened with new beauty, and the soul drawn nearer heaven.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

VOICELESS, in our human speaking,
Ignorant of human teaching,
Hardly yet beyond the reaching
Of the angels, strong and fair;
Little exiles for the sky,
Wailing no one knoweth why,
With a grieved and homesick cry,
As for mother's watch and care.

Eyes, half-closed in silent wonder,
Head, that bends the strange weight under,
Of the new life, rent asunder
From the life that gave it birth;
Hands that clasp with feeble clinging
Our poor strength, its aid down bringing,
With the love that, strong, upspringing,
Gladly welcomes them to earth.

Ears that hear the far-off ringing
Of the songs the saints are singing,
While the calm, celestial hymning
Bends the little lips in smiles;
Converse sweet the soul is keeping;
Safe escaped from earthly weeping,
See how calm the child is sleeping,
Breathing soft and low the whiles.

Feet not yet sore, worn, and bleeding,
With the rough path of their treading,
But the upward way now leading
To the land of perfect rest.
Lead, O children! patiently,
To heaven's fair and broad country,
To the home where we would be, —
To the people of the blest!

PRAYER IN A PERILOUS POSITION.

DEACON C. G. McN——, formerly of Andover, Massachusetts, a bee-master of the Langstroth school, in company with several others, was lately hunting bees in the woods skirting Cedar River, Iowa. He had ascended a tree about twenty feet from the ground, and cut a limb containing a swarm of bees, when it fell against another tree, knocking him off, and catching his left hand in a crotch of the tree. Here he hung for about half an hour, unable to extricate himself, or to obtain any support, except by clinging partially around the body of the tree with his legs. His friends were unable to reach him or afford him any relief; and it seemed to him that he must either cut his arm off with his knife, and drop to the ground, or die in a most distressing manner where he was. His hand was growing black and numb with impeded circulation, and he was becoming faint with pain and exhaustion. His friends told him they could do no more for him. He replied that he must then see if there was any help for him in God. One of the men could just reach his right hand from a limb above him. He requested him to reach down and support him a little, *while he engaged in prayer*. He prayed earnestly that God would spare him and send relief, if it were possible; and prepare him and his family for death, if he must die.

After prayer, he was relieved of the faintness and felt stronger. It then occurred to him that if a long pole were set up against the tree, so that he could rest his feet upon it, he might possibly be able to extricate his hand. A tree was cut and placed so that he could rest one foot upon it. After slipping from under him once, it at length supported him, when he succeeded in pressing his hand up, and was set at liberty. He could now just reach the temporary ladder by which he ascended the tree, and was soon safe on the ground with his rejoicing companions.

After resting a few moments, the Deacon remarked, that such a deliverance was too great to be passed by without *thanksgiving*. None of them were Christians, and some of them far from righteousness. But he knelt down before them all, and offered up hearty thanks to God "for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men"; they also kneeling, reverently and uncovered, during the exercise.

Such an example of cool self-possession in extreme peril, calling upon God in trouble, and giving thanks for gracious deliverance, must have made a salutary impression upon those who witnessed it. Was it not a fulfilment of the promise, "*Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me*"?

IAGO.

HOWEVER the other characters bustle, Iago is the moving spirit in the play of Othello. He is not only everywhere present himself with his stealthy personality, but he is the direct occasion of all the actions of the other persons. His devilish face looks out of every scene, at Venice, and at Cyprus, in the council-hall, in the midnight revel, in the chamber of love, and in the chamber of death. He pulls the strings that move every tongue and arm. He points Roderigo's sword at his friend's bosom; he prompts the intemperate fury of Cassio; he brings tears into the undimmed eyes of Desdemona; he unsettles the steady soul of Othello; and "the tragic loading of the bed" is "all *his* work." A perfect parallel to the character of Iago cannot be found, either in the writings of Shakespeare or of any other author. A man without a touch of human goodness, — a villain, without a villain's weakness, — a polished intellect, without a ray of in-

tellectual elevation, — even Shakespeare could not have created such another. When Richard III. cries out on Bosworth field, "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom," we forget the tyrant and murderer, and wish him a brave death and a soldier's grave. Iago has not even the ruffian's daring to recommend him; he strikes with the assassin's steel in the dark, and stabs, like Joab, under the guise of a friend. When the usurping king of Denmark soliloquizes with such mournful pathos about his crime, and kneels to ask the forgiveness of Heaven, we yield him our pity, and feel that, though a deep offender, he still has feeling. Iago has no such "compunctious visitings." He scoffs at the present, and sneers at the future. He does not profess himself an atheist, for that would be too blundering work for his exquisite sense of evil; but he covertly undermines God's throne by making all things true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, the objects of his wicked wit. He has been compared to the Mephistopheles of Goethe; but the immeasurably higher power of Shakespeare is shown by discarding the supernatural, and by subjecting all human passions and weaknesses to the control of a totally corrupt *will*, while the bounds of nature are not for a moment transcended. Iago is undeniably human, while yet the incarnation of evil. Mephistopheles amuses us by his tricks and transformations; but Iago actually makes us tremble, and we draw a long breath when he is put out of the world. We see that the pure maliciousness of Iago is somehow in the capacity of a human soul. There have been approximations to it in history, and it may be in our own observations of men. Some men have apparently become steeled to good, and totally "given over" to evil.

The seeming want of motive in Iago's conduct has often been noticed. Coleridge calls it his "motiveless malignity." A hint or so which he himself gives us about disappointed ambition, and an indefinite suspicion of his wife's integrity, are the only alleged reasons for his stupendous and destruc-

tive course of wickedness. Is not this a proof of Shakespeare's fearful acquaintance with the human mind? Instead of setting motive over against action, as we study cause and effect in the science of mechanics, he has a more subtle and vital view of the human heart, and reveals its workings as they really are, too indefinite to be analyzed, too spiritual to be philosophized about. There are influences within and beyond, not possible to be represented, not confinable in terms and systems. He lets actions crop out, but does not attempt to follow down the vast sweep of their hidden strata into the central abysses of the world of sin. It was indeed quite enough for a thoroughly evil nature like Iago's to have a noble nature like Othello's constantly before him, to excite the deepest hatred by the law of opposites. So the very spectacle of pure and virtuous enjoyment, such as the love of Othello and Desdemona, was sufficient in itself to rouse "the cruel devil of his will" into full and fatal activity. Shakespeare is willing to appear unphilosophical and unintelligible in order to be true, and to exhibit things as nature often exhibits them, and as the Bible exhibits them. The Bible represents the unrenewed human heart as "deceitful *above all things*, and desperately wicked." It is an inexplicable thing, a bottomless deep.

The two most prominent features of Iago's moral character are his entire *selfishness* and his supreme *hypocrisy*. In his first conversation with Roderigo to whom, in his contempt for him, he was not afraid to expose somewhat of his real character, he says, —

> "Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago;
> In following him, I follow but myself."

He moulds all, while outwardly subservient. He serves no one but himself. In his advice to Roderigo, he says: "I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man who knew how to love himself." His hypocrisy is carelessly manifested. It is the only thing he seems to do

naturally. He says to Roderigo, "I am not what I am." In another place he remarks, "Though I hate him as I hate hell-pains, yet for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, which is indeed but sign." He is hail-fellow with the youthful carouser and deep drinker, and yet with perfect grace he becomes the saint, and tells Othello, "I lack iniquity sometimes to do me service." Othello calls him to the last, "honest Iago," "my just friend." Even his wife seems to have no suspicion of his real character. After Satan, Iago is the truest type of the worst style of Jesuit.

The chief mental characteristics of Iago are instinctive sagacity, or marvellous perceptive power, and cool, unconquerable force of will. He seems to have made a study of the concealed springs of human action, — to have made himself master of men. He had unfortunately found out that good men had weak points; not in their principles, but hearts. He took deliberate advantage of this discovery. He adapted himself intuitively to the disposition of every one with whom he had to deal, and plied him with those baits that would prove successful to his overthrow. The mode in which he turns to account the smallest circumstance shows that he understood men, and knew that they were ill-balanced and weak creatures, not moved by earthquakes, but by shadows and sunshine. He never neglected little things. The cautious but sure method in which he proceeds to plant the suspicion in the mind of Othello, the mysterious tone, the abstracted repetition, the obscure meaning, the undefined hint, winding up the curiosity of the man to that pitch of excitement in which his calm judgment became confused, shows his deep sagacity in the study of men.

Iago's practical philosophy, or vigorous metaphysics, in a good man, would be almost worthy of imitation; but, like any bad intellectual man, he has no corresponding faith to save and sanctify his will. None of the old fathers had a more profound idea of man's self-determining power of will than he. He regarded himself as the complete maker of his own

actions and destiny. "'T is in ourselves," he says, "that we are thus and thus." He would bring every emotion, every passion, under the control of an iron determination. "Love!" he sneeringly exclaims; "it is merely a lust of the blood, a permission of the will." This is the secret of his constant self-possession. He leads the creatures of passion by whom he is surrounded after him at his pleasure. He is a Napoleon, without Napoleon's childish traits. Shakespeare has even put much sound wisdom and shrewd advice into the scoffing, leprous lips of this unadulterated villain.

Who will say that the character of Iago is not a powerful sermon? Show us the preacher who can preach like this. Spurgeon's coarse and tremendous images do not appall like the vague, unbounded capabilities of Iago for pure evil. There are depths of hell in single words of his from which we shrink terrified. Iago preaches to every man's conscience. He warns every man against swerving from the plain path of truth. He warns especially against the Jesuitical method of action. The hint, the concealed suggestion, the underhand mode of saying and doing things, are opposed to the characters of "the children of light and of the day," and belong to Satan's way of doing things. Christians should never deal in these weapons. One cannot love his brother who is afraid of speaking the truth to his face, or who works against him in a hidden manner. We are all liable to temptation in this as in everything else. When shall the clear and sweet atmosphere of perfect truth, and of unfeigned love pervade even the Christian world?

THE FIRST GLASS.

SAID Edmund Burke, in the British Parliament, while pleading against the incipient step to a questionable measure, "A spider of natural size is only a spider ugly and loathsome, and his flimsy net is only fit for catching flies. But, good God, suppose a spider as large as an ox, and that he spread his cable about us; all the wilds of Africa would not produce anything so dreadful!"

We are sometimes reminded of Mr. Burke's spider, as we see a dramseller intrenched amidst his glittering decanters in some fashionable saloon. He calls our youngsters about him with most seductive blandishments. He weaves his net with inimitable skill and grace. At first it is so delicate and plastic, the victim hardly knows he is within its folds; but by and by the fibres wax stronger and stronger, till they become like the cordage of a mighty ship, and the struggling victim, bound hand and foot, struggles in vain.

Young man, the first step to a drunkard's fate may be the first glass, the first vile habit, the first time you consort with a gay companion, the first cigar, or the first time you place your foot within the threshold of a gilded dram-shop. Shun them all, and be safe.

DEACON RISING'S DANCING-SCHOOL.

THERE are some people who are so honest, single-minded, and sincere, that we seem to feel that they are the Nathaniels of our generation. We always love to meet such men. We feel that it would be hard for temptation to fasten on them; and if the wind ever blows dust on

them, it soon blows it off again. Such a man was Mr. Simplemind, — well known in all our region as one who found it hard to do wrong, and equally hard to imagine it in others. He was a home man, but on one occasion he was called to go on urgent business for a friend to the village of Suppleham, some two hundred miles from home. His business took him at once to the house of Deacon Rising, of whom he had heard often, and in whose society he expected to enjoy much. The Deacon lived in a new, jaunty-looking house, evidently smarting up, and determined not to be left behind in paint or furniture. It was, indeed, quite stylish, "with all the modern improvements." Mr. Simplemind arrived just before tea, and, of course, was invited to the hospitalities of the table. As soon as the tea was over, the Bible was brought for family worship. The two young ladies, the daughters, and very pretty they were, said that they must be excused in order to dress, and so they were not to be at prayers. Mr. Simplemind looked disappointed. A short chapter, selected for its shortness, evidently, and a short, hurried prayer, were soon over.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Simplemind, "I presume your daughters are dressing for company, and I fear if I accept your kind invitation to stay with you, I shall be in the way."

"O, not at all. We are not to have company. My daughters are only dressing for the dancing-school."

"*The dancing-school!* Why, Deacon Rising!"

"You seem to be surprised, sir. Well, we did hesitate some about it, but all the young people were going, and we did n't want to be rigid."

"*All* the young people going! Why, there must be some very hard ones, unless your place is very remarkable."

"I don't mean all, but all the first families. We took *special* care to see that none but moral and respectable young people were admitted."

"I see. Then dancing-schools are such places that the

immoral and the not respectable are likely to go, and so likely that you have to take 'special care' to guard against it. You don't take any such pains when you open a new prayer-meeting or Sabbath school, do you? May I be permitted to ask if Christian parents are doing right to send or allow their children to go to amusements or places to which it is so natural for the wicked to go that you have to take special care to keep them out?"

"Now, my good sir, let us be candid —"

"Well, I feel sure I want to be, and have been afraid you would think me too candid."

"What harm does it do for my children to go to a dancing-school with good moral companions? They are particular not to keep late hours."

"Late hours, then, are the *natural* consequences of the thing, or else they would not have to be 'particular.' You don't have to make this remark about any religious meeting or gathering. I never heard such a thing said about any charitable gathering in my life."

"Now, Mr. Simplemind," said Mrs. Rising, "don't the Bible say there is a time for all things, and 'a time to dance'?"

"Truly, madam, the Bible says there is a time to dance, and a time 'to pull down,' and 'a time to kill,' but I have never yet pulled down my house, or killed anybody, because there is opportunity for doing such things. You surely don't understand that text to teach us to tear down the house, or character, or influence, or to kill body or soul?"

"Well, but did not David dance before the Lord?"

"Yes, and danced with all his might; but that was religious worship. You don't mean to say that your daughters go to the dancing-school for religious worship, do you? If they do, then we should ask a question or two, whether, under the light of the Gospel, this is the best method of worship? But I know you don't pretend to place it on that ground."

"Well, sir," said Deacon Rising, "we live in peculiar

times. Our religion has suffered because we have been rigid, and thought to be morose. I don't think we should make men hate religion, by being sour and crabbed."

"Certainly not. But, my dear sir, *is* that your motive in sending your children to the school? Was it a religious duty, a desire to honor Christ, that led you to do it? I feel certain it was not."

"Now, really, Mr. Simplemind, you carry things too far. Pray, what *hurt* does it do for my children to go to this dancing-school?"

"The very question I have been wanting to have you ask; and I will be very brief and plain in my reply. It does hurt in these ways: —

"(*a.*) You were chosen to be a deacon of an Orthodox church, because your brethren thought that, in character, in example, and influence, they could safely point their families to you as a model. They thought you to be a simple, humble Christian, — one who would not strive to gain both worlds. By this act you have fallen in their regards, in your influence, in your weight of Christian character, I have no doubt.

"(*b.*) I have also no doubt that the whole church feels the influence. Are not your prayer-meetings *very* thin, and cold, and formal? Don't you find you cannot hold up your head, and speak and pray as you once did? Religion *must* be very low, before you would do such a thing.

"(*c.*) Your minister, I am bold to say, was amazed and grieved when he heard of it. He is now. He mourns in secret places. And if he were asked by you he would tell you so. I happen to know him to be a most excellent man; but don't it begin to be whispered around that he is 'dull,' 'is not popular,' 'is not up to the times,' and it would be well for your people to have 'a more popular man'? And depend on it, Deacon, they will soon look to *you* to lead off in this dance. Their instincts teach them that an officer of the church who patronizes the dancing-school will not long be true to his faithful minister.

"(*d.*) You have brethren in the church who are grieved, I have no doubt. Have you not some conscientious Christians who do not allow their children to go to the dancing-school? Their children want to go, would be delighted to go, perhaps beg to go, and urge that Deacon Rising's children go, and these parents are tried. They seem severe. But they gave their children to Christ in infancy, and they dare not let them go on the Devil's ground. You grieve all these exceedingly.

"(*e.*) You hurt your own children. There must be some limits to the thing. You know that if you put guns into the hands of boys, they will fire them off. If you give a child a taste for dancing, and the power to dance, she will inevitably want to go to public places of amusement, where there is opportunity for display, and where the company is not 'very select,' or 'moral,' and where they *do* 'keep late hours.'

"(*f.*) Your children will have new and strong ties fastening them to the world, and drawing them away from Christ. Anything that unfits her for the trying duties of life, and for the self-denial of the Christian, is a wrong done to the child. And pray, Deacon, what possible cross does the community see you and your Christian family take up? You have no theatre and no horse-races here, and you do not patronize them. But if I understand Christ, we are to take up some cross daily, something that will be felt and seen as a cross. Now where is the cross which they see you take up for Christ?

"(*g.*) If your children are Christians, the wrong is hardly less to them. If they are Christ's, he dwells with them. Suppose he should call in here in person to-night, and propose to talk with your children, would you like to take him to the dancing-school to introduce him? Or would you ask him 'just to stay outside, while you went in and called them out'? O Deacon! Deacon! I fear you are hurting yourself, hurting your family, grieving your fellow-Christians, wearing down your minister, and grieving the Holy Spirit, in

conforming to the world. The Master says, 'Be not conformed to the world.'"

Alas! Mr. Simplemind was sad! Deacon Rising was sad! And I am sad! Reader, are we all foolish in being sad?

"COME UP HITHER."

DOWNWARD through the still air falling,
From the Eternal Heights above me,
Comes a voice so tender, calling,
"Wilt thou not, who fearest, love me?
Come up hither!
I, who died for thee,
All thy strength will be;
Come up hither!"

Seems the voice so far above me!
Yet so full of mercy! Teach me,
Thou Divine One, if thou love me,
How, in blindness, I may reach thee.
All this dreary
Path which leadeth on,
Must I tread alone,—
I, so weary?

"*Dreary*, when the cross doth guide thee,
And thou knowest its wondrous meaning?
Weary, when I walk beside thee,
Thou upon my bosom leaning?
Alas! with thee
Have I dwelt so long,
Still thou hast not known,
Hast not *known* me!

"Wouldst thou see me, thou, who fearful
Falterest in the march? Uplifting

To the hills thine eyes, — not tearful, —
Gird thine armor on. The rifting
Clouds shall show thee
Where thy path doth lead:
Ah! thy weeping hid
Its fair glory!

"For the faithful and victorious,
Out of blindness, wide the portal
Openeth into light how glorious!
Out of Death to Life immortal!
Come up hither!
Fair in this sweet land
The many mansions stand;
Come up hither."

COASTING.

"O WON'T we have some capital fun, coasting, when this snow-storm 's over? I tell you, I guess the sleds will fly down Pliny Hill!"

"I guess so too, and I wish mine could be among them. I wonder what makes father feel so about my sliding in the highway, with the rest of the boys. He is always talking to me and cautioning me, and since that accident last winter, he has forbidden my sliding there at all. I am sure I don't think there 's any danger, if a boy is only careful. Do you?"

"Danger? no! My father lets me slide where I choose, and I guess my sled 'll come down Pliny Hill pretty swiftly, for it is a grand one, the runners are so smooth. I don't believe there 's another sled in town swift as my Arrow. But was there an accident here last winter?"

"Yes, though there was n't much harm done."

"What was it? You know I did n't live here then."

"Why, you see there were a lot of boys on Pliny Hill, coasting, and Ned Ruggles was among them. You know what a venturesome fellow he is? Well, Ned was just up the hill ready for another slide, when a man came along with a horse and sleigh. He drove very slowly, as the road was worn so smooth, for he was afraid his horse might slip. Ned got tired of waiting, and called out, 'Come, boys! my horse won't stand. He is bound to go by that drone of a beast. Come on!' 'Don't go, Ned,' said Fred Carleton; 'perhaps you 'll frighten the horse.' 'Ho! no danger of that,' replied Ned; 'he has n't activity enough to be frightened at anything, and I 'm sure he could not jump if he was frightened. At any rate, I 'll try him; so here I go, boys! Come on!' And, suiting the action to the word, he sprang upon his sled and was away in an instant; and Billy Whipple and Frank Rollins followed him. They soon overtook the sleigh, and Ned darted by, the others following close behind him. But no sooner did the horse get sight of him, than he instantly sprang from the road into the ditch, upsetting the sleigh and throwing out the driver, who, clinging to the reins in hopes of stopping the animal, was dragged some distance by the frightened creature, as he ran furiously down the hill. The boys all started after him, shouting, 'Whoa!' 'Whoa!' but it only made him run the faster. He was, however, stopped as soon as he came into the village, but the sleigh was dashed to pieces."

"Was n't the man injured very much?"

"No. He was considerably bruised, but no limb was broken; he was exceeding angry, though, and before he started for his horse, he stopped Ned and Frank and Billy, and made them give him their names."

"He did n't do anything with them, did he?"

"Yes; he prosecuted them; and their fathers were obliged to pay twenty-five dollars each, to settle the affair. And my father says *every* boy ought to be prosecuted who slides in the streets."

"O, they could n't do that!"

"Yes they could, because there is a law which forbids it."

"Pshaw! I never heard of that before. I don't believe it, either, for I guess our selectmen would put a stop to it."

"Don't you think my father knows? I should think a *lawyer ought* to know what laws there are."

"Well, at any rate, I don't see the good of it, if it 's not made use of."

"*I* think it is very strange that people don't pay more attention to it, when it causes so many accidents."

"Well, I 'm always pretty careful, and I don't think anything serious will happen to me. Anyhow, I think I shall try it this afternoon; for, see! it 's clearing away. You come up on the hill, too, won't you, Le? You can come and see the rest, you know, if you don't slide yourself."

"Perhaps so; I 'll see," said Leander just as he arrived at his father's gate, where he turned and went in.

This conversation took place between Leander and George, while on their way home from school, — two boys of nearly the same age, who were fondly attached to each other, though very unlike. George, like most boys, was thoughtless of danger. He was free and careless, with high and happy spirits and a kind heart. He won the name of "*Great Heart*" from his schoolfellows, because he was ever ready, not only to sympathize, but to ACT for them in any emergency. Then, too, he was exceedingly generous, even to a fault, never refusing to give of anything he had; and though he had naturally a strong will, his generous and kind heart won for him many friends.

Leander was quite a different lad in some respects. He was more thoughtful and cautious of consequences, perhaps owing in some measure to the oft-repeated instructions he received from his judicious father. He was a good boy, and, like George, found many friends. He loved to mingle with his playmates in their sports, but was always happy to be a spectator only, if forbidden by his parents to join them.

In the afternoon the clouds had all disappeared, and the clear, blue sky and frosty, bracing air lured Leander away from home toward the company of boys on Pliny Hill. Their merry shouts greeted his ears long before he reached them, and he distinctly heard George's voice among the noisy group.

We fear there are not many boys who could withstand so many urgent entreaties to join in the pleasure as Le did that afternoon; but his father had forbidden it, and he willingly obeyed.

It was a gay scene, — that merry group shooting down Pliny Hill, only to hasten up again; and even so gay they were that they soon lost their usual caution and became reckless of danger.

"Now," said George, wild with excitement, "I 'm going to shoot my Arrow between those two sleighs coming up the hill."

"O, don't, George!" cried Le. "I know there 's danger. Don't you remember what I told you this noon?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed George; "no danger for me. I can steer my little Arrow straight between them. So here I go!" and he dashed away, with Harry Watson close behind him.

On, on he goes! How well he steers. His aim is true, and smoothly he glides over the shiny way. Suddenly he leaps a stone, — 't is only a little one, — but the Arrow whirls, and George, poor George! is thrown violently against one of the sleighs and his brains are dashed out!! Too late now for Harry to turn or stop. He plunges on, and by the sudden collision is thrown from his sled, and one leg and one arm is broken.

O, what a sight! How the merry scene has changed! Poor George is taken senseless to his agonized parents, and Harry is borne on a litter to his afflicted home.

George lingered in an insensible state for two or three days, and then died. Harry endured much pain in setting the two broken limbs, and the long confinement that followed.

O thoughtless boys! do you not suppose Leander was now glad that he had so careful a father, and that he had so perseveringly heeded his commands?

Both the accidents are true, and we hope some parents and children may profit by their occurrence.

ENDLESS ROADS.

TIME is endless. So is hope. So is action. The lines of life stretch further than we think. We lay our plans for to-morrow, and they prove to be a track that never ends. All our paths here go out into the unseen world. They leap the chasm between life and eternity, not stopping when the body gives out in the long march, but still reaching forward to traverse the scenes beyond. As you look across the street, the line of your vision is terminated by some building; you can see nothing beyond. If that building were away, you could see other houses and streets. If all these were brushed away, you would see the distant hills and woods. And if these, too, were gone, the line of your vision, unchecked, would shoot off alone to the stars, beyond the sun-rising; nor, staying there, would push onward among the farthest constellations, overtaking and outstripping the swiftest travellers of those unknown fields, till it had reached the utmost verge of the great universe, — yes, and beyond, into the silent and shoreless expanse, ever onward and onward, hastening after and never reaching the infinite.

So the hopes of this earthly life, its plans and schemes and busy contrivings, are all endless lines that reach into an endless future. Within the little circle of yourself, the plans you make for to-morrow, the wishes and hopes you entertain for the coming months and years, you may not see or realize how far your favorite purposes stretch off into the distance. Does

your vision stop with these nearest things, and linger within the narrow limits of these visible houses and lands, these men and marts just around you? Do you never think how they touch on the margin of an endless future? Do you never see how all earthly things are embosomed in an always present eternity? O, eternity is near. It is close to us. It is all around us, like the invisible air that envelops our homes. We walk every day in the embrace of eternity. Its light shines upon every deed we do and every step we take.

Which way are we travelling? Whether backward or forward, whether to the right hand or to the left, whether to the cross or away from it, our journey's end lies somewhere in eternity. The issue of every purpose is there. The end of every plan is there. The result of every deed is there. Into the fields of eternity are hurrying the footsteps of every man's life. No path will end this side.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Yet onward still to thee we speed,
As to the fight the impatient steed,
As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Mark well, O man! Eternity.

BROTHER GRIMWOOD.

"AND who is *that?*" asked my friend, whom I had persuaded, somewhat unwillingly, to accompany me to the evening prayer-meeting. And as he spoke, he pointed to a figure walking with stern, uncompromising step upon the other side of the street.

I hesitated. We had been having a long talk upon life, its responsibilities and trials; for we had both emerged from the rosy dreamland of youth, and knew but too well that

"man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." But I had been trying to convince my somewhat sceptical friend that there were still many happy hearts in the world, and that, almost without exception, the only *truly* cheerful persons, who had passed the season of childhood, were *Christians*, — those who had always the shadow of the great Rock in every weary land, and who, though "the fig-tree should not blossom, nor fruit be in the vines, though the fields should yield no meat, and the flock should be cut off from the fold," could yet "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of their salvation."

And in the heat of my argument I even ventured the somewhat hazardous statement, that I could decide by glancing at the countenances of the passers, which were those whose minds were kept in that "perfect peace."

"See," said I, as Doctor Freeman passed, with a blessing in his kind, benevolent eyes. "Could any one mistake that face? He has seen great trouble, but he is one of those

> 'Who in every sharp affliction God but nearer to him brings,
> And the darkness gathering round them is the shadow of his wings.'

"And *that* is Miss Faith B——. 'Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.' And that earnest face belongs to young Mr. Goldby —" But here my friend interrupted with the question, "And who is *that?*" pointing with inexorable finger to the object of interest.

I hesitated, not that I did not know him; who *could* ever mistake "Brother Grimwood"? But was ever anything so unfortunate for my theory? How could I have forgotten that the followers of the Lamb were not yet all sealed in their foreheads? I confess to being cowardly, and I began rapidly, —

"As I was saying, this young Mr. Goldby —"

"But I don't care for Mr. Goldby, now," interrupted my friend. "I want to know who that thoroughly wretched-looking person is, with those cold, lifeless eyes, and that thin, compressed mouth, that looks as if it shut with a snap like a purse-clasp."

I still hesitated, and my friend continued, —

"He must have some crime upon his soul, poor fellow! Perhaps he is some wretched Wall-Street speculator, who has just failed, and dragged so many down with him that his conscience is turned into a sort of special train with a load of ruined widows and orphans. Or, has he poisoned anybody, or committed a forgery or any other crime which he thought safely buried, and which threatens to rise from its grave in these grand resurrectionary times? or lastly," — and my friend's eyes twinkled with the climax, — "is he a *Secessionist?*"

It was certainly growing no easier, and I hastily began, "You were never more mistaken in your life. That is Brother Grimwood, — one of the pillars of the Church, a most excellent and devoted Christian."

My friend started, and slightly smiled.

"Yes," continued I, with some warmth, "I wish we were all as sure of heaven as is Brother Grimwood. He is truly an Israelite without guile, and — "

"Eminently *cheerful*," suggested my friend.

I confess to being somewhat annoyed, and, in the silence that followed, I eagerly, but vainly, ran over my small stock of argumentative artillery to see what could be used in Brother Grimwood's defence. I could not, in truth, say that he was cheerful or genial; on the contrary, if I spoke at all, I must admit that he had one of the coldest, most unsympathizing faces I ever knew. How, then, convince my friend that he was walking in the "ways of pleasantness"? I knew that children, with their sure instinct, avoided him, and started in fright if he suddenly addressed them, fearing that they had been caught in some contraband pleasure, and having a vague idea that he considered them all young reprobates. Indeed, I knew one sensitive child, who during the Sabbath services suddenly burst into tears, and knew no reason, only that she had been looking at Brother Grimwood's mouth, — those stern, unloving lips, that seemed long since to have forgotten how

to smile. And yet who could doubt that Brother Grimwood was a Christian? Where could we look for more unflinching honesty, more patient self-denial, more uncompromising warfare with evil, a more relentless, exacting conscience, or a more earnest desire to spend and be spent in the service of Christ? And yet, —

"They say the world has dealt harshly with him, and every one knows that he is a *lonely* man. Poor Brother Grimwood! there were no sweet domestic ties, no small baby fingers to carve more genial wrinkles in that thin face, and

> 'Eyes grow early cold and dim, which light of *love* have missed,
> And Patience weaves a ghastly smile on lips that ne'er were kissed.'"

Poor Brother Grimwood!

Filled with these and kindred thoughts, in silence we reached the church. They were singing, and, lo! as we entered, Brother Grimwood's voice swelled the chorus; but he sang

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

with the same tone and expression he would bestow upon

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

After a while he rose to pray, and in a cold, monotonous, almost hopeless voice, offered his petitions. There was much about God's justice, and his anger with sinners, but *so little* of his love and mercy. We felt oppressed, and almost despairing, and, as the last words died away, with a long sigh of relief we turned to look at Brother Grimwood. The stern, unyielding mouth was again closed, as if it could never open again, the cold eyes were shut, and the whole face and form motionless and rigid as an antique statue. And again we thought, "Is this truly one of God's disciples? Are the ministering spirits sent unto him in answer to his prayers? And O, what do the angels — 'fresh from looking upon God' — think of this stern, sad, unsmiling brother? And yet he *must* be a Christian"; and in vain speculation our minds wandered on.

But, brother, if this should chance to meet your eye, forgive me for one word more. You are not yet called to receive your reward, for your work is not finished. I know, that, with sleepless conscience, you are eager and ready for that work; but do you never think that by your stern, forbidding face you dishonor that Master whose service is joy? You discourage the lambs of the flock, who look up to you for example and guidance; for though doubtless you would willingly give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, I do not know of one who would have the courage to ask you for it. You frighten and dismay those who are striving to enter in at the strait gate; for, seeing your shadowed brow, how should they suspect that "*light* is sown for the righteous, and *gladness* for the upright in heart"? And what shall I say to my friend, who, looking at you, decides that this harvest must be very dim and uncertain?

Ah, brother! if at the coming of the Lord the floods clap their hands, and the hills rejoice together, have you no streaming lights and banners of joy to show to all the world that the great King has come unto *you*, and has made a "guest-chamber" of your poor, unworthy heart?

HYPOCRISY.

WHEN men commend what is virtuous, lovely, and of good report to others, and indulge in vicious practices themselves, — when they speak aloud for the honor of God, and habitually tread his authority in the dust, disregard his teachings, desecrate his Sabbaths, and treat the sanctuary with irreverence, — when they show much love with their mouth while their heart goeth after covetousness, and indulge in evil surmisings and words of slander, — when they pay tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier

matters of the law, giving to rites and ceremonial observances the importance due only to the great principles of evangelical truth, — when they boldly claim infallibility for their opinions, and sneer at the conscientiousness that resists their claims, — when they advocate a religion of forms in contradistinction to the religion of the affections, and assume that they are the people, and that wisdom will die with them, — when they hold firmly upon the traditions of the fathers, and neglect the earnest searching of the Scriptures, or even subject their testimony to the higher court of reason and fancy, — they have reason to judge themselves, and are not injuriously regarded by others, as guilty of hypocrisy before God.

Not a few communities of greater or less extent, and individuals without number, will doubtless recognize in one or other or all of these specifications their own portraiture. Happy is the man to whom none of them belong; for of all the beauties of human character, the eye of God turns upon none with more complacency than upon *sincerity*. Nor in any one can the falsely accused believer more innocently exult, when truthfully with an apostle he can say, "In simplicity and godly sincerity, I have had my conversation in the world." But the hypocrite shall not come before God, — his joy is but for a moment, — fearfulness shall surprise him, — his portion will be assigned him where is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

But hypocrisy is not confined to the visible Church. It dwells in the bosoms of the profane and the reckless, — nor is it less odious in its aspects when boasting of virtues grafted upon the stock of infidelity or indifference to all religion than when praying upon the house-tops, or blessing God at the gate of the temple, in the language of the Pharisee. "Thank God! I am no hypocrite," says the bold reveller and profane swearer, — "I make no pretensions to religion, but am as good as the best of those who do." A more arrant hypocrite lives not on earth than this same reviler of religion. Might he be believed, he is more the friend of God and man than the meek

and lowly disciple who waters his couch with his tears, and pours forth his prayers without ceasing, and devotes himself to the active duties of piety all the day long. But he carries a lie in his right hand. With professions of virtue and reverence for God on his lips, he belches forth blasphemy, and yields himself a voluntary captive to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the service of the Devil.

But the hope of the hypocrite shall perish when God taketh away his soul, whether he be found within the Church or out of it. A spider's web is not more easily broken up. A dream of the night is not more unsubstantial. What though he amuse himself with airy fancies, and lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he shall establish his vain pretensions when summoned to the bar of God, and impose on Omniscience as he now imposes on himself or on his fellowmen? Disappointment awaits him, doubly grievous through the aggravation of his guilt, arising from the implied acknowledgment that he knew what he *ought* to be, — the friend of God and the worshipper of Jesus, — and that what he ought to be he would have been but for his fixed aversion to Divine claims. No wonder that the hypocrite and unbeliever are classed together in the assignment of their everlasting portion. The character of each has the same basis, and deserves the same doom.

The Christian is instructed to shun each approach to this offence against the Majesty of heaven; to lay open his heart freely to the inspection of his own eye, and to the cognizance of all with whom he has to do; and to pour forth the prayer continually, "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me, and know my thoughts, and lead me in the way everlasting."

"ELEONORA, A POOR SINNER."

WE find, in the darkest ages of the Church, many most attractive examples of genuine piety. Through cloistered glooms, and the accumulated moss of superstitions, we see beaming forth, in many a disciple, the gentle, loving, devoted spirit of Christ.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, there was in the heart of Germany a young duchess, residing in the castle of her father, Philip, the Elector Palatine. In early childhood she became a Christian, an earnest and impassioned Christian, longing for the love of God, and eager to make any sacrifice, and to practise any self-denial, which she thought would prove acceptable to him. Guided by the teachings of her spiritual instructors, who, though doubtless sincere, had engrafted upon the precepts of the Bible the traditions and superstitions of the Church, she was taught to deprive herself of almost every innocent gratification, and to practise upon her fragile frame all the severities of an anchorite. Celibacy was especially commended to her as a virtue peculiarly grateful to God; and she consequently declined all solicitations for her hand.

Leopold, the widowed Emperor of Germany, sent a magnificent retinue to the palace of the grand Elector, and claimed Eleonora as his bride. It was the most brilliant match Europe could offer. But Eleonora, notwithstanding all the importunities of her parents, rejected the proffered crown. As the Emperor urged his plea, the conscientious maiden, that she might render herself personally unattractive to him, neglected her dress, and exposed herself unbonneted to the sun and the wind. She thus at length succeeded in repelling his suit, and the Emperor married Claudia of the Tyrol.

The Elector Palatine was one of the most powerful of the

minor princes of Europe, and his court, in gayety and splendor, rivalled even that of the Emperor. Eleonora was compelled to present herself in the gorgeous saloons of her father's palace, and to mingle with the festive throng in all their pageants of pleasure. But her heart was elsewhere. Several hours every day were sacredly devoted to prayer and religious reading. She kept a minute journal, in which she scrupulously recorded and condemned her failings. She visited the sick in lowly cottages, and with her own hands performed the most self-denying duties required at the bedside of pain and death.

After the lapse of three years Claudia died, and again the widowed Emperor sought the hand of Eleonora. Her spiritual advisers now urged that it was her duty to accept the imperial alliance, since, upon the throne, she could render herself so useful in extending the influence of the Church. Promptly she yielded to the voice of duty, and, charioted in splendor, was conveyed a bride to Vienna. But her Christian character survived this fearful ordeal, and remained unchanged. She carried the penance of the cloister into the voluptuousness of the palace.

The imperial table was loaded with every luxury; but the Empress Eleonora drank only cold water, and ate of fare as humble as could be found in any peasant's hut. On occasions of state it was needful that she should be dressed in embroidered robes of purple and of gold; but to prevent any possibility of the risings of pride, her dress and jewelry were so arranged with sharp brads pinching the flesh that she was kept in a state of constant suffering. Thus she endeavored, while discharging, with the most scrupulous fidelity, all the duties of a wife and an empress, to be ever reminded that life is but probation. These mistaken austerities, which were caused by the darkness of the age in which she lived, will surely not dim the lustre of her crown.

When Eleonora attended the opera with the Emperor, she took with her the Psalms of David, bound to resemble the

books of the performance, so that she might unostentatiously keep her mind fixed upon Divine things. For the benefit of her subjects she translated the Psalms into German verse, and also translated into German several other books of a devotional character. She survived her husband fifteen years, devoting herself with untiring self-sacrifice, through all these years, personally to the instruction of the ignorant, to nursing the sick, to feeding and clothing the poor. All possible luxury she discarded, and endeavored in every respect to live in imitation of her Saviour, who had not where to lay his head. Her death was like the slumber of a child who sobs herself asleep in her mother's bosom. At her express request, her funeral was without any display, and she directed that there should be inscribed upon her tombstone simply the words: —

ELEONORA,

A POOR SINNER,

Died January 17, 1720.

THE WEE-BIT BAIRN.

WE ha'e a wee-bit bairn at hame,
Sae blithesome, cannie, bright,
That, ever syne the day he came,
He 's filled the house wi' light.

He now is twa years auld, or mair,
A' glib o' tongue and foot;
He climbs up ilk a fatal stair,
He climbs ilk cast-off boot.

Barefit he toddles roun' the streets,
Wi' gran'sire close behin';
Giving ilk person that he meets
Piece o' his childish min'.

Wha kens the wee thing, what he 'll be,
When years a score ha'e gaun !
Gladding his mither's grateful e'e,
Piercing her breast wi' thorn !

God gi'e his angels charge to keep
The bairnie, lest he stray ;
And, though in death we fa' asleep,
Show him the narrow way.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

IT is a very common idea among large classes of men, that the wonderful revelations of science in these latter days are tending all the while to undermine the Bible. This sentiment is most widely extended among those who, in fact, know very little about the Word of God, — who have never made the Scriptures the theme of study, and with whom " the *wish* is father of the thought."

On the other hand, to those who give critical and careful attention to the subject, it seems more true than ever before that the Bible *is* the book of God, because, though written thousands of years ago, it harmonizes so beautifully with all the real truth which has been discovered in this wide exploration of the fields of nature. Yea, more than this, its language, instead of being incongruous and discrepant, was so shaped and adjusted originally by Infinite Wisdom that it receives a grander and fuller meaning from all these wonderful revelations of science. For example, a Jew, living before the time of Christ, as he read the Eighth Psalm, and came to " When I consider thy heavens," &c., would doubtless have his soul lifted up with wonder at these marvellous works of God ; but to one who reads them now, amid all the light which astronomical discovery has thrown over these vast

heavenly spaces, the language is just as harmonious as ever, while it fills itself with a loftiness of meaning, with a grandeur of conception, unseen and unknown in the earlier days of the world.

So, too, of the first chapter of Genesis. It must have been a wonderful and impressive chapter to men in all ages of the world ever since Moses wrote it; but never did these opening verses sound out with so full a majesty, with so large and comprehensive meaning, as now, since astronomy has explored the heavens, and geology has uncovered the secrets of the earth, and showed the successive steps of God's creating energy. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." If our men of science suppose that such words as these can ever be outlawed, — can be rendered vague and meaningless by anything which they have done or can do, — we venture to think that they are entirely mistaken. Rather will all their labors and discoveries lend a fuller force and compass to these majestic words, as they go down the ages, and are read by unborn generations. It is true, in every age of the world, that men, in their short-sighted views of things, are disposed to give a technical and narrow meaning to many of these Biblical passages, according to the measure of their knowledge at the time. Science often breaks in upon this technical interpretation, but does not disturb the substance of revelation itself. This is the perpetual wonder of this sacred book, and those who watch carefully what is going on in this *seeming* conflict between science and the Bible gather strength year after year, and are more and more ready to say, with devout confidence, "Thy testimonies are very sure."

THE NIGHT OF DESPAIR.

REV. Mr. J—— relates the following very impressive history of a parishioner. Jane B—— was a young lady of wealthy parentage, and had all the means of culture and enjoyment of the world that affluence and affection could furnish. She was also a child of many prayers. The power of "things seen and temporal" was upon her spirit like a spell, and her golden dreams were disturbed only by the still small voice of the Holy Ghost, which at times made her weep. She resolutely stifled her convictions. While at a boarding-school, completing her education, she was taken ill. No attention and medical skill were spared to save her from the embrace of the skeleton destroyer of all things terrene. When it was apparent that the effort was vain, the physician advised her removal home. She was borne to the bosom of domestic sympathies and care. As she crossed the threshold, and met her mother with such tears as she alone can shed, the invalid exclaimed, "Mother, I have come home to die; *and I am lost! I am lost!*"

She continued to waste away, often repeating the same words; and when only the faintest whisper could be heard, it was still, "*I am lost!*" In Virginia, where she lived and died, the weather was intensely warm, which, with the nature of the disease, made it necessary to have the burial the same night. At nine o'clock in the evening the procession moved to the cemetery. When the coffin was lowered, and the light of the lanterns fell into the gloom, the silence was broken by the sudden and convulsive starting of a sister of the dead, who, stepping forward to the margin of the grave, cried, in tones of piercing agony, as she gazed into the narrow home of the decaying body, "*Jane is lost! Jane is lost!*"

It is not strange that the good pastor should say, "Those

accents of woe, ringing out upon the still air of night, and over the place of graves, are still in my ear, and will be while I live." How true of the impenitent are the words of the living Oracles, "*Madness* is in their hearts, and after that *they go to the dead.*"

PROFESSING CHRIST.

THE Rev. Dr. Nettleton (for many years an evangelist, and afterward a professor in the East Windsor Seminary) was a keen judge of human nature, and possessed a rare faculty of "hitting the nail on the head." Visiting once in a quiet country town, his advice was sought by the pastor of the church in that place relative to a small class in the congregation who seemed unreasonably to delay a public profession of their faith in Christ.

"There is Mrs. D——," said the pastor; "she hopes she is a Christian, she is very constant in attendance upon all the meetings of the church, but utterly declines to take the vows of God upon her."

"What reasons does she give?" inquired Mr. Nettleton.

"O, it is sometimes one thing, and sometimes another," was the answer. "Generally her excuses take on the form of extreme humility. — a profound sense of her own imperfections, and a strong fear of dishonoring the Master whom she would profess to serve. I wish *you* would talk with her, Brother Nettleton; I confess to a conviction that you would succeed where I should fail. And I am very anxious in the matter; for Mrs. D—— occupies such a prominent position in society, that her influence is and must be potent for good or evil."

Mr. Nettleton consented to the pastor's wishes; and, as he had already made the acquaintance of the lady, there was no difficulty in finding a suitable time and place for an inter-

view. Mrs. D—— was an intelligent woman; and so long as the conversation rested upon general religious topics, she talked fluently and well. But as soon as her visitor touched upon the special subject which he had come to speak of, her manner changed; she became embarrassed and reserved.

Perceiving that she was desirous to evade such a direction of his remarks, Mr. Nettleton addressed her at once with great seriousness.

"Mrs. D——, you have been speaking freely with me of the religious movements of the day, of various plans for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, of the value of the Gospel, and the success of its ministers and churches. In all this talk you have participated as one having a personal interest in its subject, and wishing to be identified with the cause and prosperity of religion. In short, you have intended to express yourself *as a Christian.* Why, then, do you not perform that clear and primary Christian duty of confessing your Saviour before men?"

"O, sir, I could not, — I dare not, — I hope I am a Christian *at heart*, but —"

"Stop a moment, Mrs. D——; remember that the same Divine Word which says 'With the heart man believeth unto life,' adds immediately, 'With the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' Do not you put asunder what God has thus joined together?"

"I am so unworthy, Mr. Nettleton."

"I know you are, Mrs. D——, and God knows it better than you or I. But as it is not your worthiness — only Christ's — that you are called upon to profess, that should not hinder your obedience."

"My life, sir, is so imperfect, I should be such an inconsistent professor as to disgrace myself and the Church; and thus I should become a byword and reproach. This is my strongest objection." And the rising tone and heightened color showed that she spoke the truth.

"Well, we have touched bottom at last," said Mr. Nettle-

ton, significantly. "Your excuses, dear madam, all resolve themselves into that one source, — pride. While professing a very humble self-distrust, you are putting your own feelings before Christ's wishes, and your own decisions above his commands. And beneath the plausible pretence of fearing to dishonor him, you are cloaking a sensitiveness to the world's reproach for yourself, and an unwillingness to strive to conform your life to a pure and blameless example. In the name of my Master, and in the words of his servant of old, I charge you, 'Repent of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee.'"

Mrs. D—— was at first confounded by this address, and then indignant, muttering in an undertone "that it was hard to be misunderstood and slandered by one who professed to be a Christian and minister both," she left his presence at once.

The sequel showed that she was rightly judged. For though she was afterward coaxed by a clergyman of another sect to join his church, she nursed her pet sin till her death; and no ray of Christian humility and faithful cross-bearing ever illumined the darkness of her own path, so far as others could see, or beamed to lead benighted souls to Christ.

CRAZY CATHERINE.

THEY tell me I am not myself. They tell me I am strange, and sometimes almost wild. I believe they are right. I am shattered. And I must never feel hard toward my cousins and my cousins' children if they tire of me; so I say to myself whenever my head is clear as it is to-day: but at other times I believe I rail against their penuriousness. The good Lord forgive me! I have no home, and nobody wants me, for I can't be of use to any one. Sometimes I think the Lord would reward them for taking me in, more

abundantly than they would ask, if they only did it in a cheerful spirit, and then at other times it comes over me that the Lord has forgotten all of us together. Yes, for he has forgotten to take me away from the world. But to-day I know — for I just read it in the good Book — that the dear Lord never forgets. But then my mind has been such a singular one. When I was a little child I planned to die at thirteen. You will think it very odd, and I suppose it was so. For I have heard others say it never entered their minds, when they were children, that they could die. I was as positive of my destiny as though a leaf had been torn surreptitiously out of the great book of fate by my guardian angel, and given into my hand, inscribed with the very day of my death. But when the bonny chrysanthemums had blossomed thirteen times, I was still going back and forth from my father's to the school-house through the biting winds of winter, the slosh and thaw of spring, and the sultry air of summer. I was weak and small and melancholy, but I kept on living. I was astonished at myself for my bravado; but if the pitcher at the fountain would not break, nor the silver cord be loosed, what could I do? Still there lay hidden, as I believed, *somewhere* in the rose-garden of my teens, the tender-hearted angel who would take me up the shining ladder. Because beyond this garden stretched the wilderness, — the wilderness of maturer life, dark and tangled and briery, and full of dreadful creatures. God never meant I should walk through this wilderness; else why had he made me so tiny, so weak, and frail, and fearful.

But still I kept on living.

My twenties came, and the winds blew fiercely from that same wilderness, cutting through my warm life like cold steel. But I passed into it; and what befell me there I shall not tell you. But it was a labyrinth. I am in it yet. There is no outlet. One thing it is well for me to tell you. The One who appeared as "the fourth" in the fiery furnace of the Chaldean king — the One who shut the fangs of the royal lions in the den where they cast the prophet Daniel — *is here.*

I have met him. But he does not let me out. The arrows from the quiver of disease stick fast in me; there is no rest or refuge from them. But I keep on living. I am yellow, and wrinkled, and mummied. Vitality manifests itself by a slight power of locomotion, and by the exquisite sensitiveness of the nerves. The nerves are alive, — O yes; but the stomach is nearly dead: so is the heart. I know, for they often send up telegrams to the brain that they can't hold out much longer. My soul is shut up in a smoky glass case; the green pastures do not look right to me; the violets are different from what they were. But I stumble on with singular pertinacity. The incidents I used to enjoy are now to me just about as pungent as horseradish after the strength is all gone, — *all* gone, mind you. On some days I am better. I am like a deer lying down in the park. He says, "I will arise, I will shake my lithe limbs, I will fly over the lawn, I will swim the river, I will toss my antlers on the top of the ragged cliff." Alas! just let him try. He forgets how that tied to his lithe limbs are immense weights, like the cannon-balls the prisoners drag. My friends grew old. One by one, with their white garments on, they went away, — they who used to bear me in their arms, on whom I leaned heavily. Yes, they have gone away. The cousins and cousins' children cannot sustain my weight; I keep the sunshine from them. But still I live on.

I am not old yet. O no. Had I lived in the days before the flood, they would have accounted me as an infant of days. But it is as though the weight of a hundred years held me down whenever I feel the stirring of the winged nature within me. But I live on. There are reasons for it in God's mind. I see it clearly to-day. God does n't always tell *us* his reasons, though we take him to task if he does n't. We seem to think he is like a novelist, bound to make the story of our lives come out to the reader's satisfaction, ourselves being reader. But the book of our history may be written out clear and beautiful to higher intellects than ours, — to higher moral developments, I mean. Ah, yes. It may be

the angels see that the mansion preparing for me by Christ the Consoler is not yet perfected, or that I am not yet ready to be promoted. I kiss the hand; He will never wrong me. And when you see poor Crazy Catherine, remember it is one of His little weak ones.

HERBERT'S NEW YEAR.

WHEW! how the wind was blowing! Around the street corners, rattling sign-boards, and roaring down chimneys, and bearing upon its unseen wings millions of tiny snow-flakes that were weaving a shroud for the old year to lie down in.

"Would n't it be fun, though, to travel about like one of these?" thought Herbert, brushing away the melting, plumy particles of snow from his face and eyes. Right on through the dark night, with its storm and cold, the brave boy went trudging, intent upon an errand with which his father had intrusted him.

The gas-lamps winked and shook out uncertain flames of light, at which the spirits of the air must secretly have laughed; for there still remained a wide black roofing of sky hiding every star. Now he entered a handsome street, brilliant with gay shop windows, whose various stores were displayed in tempting profusion.

Herbert paused before a fashionable bookstore, charmed by the gleaming array of blue and purple and crimson volumes, edged and lettered with gold.

"O, if I had money!" whispered the boy to himself, "such a library as I would collect! I should care more for books and pictures than anything else, I think." And he bent nearer an engraving lying just within the window, — a sweet,

tender face with that smile of lip and eye which his dead mother's had worn. Several minutes passed as Herbert stood looking straight before him, into the cloud-land of Fancy, where life must be a very different thing from his every-day experience of the same.

At length, with a start, he hurried on; nor had he gone far when a sudden gust snatched the cap from his curly head, and sent it spinning down the sidewalk, Herbert following after in close pursuit.

"Was ever such a plague?" he cried, catching and settling it upon its former perch. In stooping to regain the cap, a paper parcel lying near attracted his attention.

"Halloo! what's this?"

The boy stepped beneath a lamp to examine his prize; the string confining it had loosened, and the contents were slipping out. Books! new and shining in holiday dress.

"Is n't this a windfall? Of course in so large a city I should never find the owner."

The tempter suggested this to Herbert's first thought, but he was not doomed long to remain in suspense as to the rightful claimant; turning it over, he read upon the wrapper in plain characters, "William Maylie, Esq,"—the very merchant in whose store Herbert served as errand-boy.

"Well, I have another walk to take this stormy evening," our hero reflected, rather soberly. "I must carry this to Mr. Maylie's house in Russell Square; there is no help for it!"

"Stop a moment, Herbert," pleaded a stealthy voice. "*Why* must you be at so much trouble for a bundle of books which Mr. Maylie can easily replace?"

"No, no! Herbert, remember your promise!" And now the tones were altered, and the darkness formed a background for the shining of a pure, transparent face, while again his mother's voice whispered, "Remember."

Then his thoughts went back to the chamber where she had died; with almost her last breath enjoining upon him a petition which should be his shield from all coming trial:

"Lead us not into temptation." With this memory his strength returned.

"Can I see Mr. Maylie?"

A rosy-faced, bright-looking boy stood in the vestibule, as the servant opened the door of a brown-stone mansion "up town."

"Yes, I guess so," answered the man good-naturedly, "though he is very busy just now; come in!"

Such a change from the outer to that inner world of warmth and luxury! Herbert seated himself in a comfortable hall-chair, as directed, gazing about him in a bewildered way. Why, this was like the air-castles he had built, hour after hour, lying in his little low-roofed chamber, where the moon remembered him in her lonely track, and stopped to make even the dingy walls and clumsy furniture beautiful as for a king's palace! Soft carpets upon the floor, pictures and marble statuary looking down from above, and through two or three half-open doors a glimpse of long, rich, drawing-rooms, occupied by many people.

"This way, my little man," said the tall waiter, returning, and leading Herbert to another part of the house. It was the library door before which he paused, saying respectfully as he threw it open, "This is the lad, sir."

"Ah, Herbert! is it you?" Mr. Maylie extended his hand kindly to the boy, whom he had frequently noticed as being active and faithful. "What brings you out such a terrible night?"

"This, sir," said Herbert, handing the parcel, and explaining how he had chanced to discover it.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed the gentleman, glancing at his overcoat thrown hastily upon a couch. "I was obliged to write some letters directly upon returning, and had not thought of my purchase; though," he added, laughing, "I presume my children would have taken me severely to task if I had neglected it altogether." Then, meeting the wishful glance roving over his well-filled book-shelves, he asked,—

"Are you fond of reading, my boy?"

"O, sir, I cannot tell you how I love it!"

"And did you not want to keep these handsome volumes?" lifting them one by one, — the treasures which had cost Herbert so severe a struggle.

The keen yet kindly eyes were fixed upon his, and the boy answered, frankly, "Yes, sir, very much."

"And what prevented your doing so?" further inquired Mr. Maylie, pleased with his straightforward replies.

"The thought of my dear mother," faltered Herbert, after a pause. "And my prayer, too, the Lord's Prayer, you know, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

Herbert's gaze was fixed upon the carpet: he did not, therefore, perceive the shadow creeping over the face of the strong man before him, nor, if he had, would he have suspected its source.

Only the day before, a moment of fierce temptation had beset this upright Christian merchant; and he, too, might have fallen, but for the restraining power of that petition.

"It is a blessed prayer, Herbert," said Mr. Maylie, thoughtfully. "I am glad you have tested it to-night. Your New Year is well begun!"

And while our friend Herbert enjoyed his treat, in the cosey and quiet room, Mr. Maylie repeated to a group of eager listeners the history of that night's struggle and triumph. Very small, perhaps, beside the achievements which are printed in capital letters in every daily newspaper; but not small in the view of One who notes even a sparrow's fall.

"And, now, what shall we give to Herbert for a New-Year's present?" Mr. Maylie appealed to the whole, when his task was over.

"A book, of course," said one.

"Skates!" urged another.

"And I would give him my dolly, with eyes that open and shut," put in Fanny, anxiously, "only the wire is

broken, and one eye is always open and the other always shut!"

A general laugh greeted this generous proposal, and then the question was seriously discussed.

"I think," said the father at last, decisively, "it will be best to give Herbert the book now, and I will see what can be done toward securing him a situation where he will be able to attend school."

And upon that, Mr. Maylie returned to the library, followed by the pattering footsteps of "little Bunch."

"Are you Herbert?" asked the small lady, clasping her tiny fingers about his; and, receiving a smiling assent, she stood looking up at the clear, honest face, venturing once to say, under her breath, "You are *very* pretty!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Maylie was saying, "I hope this will please you, my boy," and he laid before the astonished lad a large and handsome volume, on the fly-leaf of which was written: —

"HERBERT R——,
"A New-Year's gift from his friend,
"WILLIAM MAYLIE."

No matter, now, if the winds blow cold, and the snow has deepened to a heavy matting upon the sidewalks. With light footsteps and lighter heart, Herbert pressed forward, hugging tightly to his breast the precious gift so bravely earned. And still in his joy of possession, hastening toward home, a heavenly presence seemed to move beside him, and his Saviour's accents breathed, "*Blessed is the man* that *endureth* temptation."

BLACKBURN AND THE LAWYER.

THE name of Gideon Blackburn stands for a star of the first magnitude in the annals of Western preaching. The writer well remembers his commanding figure, whose more than six-feet height had acquired an additional stateliness and force from the military habits of his early life. Stories are told of his power of painting in the pulpit such scenes as the biting of the fiery serpents, the crucifixion, the final judgment, which equal anything that is related of the finest efforts even of Whitefield in this particular line. The following anecdote finds a place in Sprague's Annals of the Presbyterians.

The Doctor had an appointment to preach at the opening of the Tennessee Legislature. A certain lawyer was one of its members, — a very accomplished, classical, and general scholar. He had formed quite a contemptuous opinion of Blackburn from hearing that he was in the habit of mispronouncing certain words, — thus, *poolse*, *impoolse*, *decreptitude;* also, he *done*, for "he did," and the like. The lawyer was sure that Dr. Blackburn's popularity was a mere whim of the public mind, and resolved that he would go to hear him to test critically his merits. Arming himself with pencil and paper, he took his place in the court-house.

The preacher began in his usual careless and rambling way, dropping pretty soon into a fine illustration from Xenophon concerning Cyrus and a captive prince. This rather disarmed the critic. Gathering strength as he advanced, the speaker now careered along in his peculiarly fascinating and majestic style. The critic forgot entirely his purpose in the spell of the hour, and when the service was concluded, looking at his note-book, he found this solitary memorandum, "*Brung* for brought." In telling this anecdote himself to a friend, he laughingly said, "Why, I could not criticise him. Not that

he was not vulnerable enough; but a man must be a cold-hearted, mean, contemptible creature to criticise such a man and such preaching. He that would or could do it would criticise anything, — the falls of Niagara, the bend of the rainbow, or even Homer's Iliad." This gentleman never afterwards failed to hear the Doctor whenever he could, but with his pencil lying quietly in his pocket.

CRADLE SONG.

LULLABY, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;
Now when the daylight dies,
Closed be the little eyes;
Rest till the sun arise,—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;
Peaceful shall rest thy head;
Noiseless shall be the tread
Round our dear darling's bed, —
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;
No cause for anxious fears;
Not yet for thee the years
When life must have its tears, —
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;
Baby by Heaven blest!
Cares trouble not thy breast;
Naught shall disturb thy rest, —
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;
Mother will watch and pray
Danger may keep away,
Until the dawn of day,—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;
Forms that we cannot see,
Loving, are watching thee;
Thus may it ever be!
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby must sleep;
God answers from the skies
Mother's fond prayers that rise;
Baby must close his eyes,—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

MAN NOT MADE FOR PERDITION.

"GOD never made a part of his creatures to be saved, and a part to be damned."

So one replied to me to-day, when I inquired of him how the subject of religion stood with him, as a practical matter.

Pastor. Are you, then, an atheist?

Parishioner. By no means.

Pas. But do you believe that the Sepoys, in India, have been butchering women and children, like fiends? Do you believe that murders have been committed in Boston within a month?

Par. Certainly I do.

Pas. My friend, this is a sheer impossibility, on your principle.

Par. I do not, by any means, perceive the train of reasoning that leads you to such a conclusion.

Pas. I must then request you to take up your reply to my inquiry, and give it some expansion, for it is one of those concentrated sophisms whose power to delude lies in their brevity and in their elliptical form. When I inquired how you regarded the subject of religion as a practical matter, you understood me to inquire why you had not complied with the requirements of the Lord Jesus Christ. Your answer was, "Why, I cannot believe that God ever made a part of his creatures to save them, and a part to damn them." If you will pardon me the comparison, this is one of the slung-shots by which impenitent men knock us down when we come to lead them to Christ. It is *multum in parvo;* a proposition of vast dimensions in a few words. Whenever you strike with it, you seem to regard us as done over, or "struck dumb." And there is great power in it, on one condition, — that what it impliedly affirms is true. Its real meaning is this: since God never made men to destroy them, they will all be blessed forever. And since the goodness of God will make us all blessed without our troubling ourselves about religion, we need not trouble ourselves about it.

Par. Yes, I admit that is substantially the meaning of my reply. But what you meant by saying that I must then be an atheist, or not believe that the Sepoys, or any one else, had committed murder, I confess is by no means obvious to me.

Pas. Cheerfully will I explain. Your argument, reduced to a syllogism, stands thus: —

A good Creator never created any being that suffers the consequences of wrong-doing.

But God is a good Creator, therefore his creatures never suffer the consequences of sin.

Believing that syllogism in each of its propositions, you, of

course, must disbelieve either that there is a good Creator, or that any of his creatures sin and suffer. If you believe that God is, and is good, then all his creatures are virtuous and happy. But if some of them are neither virtuous nor happy, then there is not a benevolent Creator.

Par. I concede that your reasoning is valid.

Pas. Yes, it is valid. And if you will allow me to pursue the subject, I will direct your attention to some other things involved in your reply. Its very form conceals a subtle sophism which no honest mind would intentionally employ, and which, therefore, needs but to be pointed out to any such as may have used it.

Par. Pray, what can that be?

Pas. It is this: the phrase "made his creatures to be damned," involves a proposition which may be thus stated:—

"Whatever any free agent becomes or suffers, that his Creator had in view, as an end, in creating him."

Now, it may be that you are prepared to accept that proposition when thus distinctly stated. I trust not, however. You have employed it as a convenient shield to defend your conscience against the claims of Jesus Christ, without having deliberately and formally adopted it.

Par. But I do not see how it is involved in my reply.

Pas. Your object was to justify yourself in neglecting the requirements of the Gospel. And the ground of justification was, that you have no need of the promises of the Gospel. You are to be saved, because all men are to be saved; and all men are to be saved, because, if any were to perish, the very fact of their ruin would prove that God made them to destroy them. And, as that cannot be, they are not to be ruined. Your reply means that, or it means nothing. And, as you are too sensible a man to utter unmeaning phrases, I take it as significant, and to mean just that.

Par. You are right, although I confess I never before analyzed the phrase, though I have used it more than once, much as I have to-day.

Pas. Then, see what you have done to-day. God called you by a fellow-creature to repent; for he uses human lips to utter his words, as he used human hands to write them. They are his, whoever repeats them. Your reply was then to God, and, if valid now, will stand at the judgment. And I will interpret it, and put it in a form that will make its meaning still clearer to you. "My God, I will not repent of sin, nor turn to seek thee, because thou art too good to let me perish, whether I repent or not."

Par. But I was replying to you, not to my Creator.

Pas. You have my view of that; but let it pass now. I wish to show you one other aspect of your reply. Suppose it produces just the effect you intended, — silences me, and tranquillizes yourself, — what have you gained? No, my friend; it is a victory that will cost you more than you have dreamed of. Just so far as you were insincere in using it, you hurt the fine edge of your conscience. Just so far as you were sincere, you confirmed yourself in atheism. If your argument is sound, or if you believe it to be sound, then every crime you hear of, and all the remorse and misery consequent on crime, of which you hear, will go to convince you either that God is not good, or that, if he is, he did not create man.

Par. Where, then, is my error?

Pas. In confounding God's intention with his permission. If he *intended* to create a free agent, capable of being virtuous, then he must *permit* him to sin, if he chooses to sin, and *permit* him to suffer the consequences of sin. But God no more created Judas *in order* to destroy him, than he created him to betray the Son of God. But he *permitted* him to betray Christ, to hang himself, and to go "to his own place." Acts i. 25.

THE ANGRY INQUIRER.

ONE of the first meetings for religious inquiry I ever attended was conducted, in the absence of the pastor of our church, by the late Dr. Elias Cornelius. No one who ever saw or heard that beloved man can easily forget him. His symmetrical figure, his beautiful countenance, his impressive manner, and, above all, the earnest and pointed appeals of his sermons were fitted, at any time, to arrest and fix attention in a remarkable degree. In a season of general revival, he seemed almost inspired. At least it was so in N——. "Never man spake like this man," was upon the lips of not a few of his admiring hearers. One sermon, in particular, upon the words, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," was the means, it is believed, of arousing the anxious attention of a large number of persons of all ages. At a meeting for inquirers, held a few hours after the service in which this sermon was preached, there were present not far from two hundred persons.

As Dr. Cornelius desired to speak personally with each one of this large number, he requested them, for his own convenience, to occupy seats on either side of the middle aisle of the church, — those who were indulging hope that they had found the Saviour on one side, and those who were still without hope on the other. As he passed around, now in one pew and now in another, making, in all cases, very brief and pointed remarks, and in some cases uttering only a single sentence after receiving an answer to his question concerning the particular case before him, he came up to a young man who had prided himself upon his moral, if not mental, superiority to many, if not most, of the assembled throng around him. He had, for many weeks, been more than usually serious, had attended all the meetings except those

for conversation, had listened very respectfully, and every day had even *condescended to pray*, though with a very feeble sense of his lost and helpless condition as a sinner; and even the faint conviction that he had was gradually becoming fainter, because it was so intimately associated with the delusion that he had greatly *improved* since he began to pray and attend the meetings. He regarded himself as *almost* good enough to go to Christ and demand a pardon which he had nearly paid for by his excellent character and seriousness. Yet, as he had not that peculiar sense of forgiveness and relief of which many spoke, he classed himself with those who had no hope, though he was, he had no doubt, in a very "hopeful way."

Whether Dr. Cornelius read all this fatal self-deception in the young man's self-complacent face, I never knew, but if some one had told him all, he could not have uttered two short sentences more perfectly adapted to the case than the two he directed, like barbed arrows, to that young man's heart. There was no introduction. The first words were, "Why are *you* not a Christian?" The young man, having been, up to this moment, on such excellent terms with himself, expected to be addressed in commendatory and comforting terms, and was so disconcerted by this strange abruptness and apparent roughness, that he could not at once sufficiently compose himself to reply. With some vexation expressed in his countenance, which the good man evidently noticed, he paused, hesitated, and while at last he was in the act of trying to stammer out something as an answer, Dr. Cornelius very quietly interrupted him, exclaiming, "*I see;* your own mouth condemns you!" and left him to the tumult of his own thoughts.

The young man was *mad*. "Is this the way," thought he, "in which Dr. Cornelius treats a *decent* inquirer? Is an upright, serious, praying young man to be set one side as unworthy to be talked with, or insulted as if he were a profane swearer and a drunkard?"

He soon left the house with a friend, whose experience, he was not sorry to find, had been similar to his own, and together they went homeward venting their angry resentment of a supposed insult from Dr. Cornelius in not deigning to recognize the goodness that was in them, and refusing even to stop and talk with them, though he gave a special attention to others whose character had, as they thought, far inferior claims upon his respectful notice.

It need only be added, that that was a dreadful night to the young man. His anger had reached a point very unusual in his experience, and as he retired to his room and found himself alone, he was filled with horror at the thought of what he had said and felt. Conviction seized upon him as never before. Sleep departed from him. For twenty-four hours his soul was in an agony, from which he found relief at length only by surrendering himself as a lost, guilty, and helpless sinner to Christ as the Saviour of only such as he. And to this day, the memory of no minister of Christ is so dear to that young man, — now himself a minister of Christ, — as that of Elias Cornelius, with whom he was once so angry.

MORNING MUSINGS.

I WENT into my study quite early this morning, before it was light. There was only the faintest streak along the east, — enough to teach a watchful eye to recognize that point of the compass. My fire had burned out, and the cold ashes and brands were lying as they had been left the night before; and as the blue light of the match that I kindled revealed, under its dim glare, the dead embers, the straggling chairs, and the scattered books and papers upon the table, a sense of chilliness, lifelessness, and desertion came over me,

even there in my study. However, I lighted a lamp,— shading it behind a quarto,— opened a window for the fresh air, kindled my fire, put out the light, ate my morning crust, and stowed myself within the ample embraces of my large arm-chair.

By this time, the streak in the east had grown broader and brighter. How still it was! Scarcely a sound was to be heard, save the far-off roaring of the southeast bar, distant, certainly, not less than nine miles. The deep *presence* seemed to fill all that quarter of the horizon. The light grew broader yet; the clouds reddened; the leaden masses above began to glow; and golden glory tipped the edges and the points of those lowest down; various noises had already begun to make themselves heard; the wide, dim landscape had come out bolder and bolder; the hill-tops were suffused; the river caught the colors; up comes the red sun,— what a glorious, peaceful scene. How full of strength and hope is the morning! Steadily the light comes on; the clouds and the darkness strive to bar its progress, in vain. It comes, it triumphs, it brings the day, it awakens the world.

As I sat there, I felt thankful for my pleasant home,— that it gave me so glorious a scene and so grand a sound; that I lived where so much of earth could be taken in at one glance of the eye, and so much of the heavens; that so many hills, such broad meadows, with their crooked rivers, the distant sand-hills by the sea, the ocean beyond, were present to me there. I thanked God, and rejoiced. Then I thought within myself, But how many noble homes there are in this land; how many pleasant houses by the Atlantic, how many more are to be by the Pacific shores; how many stately, delightful mansions in the cities; how many charming villas in their neighborhood, or along the margins of wide rivers, or looking out upon the lakes or the prairies; how many farm-houses on smooth hillsides, in sunny valleys, amid broad, green slopes. I thought also of the beauty and the happiness there will be in this land, when its

wonderful expanse is full of Christian people (as I hope it will be); when even those little garden dells, shut in among the salt and stony deserts of the Rocky Mountains, shall be dwelt in, — white cottages among their thickets; children prattling by their fountains, among the flowers; lovers straying at sundown along the peaks and the ridges; parents in arm-chairs, watching the fading summer glow upon topmost summits; church-bells solemnly calling the living to the house of prayer, or tolling that same unchanged requiem for the dead. I was glad, as I thought of the noble and lovely homes of this land; and that so many eyes would be made joyful and peaceful in contemplating their beauty, and so many souls would be enriched by the glory and the loveliness all about them. The rich cannot take all this wealth to themselves. A great many houses can be built along seasides and mountain-sides, in the valleys and on the prairies, — more than the rich and the great can live in; unless all the people are rich or great. There is too much of this glorious land and water for a monopoly. God made the continent for the *people;* and theirs it shall be.

I turned to my study-table; and a newspaper, with a piece of verse in it, caught my eye. It was headed, "The Invitation corrected," and began: —

> *Not* "as thou art, without one trace
> Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
> Or meetness for the heavenly place,
> O guilty sinner, come."

Further down, came the following lines: —

> "'T was *for the sheep* the shepherd died,
> The bridegroom suffered for the bride,
> The number 'given,' and none beside."

I do not know whether my previous meditations had anything to do with it, but these lines filled me with peculiar disgust and sorrow. I thought of the Saviour's "Come unto me, ALL ye that are weary and heavy laden." I remembered here, "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come." *Whosoever will*, let him take of the water of life freely." What a

different key-note have we here! The generosity of Nature, and the loving-kindness of the Bible, are attuned to each other. Both are large-hearted and full. The breath of Heaven flows through both, and God's own "holy light" floods both. But there is a theology which is akin to neither, — born by lamp-light, a spiritual dyspepsia, acrid, sensitive, timid, and exclusive.

So I was thinking, as I sat by my Bible, the glorious spring morning at my back; a tap at my door reminded me that musings and mornings come to an end, — it was breakfast-time.

HEAT WITHIN AIDS HEAT WITHOUT.

A CURIOUS and interesting paper was read last August at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which contained some singular statements respecting the effects produced by the rays of the sun. It stated, as the result of many careful observations, that the effect of the solar ray in elevating temperature varies with the temperature of the atmosphere enveloping the body on which the ray falls. In winter, if the sun shining directly on the blackened ball of a thermometer outside of the window raises the mercury twenty degrees, it might at the very same moment raise the mercury of a thermometer in a warm room forty degrees above the temperature of surrounding objects in the shade. And the greater the heat of the room, the greater the heat-dispensing powers of the sun. So that the rays, which passing through a cold medium have little power to work a change, seem to acquire new energy the moment they enter a heated apartment. And so, perhaps, the greatest effect might be attained by pouring the sun's rays through a lens upon a heated furnace.

This law of heat, though not yet fully ascertained, must have an important connection with many facts relating to climate, vegetation, the melting of snow, and the breaking up of frozen streams. We have referred to it as illustrative of some spiritual truths.

It seems to be in harmony with the law of God's providence, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance."

We believe that those who receive the most benefit from the ordinary services of the house of God are they who go there with the best preparation of heart. If the prayer-meeting is one of unusual interest and fervor, it is because prayer was offered beforehand. If a fast-day, intercalated among days of business, brings the soul to realize its condition, its wants, and its refuge, this result will be due partly to its previous exercises. The pharisee and the publican went up to the temple at the same hour; they both went to pray; they appeared before the same God; but how much the antecedent state of each had to do with the acceptance of one rather than the other!

How much depends upon a preparation to receive a blessing from God! When a church is quickened and revived, the obstacles to the Spirit's work are partly removed, and means of grace are clothed with power that before seemed to be ineffectual. A pastor preaches a sermon, and it is forgotten as a thing of no account. He repeats it a year or two after in a revival, and it takes hold upon hearts that heard it once unmoved. He gives utterance to some commonplace truth in certain states of religious emotion, and the effect is overpowering. We have the same Gospel all the year round; its effects, how varying!

When Jesus visits his people, they should arrange to receive and welcome him. Better to sit at his feet like Mary, than, like her sister, to be troubled about many things.

PAY THAT THOU OWEST.

STRICT honesty, it is to be feared, is fast becoming a virtue possessed by but few, even of those who would marvel greatly to learn that they are suspected by any as swerving from a course strictly upright. We have been accustomed to believe that for a pupil in school to take a pencil belonging to one of his fellows, without the knowledge or against the wish of the owner, is just as really dishonest and sinful as would be the taking, in the same manner, of one dollar or ten; and we see not why the same principle does not hold true with children of a larger growth. We confess that we are surprised and confounded at the want of uprightness and the dishonesty now prevailing in the community, and too often even among those who profess to square their conduct by the Word of God.

The following illustrations will serve to make our meaning and the importance of the subject more apparent. A man fails in business, it may be through unavoidable misfortune. He is indebted in various sums from one to five hundred dollars, to those who have been in his employ, who, in consequence, are made to feel the sharp pinchings of poverty. The dress for the mother, the shoes for the little ones, and the more convenient household furniture, are but specimens of articles that must be given up, so that, perchance, by sparing and squeezing economy the poor man's honest debts may be paid. Meantime the employer has obtained a discharge from his creditors, and has again engaged in business, through the assistance of friends. In a few years he accumulates a handsome fortune, and thereafter lives in a style of elegance and luxury. His old creditors struggle on in their poverty, he not acknowledging their claim upon him, because, forsooth, he has got his discharge. Has *God*, or has his own *conscience*, given him a discharge?

A young lady engaged passage from one town to another in a stage-coach, the driver agreeing to call for her. He forgot to do this, but his partner, learning the fact, secured a carriage and drove in haste after the stage, overtaking it and putting her aboard, after a hard ride of several miles. It was customary to take the fares at the commencement of the route, and they had accordingly been collected when she got into the stage; consequently, in the haste of the transfer and the excitement of the ride, the fare was forgotten by both parties, and the mistake did not occur to the young lady till she had reached a distant town, from which she took an early opportunity to remit the amount due. Who believes that she might have neglected this remittance with any just claim to honesty? Yet, in a case so clear as this she was laughed at, even by professing Christians, for her "scruples," in sending back the money, "which it was the driver's business to look out for," as it was remarked; as though the honesty of his passengers was a responsibility for which he would be called to account.

A man failed in business, paying not ten cents on a dollar, and yet, for several months, while his discharge was pending, and his affairs were in process of settlement, he made free use of elegant clothing, replenishing his own and his wife's wardrobe at will with the choicest of silks and broadcloths, displaying numerous luxuries, while many of his creditors were obliged to exercise the strictest economy, both in respect to their table and their wardrobe, — an economy rendered, of course, more necessary by the anticipated settlement at less than ten cents on a dollar. If tested by God's law, could this be called honest?

A man borrowed of a friend twenty-five dollars, on the express condition that it should be returned in a few days. The lender not receiving it, in due time called on the borrower, reminding him of his promise and requesting payment, but it was "not convenient" that day; he would "pay soon." Thus it went on several months, the lender, to whom a small

sum was not of small consequence, having frequent occasion to use it, — in fact, several times having great need of it, — while the borrower, as it afterwards appeared, expended during this period several times the amount due, in the *luxuries* and not the necessaries of life. Did he keep the command to deal justly?

The above cases are not imaginary ones, but are each substantially true; and the fact that all the parties mentioned are professors of religion invests them with a painful interest. Is there not a great deficiency in the training of children, especially by example, on this all-important subject? and do not our churches need to be newly indoctrinated in the first principles of honesty?

SCENE ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

LET me write for the readers of the "Congregationalist," while it is fresh in mind, the description which a cultivated and enthusiastic physician has this morning been giving me, of twenty-four hours on the top of Mount Washington. It shows what may sometimes be found there under the most unpromising appearances.

My friend has made the ascent between twenty and thirty times, but has never seen the equal of this. Here, therefore, may be seen the explanation of the great variety, not to say contradiction, of experiences detailed respecting a visit to this airy summit.

Our party went up on Wednesday last (September 5, 1866). Arrived above, in the afternoon, they were supposed, by spectators at the Glen House, to be completely enveloped in mists, which alone they could see. But, in truth, they were entirely above the mists, looking down from their lofty zone of sunlight on brilliantly illuminated clouds.

Now appears the wonder and the glory. This mass of cloud-land becomes a perfect mirror; and the sun being at just the right height, the whole peak of Mount Washington is reflected in it so distinctly that it seems as if it might be photographed from its clear image on the bosom of the cloud!

This passes away, and then returns; and in the interval, the most delicate tints of many hues come and go, wavering and playing with tremulous light. At length, the sun goes down, plunging into an ocean of fogs. The wind rises and blows furiously, sweeping and screaming all night across the heights. My informant thought he had heard and felt the wind when rounding Cape Horn, and in other parts of the ocean, but never as on this night.

Next morning, up at half past four o'clock. A faint hint of sunrise through volumes of driving mists. The rest of the company, after breakfast, wet with the damps, the mercury at thirty-five degrees, and the winds still implacable, determine that the show is over, and set their hearts on a return to lowlier places. The doctor tries to dissuade them and induce a few hours waiting, telling them, "Who knows but they may yet get a glimpse of the ocean?" — laughingly, — a feat he had himself never succeeded in accomplishing, in his more than twenty visits. They had been gone not an hour when the sun broke grandly out. Sebago Lake, twenty miles from Portland, comes out in fine relief. "And what is that great shining mass beyond?" "That is the Atlantic Ocean!"

There it lies sparkling in the gleam, no narrow line, but a broad expanse glittering, eighty miles off, before your eye as plainly as if it were under your feet! And now it closes in again; and now comes back. Six separate times on that memorable forenoon did the magnificent ocean rise on their delighted gaze!

CHARLEY GREY'S DREAM.

CHARLEY GREY was gazing out of the school-room window one sultry afternoon, with his elbow on his desk, his head resting on his hand. His book was open before him, but his eyes did not rest upon it. Instead of that, they wandered wearily over hill and brook, wood and field, now toward the flocks of sheep and lambs that were cropping the grass on the hillside, now toward the brook as Charley dreamily thought of the bright little fishes that were sparkling in its cool depths. Watching for a moment the calm flight of a hawk which, with scarce a motion of its great wings, was hovering over the tops of the trees, and then looking listlessly at the cows lying in the shade.

As he sat sleepily there, the idea came slowly into Charley's idle mind, that his would have been a happier life had he been born a beast, a fish, or a bird, instead of a boy, to be sent to school and compelled to learn long lessons in July.

"I would rather," thought Charley, as he yawned and closed his eyes, — "I would much rather be a calf lying in the shade of the acorn-tree yonder than the first boy in my class."

Wonderfully enough, a sudden and surprising change came over Charley Grey. The school-room, with its sluggish drone and confined air, melted imperceptibly away. There was a moment of darkness, and Charley found himself lying under the acorn-tree. His wishes had been realized. He would be a calf, and a calf he was. His astonishment and alarm were but for a moment. All was then over, his past life forgotten. He remembered nothing about his home, friends, school-boy life, or his wish so wonderfully gratified.

For any knowledge of the past which his calf's head contained, he might have been born in the stable and bred in

the fields. He was happy, the shady ground was delightfully cool, the fragrance of the fresh grass was to him most grateful perfume. With half-closed eyes, he was rolling on his tongue a delicious morsel, in comparison with which the delicacies a school-boy covets are but as dry crusts to Christmas puddings.

While in the full tide of his quiet enjoyment, a brother calf who had been lying by his side slowly rose and stood upon his feet. Charley (we call the calf by the school-boy's name) languidly opened his eyes and stared stupidly at his risen brother. Something told him that brother was inclined to vary the monotony of the occasion. He tossed his head and wagged his tail with looks of mischief. In language which Charley well understood, he bade him admire his strong neck and horns, and invited him to a trial of strength. Finally, with drooping head, he rushed upon the prostrate Charley and gave him a furious lunge in the side. This brought the calf Charley to his feet. Bellowing with rage and pain, he rushed to meet his adversary. It was a fierce combat. Charley's antagonist was older than he, larger and stronger. It was an unequal contest, yet Charley's rage and courage compelled him to keep the field. It was not long, however, before his strength began to fail; hot, fatigued, and bleeding, he was about to yield the battle, when it met with an unexpected interruption. An old cow with long sharp horns, who had been regarding the affray with evident dissatisfaction, now determined to put an end to it.

She advanced quickly toward the combatants. Acting upon a principle said to be occasionally practised by mankind, she singled out the weakest of the two as an object of punishment.

When Charley saw this new and terrible enemy approaching, he instantly took to his heels; the cow with the sharp horns gave chase. Exhausted as he was by his battle, she gained rapidly upon him. Every moment he expected to be caught on those sharp horns, and sent whirling through the air.

Just then a little bird, which had been seeking worms in the pasture, frightened at the approach of the beasts, flew into the air, and was quickly out of the reach of harm.

Then the calf Charley thought, "O that I were a bird, that I might fly from this terrible pursuer. The wish was scarcely formed, when, lo! — there were certain powerful and propitious fairies controlling Charley's destinies, — the calf became a bird. The cow had just bent her neck, and pointed her sharp horns to give Charley the fatal toss, when the latter, transformed into a beautiful bird with gilded wings, rose lightly into the air. He saw the cow in her headlong course shatter her horns against a wall, and then soaring lightly, and, singing gayly, he reached the neighboring wood. Scarcely had he congratulated himself upon his escape, when the experiences of his calf life faded from his memory. He was a bird, sitting upon the topmost bough of a lofty tree. He was free, and rejoiced in his freedom. "I will quit," thought he, "these dark woods and fly over the fields and houses."

As he emerged from the shadow of the trees, and was flying over the pasture where he had so recently escaped from danger, he had a dim consciousness that there was danger still.

Far above, and between him and the sun, there was a great shadow, which instinctively filled the poor bird with terror. Soon he heard a rustling sound as of wings, and then he saw, what the school-boy had seen before, a great hawk which had hovered over the tall trees watching for the little birds to leave them.

There was a great shock in the air, and the little bird knew that the hawk was making the awful plunge from which there was no escape for him.

With a scream of terror Charley awoke to find that all about the calf and bird was a dream, that he had startled the school by crying out in his sleep; he awoke to receive punishment for being so idle and so noisy, — happy enough to find that it was nothing worse, and that he is still a school-boy.

When boys say to Charley they wish they were birds, he tells them to be glad they are not, for he was one once, and never wishes to be again.

If reading Charley Grey's dream will help to convey to my young readers the idea that every position in life may have its trials, and that even those careless creatures, calves and birds, may have their troubles, I shall not be sorry that on this occasion Charley fell asleep in school.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

THOUGH bleak and chill the wintry wind,
Though dark the day, and drear,
Though lifeless 'neath her icy chains
The fettered earth appear;
Though leafless boughs sway, bent and torn,
Before the furious gale,
Yet cold, nor snow, nor wintry blast
'Gainst Nature shall prevail.
She is waiting, only waiting,
Till the spring-days come once more,
Only clasping close her treasures
All the brighter to restore.

Soon shall the sun's glad warmth and cheer
Unloose each heavy chain,
The tempest wild have spent its wrath,
Soft zephyrs breathe again.
With verdure clad, with strength renewed,
The flower-crowned earth shall rise,
With song of birds, and rippling streams
Salute the smiling skies.
After waiting, calmly waiting,
She shall rise a queen once more, —
All her wealth of joy and beauty
O'er our happy hearts to pour.

Though age and care thy form have bowed,
  Though dark thy day and drear,
Though friends of youth are from thee torn,
  Earth's joys no longer cheer;
Though lonely, weary oftentimes,
  Though strength and vigor fail,
Yet age, nor pain, nor weariness
  Against thee shall prevail.
    Only waiting, only waiting,
    Till release from earth be given,
    With the heart secure in Jesus,
    How we long for rest in heaven!

But soon shall dawn a brighter day,
  All clouds be overpast,
Then may thy spirit upward fly,
  Thy soul find rest at last.
The loved and lost be found again,
  Full strength for weakness given,
And weariness and pain forgot,
  In perfect bliss in heaven.
    After waiting, meekly waiting,
    Through these many weary days,
    With the sanctified in glory,
    Sing eternally God's praise!

PEACE IN TRIAL.

IT seems to the worldly man a paradox, and almost a self-contradiction, that the Christian can enjoy peace and endure trials at the same time. And with most irreligious men it is a self-contradiction. With them an essential requisite to peace in the soul, peace even in an inferior sense, is external comfort. Let bereavement, disappointment, and adversity become their lot, —

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
  And storms of sorrow fall," —

and the commotion and strife within will be quite equal to the troubles that prevail without. Their fountains of happiness are in this present world, and when those fountains are dried up, their thirsty souls know not where to find relief.

But it is not so with the Christian. His Redeemer has opened for him a perennial fountain of joy. To him has been given access to "the river of the water of life," yea, there is within him a "well of water springing up into everlasting life." When Christ was about leaving the world, he left his beloved disciples this rich legacy. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

This promise was not confined to the primitive disciples of Christ. The same green pastures and still waters that were accessible to them still remain for all the flock of Christ, in all ages of the world. To us he is in effect saying, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; my peace I give unto you, let not your heart be troubled." And what is the peace of Christ? It is not such as the world giveth,—mere temporal prosperity, or personal ease, or the gratification of natural affection. It is the peace of the soul, a peace imparted by the heavenly Comforter, a calmness of mind at times when others would be filled with anxiety, or terror, or rage, the comfort of a hope reposing on the Rock of Ages, a support and strength derived from the presence of the Lord, and from "the power of his might." It is a peace of conscience, a peace with the world, a peace with God. And this peace the devoted Christian may enjoy, in seasons of severe trial, when the waves of trouble are rolling and roaring all around him, and the storms of adversity, with their thunderings and lightnings, darken all his sky.

The Christian is subject, like other men, to losses and disappointments. Those who are near to him by the ties of relationship and affection are taken from the world. If he has wealth, it takes wings and flies away; distress is brought

upon him by reverses in business; the comforts of life fail, and want, that he thought to be far off, comes to look him in the face. Many earthly enjoyments are in prospect, they are innocent, and his soul desires them, but they are denied him. Fond reliance he has placed on friends and associates, for the accomplishment of purposes on which his heart was set, but they fail him in the hour of need. Cruel experience is sent to teach him that all things earthly are transitory and uncertain. But in all these trials a well of consolation is opened for him in his spiritual union with Christ. If earthly treasures are lost to him, the costliest treasure he can possess, a treasure too good for earth, is laid up for him in heaven; and the mere title he now has to it makes him rich. If friends depart, other friends survive, and Jesus, the best friend the universe affords, will never leave nor forsake him. Have his plans of life been defeated, and objects on which he has expended much thought and labor, eluded his grasp? He sees the hand of his Heavenly Father has, for the best of reasons, brought about the failure, which to the most dearly cherished object of his hopes and the chief purposes of his life, the friendship of God and a heavenly crown, he can still look forward with the utmost assurance of hope. Has he seen the fondest of earthly hopes, those that are reared on the soil of friendship and affection, rudely and suddenly crushed? has intemperance, or licentiousness, or some other form of vice, brought ruin upon his kindred, and filled his soul with bitterness? It is perhaps a bitterness which the stranger doth not know. But religion is capable of healing the bitter waters of grief; yea,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

He has, above, a Friend that never disappoints. He has in Christ's flock beloved ones on whom vice has no power. And the fiery trial tends to purify his affections, to wean him from the vanities of the world, and place his hopes more firmly on the good things that will never pass away.

THE MINISTER'S MONDAY.

WELCOME Monday! Once more we gratefully find ourselves within that brief favored space in the flying week which bears thy name, grand working day in the kitchen, chief leisure day in the study; dreaded by Bridget, anticipated with joy by us! With ministers in general, Monday may, so far as any direct setting forward of their ordinary business is concerned, be set down as a *dies non*. Some there are, indeed, who go to their studies as regularly, and work as diligently, upon that day as any other. But there are few who can do this profitably, if, indeed, any can. It is, or should be, to his physical and mental nature, the minister's Sabbath. The first day of the week, which brings rest from toil to others, brings to him what are often the most exhausting labors of the whole seven. From that third service, where, if he does not assume the whole burden himself, he is expected to throw out a few thoughts to put other minds in motion, he returns to his home often too tired to rest, and too much excited to sleep, till the best hours of the night have rolled away. No wonder he hails Monday with some such emotions as a sailor does port after a storm. To-day he can let his pen repose from the never-ending and always laborious toil of sermon-writing, and let eye and brain enjoy brief release from conning

> "Text and context and theme,
> And theme and context and text."

To-day he feels as if his habitual burden had for the time slipped from his shoulders.

And yet it is no idle day. If there are no cases of sickness or new affliction or difficulty in his parish that need immediate attention, there will be many little items of deferred business, domestic and miscellaneous, that must be attended to. And often not a few busy hours are required to

clear the docket of neglected correspondence, &c., &c. This is so far a change of employment from hard thinking to that which requires comparatively little mental effort, that it is in a degree recreation.

But he needs recreation of a more positive character. Something of this he finds in his weekly newspaper, into which he could cast but a hasty glance on Saturday. To-day, perchance, he takes up a magazine, or volume of light literature, — a *novel*, if you will, — seldom or never else indulged in. To-day, if ever, he lets mind (and body too) range free whither it will, amid the grave or the gay. But not wisely will he linger much among the former. Lay reader, be not scandalized at the suggestion that *your* minister, the very day after he has been addressing his hearers on the most momentous themes, and pleading with them, perhaps, in tears, should be laughing over a humorous story, or joining in the sports of children, making himself a boy again, or engaging with some professional brother in the play of wit and side-shaking mirthfulness. The minister, of all men, needs such divertisement, and needs it most of all on Monday. If mental recreation, pleasantry, and laughter be not sins to be banished from earth, then may a minister lawfully have part in them, at least one day in seven. We plead not for levity and folly, though these may not always be discriminated from those in theory or practice. We plead for nothing from which a clergyman may not return to his studies with new energy, to his devotions with unabated earnestness. And let none who would have their pastor full of vigor and pathos when he preaches, full of sympathizing tenderness by the bed of sickness, and in the house of mourning, forget that it is not in humanity to carry such a load of thought and feeling incessantly, and carry it long. Let your minister, if he pleases, be even merry on Monday.

But there are "diversities" of taste and of requirements in this regard, as well as "of gifts." One man, one minister, will find recreation in what would be the very antipodes of

recreation to another. Anything not positively prohibited, and not inherently sinful, which any man finds best for him, should be viewed with liberal indulgence by others, while *all* retain just remembrance of the Apostle's words, "Only use not your liberty for a cloak of *kakia*," in any of its forms; and that word will cover milder things than "maliciousness."

PROGRESS BY CONVULSION.

SUCH has been the law from the beginning. The slightest review of history is sufficient to prove the fact, while very little reflection is needed to perceive the reason of the fact. What are the great dates of time, but epochs of violent social agitation, resulting in each instance in a real advancement of the race? That great purification of the face of the earth from its corruption, which Noah was privileged to witness, it required a deluge to accomplish. Israel rose from its Egyptian enslavement to national independence only by a Divine deliverance, whose violence utterly desolated the land of bondage. It cost the conquest of almost the whole civilized world by the Roman army to prepare the way for the Messiah's advent; and the destruction of Jerusalem, and the scattering of the ancient covenant people to the four winds, needed to precede the ingathering of the Gentiles into the kingdom of God. It was by no quiet process, but by a disturbance that shook all Europe, as with an earthquake's power, that Luther recovered for the dishonored Bible its liberty and rightful authority over the conscience. It was only by a *revolution*, attended with all the perils and sufferings of long civil war, that the Netherlanders, the Puritans of England, the American Colonies, wrested their immunities and precious civil rights from the grasp of tyranny. But in each instance the *result* was worth all that it cost.

These conspicuous examples are quite enough to indicate *the law*. All important human progress has been made, — not by a peaceful development of already established social forces, — but by means of violent and wide-reaching social convulsions. They have been the short-lived and salutary storms that have cleared the air. The grand programme was laid down long ago in that ancient Divine prediction, "I will *overturn*, OVERTURN, OVERTURN, *until He comes whose right it is!*" *That* is the great thing to be effected, — the coming in power of "Him whose right it is," and who, when he comes, will "reign *in righteousness*." This is the consummate result of human history, the full establishment of Christ's righteous kingdom. All contributes ultimately to this; the calms of peace and the storms of revolution alike. When social evils grow rank, and root themselves deeply as national *institutions*, too firmly to be removed by gentle influence, there may be need of a new work of "*overturning*," of some violent social convulsion, to cast the great overshadowing upas to the ground. And the repetition in the language of the prophecy forewarns us how continuous and thorough the destructive process that must precede the upbuilding of the righteous kingdom may be expected to be.

The near prospect of such a disturbance is agitating. An earthquake is no gentle agency; a nation cannot be rent asunder, without some very serious attendant calamity. All worldly interests, that thrive best in the clear skies of peace, naturally dread the approach of such an event, and are eager to avert it by some sort of compromise, not caring too scrupulously about the preservation of honor and true manhood. But of one thing we may be well assured; if this country, recently so firmly united, is now suddenly thrown into a state of anarchy, it will not be through human instrumentality only, or chiefly, but by the power of Him who, in his own way and time, "overturns, overturns, overturns," to bring more rapidly forward "the reign" of universal "right-

eousness!" And his friends, friends with him of the whole human race, may calmly await the issues he will bring to pass, and in faith and hope "lift up their heads," believing that "*their redemption draweth nigh!*"

ORIGIN OF THE SIX MUSICAL SYLLABLES.

GUIDO ARETINUS, or Guido of Aretium, a monk of the order of St. Benedict, and afterwards abbot of the monastery of St. Crux Avellana, near Aretium, now Arezzo, a city in Tuscany, flourished about A. D. 1024. He excelled in the knowledge of music, — no uncommon accomplishment at that time in monasteries, — and wrote several books on that subject. He introduced a new system of musical notation, substantially the same, we believe, with that now in common use. Sigebert, an old writer, in his *Chronicon*, under the year 1028, says: "In music, Guido greatly excelled all who went before him, since by his method boys and girls were taught to sing tunes previously unknown to them with more facility than by following the voice of a master, or in the use of an instrument; for, by only affixing six letters or syllables to six sounds (which are all that music regularly admits of), and distinguishing these sounds by the joints of the fingers of the left hand, their distances ascending and descending through the whole diapason are clearly presented both to eye and ear." That is, he invented, or first used in music, the six syllables UT, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, deriving them from that well-known hymn of Paul the Deacon (who lived about A. D. 774) to St. John the Baptist: —

"UT queant laxis REsonare fibris
MIra gestorum FA muli tuorum
SOLve pollutis LAbris reatum,
Sancte Joannes."*

* Holy John, remit the guilt of our polluted lips, that thy servants may celebrate thy wonderful deeds on their resounding lyres.

These six syllables, with the syllable SI of later date, have also been derived from a distich of an uncertain author: —

> "Corde Deum et fidibus gemituque alto benedicam
> Ut Re mé Faciat Solvere Labra Sibi."

Again, they have been supposed to be taken from a distich of Abraham Bucholzerus, in his chronology, under the year 1044: —

> "Cur ihibes tristi numeros cantumque labora?
> Ut Relevet Miserum Fatum Solitosque Labores."

The stanza first quoted is clearly the true source of these famous syllables. The first syllable of each hemistich forms a regular series of the six natural sounds of music in the ascending scale.

At the side of each of these syllables Guido placed one of the first seven letters of the Roman alphabet A, B, C, D, E, F, G, the Greek letter *gamma* being placed under the lowest of the six syllables to make the number *seven;* whence the whole scale was called GAMUT, a name retained to this day.

Guido is thus entitled to the honor of inaugurating a new era in music, in place of the confusion previously existing, by the use of the lines, spaces, clefs, and syllables in the musical scale, much as we now have them. He himself ascribes it to the grace of God, that in the use of his system, boys previously untaught were able in the space of a month to sing at first sight tunes which they had never seen or heard before, to the great wonder and delight of many witnesses. He was accustomed to say, "Music without lines is like a well without a rope."

The preceding facts are derived from a sketch of Guido Aretinus, in the *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*, ed. J. P. Migne. Vol. 141, column 375.

Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music," labors hard to deprive Guido of the credit of the present system of solmization, and will scarce allow that he introduced any improvement except that of using lines and spaces together in the staff; alleging that before his time lines were used without

spaces, and spaces without lines, and denying that there is any proof that Guido invented the syllables UT, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA. Still he is obliged to admit that *the invention is ascribed to him* by writers who lived very near the time of Guido, and who would be very likely to know; particularly by Sigebert, a monk of Gemblours in Brabant, whose statement has already been given. He cites also the chronicle of Tours under the year 1033, which expressly says that Guido constructed the gamut, and applied the six syllables to the six sounds, as now universally used in music. "For before that time," adds the chronicle, "practitioners had no other guide than habit and the ear."

In the musical scale of Guido, no provision was made for accidental flats or sharps, or for any other sounds or keys but those which may occur in the octave of C natural. And it is worthy of special note, that he made no provision for the sharp seventh of the key. This indeed was wanting, till some time in the seventeenth century, when, after various trials and proposals to the public, the syllable SI was introduced in France. At a still later period, indeed not long before the present generation, the syllable DO, long used by the Italians, was introduced instead of UT. More than one hundred and fifty years ago, the English musicians had rejected from the scale the syllables UT and RE; using the only remaining four invented by Guido, — MI, FA, SOL, LA. They thus reduced the scale to one of tetrachords, the very thing which was in use before the time of Guido, and which he labored successfully to reform. When the present writer first attended to the study of music, which was in 1817, such was the practice in New England, and probably throughout this country. But more recent composers have made the scale to consist of the entire train now in use, — DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI. The system of Guido was perhaps as great an improvement on the preceding modes as the Arabic figures over the Roman numerals, or the American decimal currency over the cumbrous sterling reckoning.

EMINENT ENGLISH PREACHERS.

IT is a capital study for a preacher to hear other preachers for a time, while he himself is relieved of personal responsibility for the pulpit. But in order that he may hear to the best advantage, he should divest himself of the critical spirit, and as far as possible of the professional feeling; should place himself in the position of a simple hearer of the word, seeking his own edification; and when he is moved or quickened, or sees others about him fitly impressed by the sermon, he should ask himself what it is that affects his own mind, or the minds of others thus and so, and he will get at the secret of effective preaching by inward spiritual signs rather than by oratorical criticism. In the matter of hearing preaching, I have endeavored to profit by the best masters; and most devoutly would I thank the great Master and Teacher of all, that there are so many really good preachers, each good in his own way. The richness of the Gospel and the fulness of the Spirit's dispensation are both illustrated by this diversity of gifts.

Every preacher must be a law to himself, using his own gifts in his own way, so that his preaching shall be as simply natural as is any function of his being. It is a disadvantage of our mode of theological training, that it runs whole classes of young men pretty much in one mould, and that the mould of the professor who, for the time being, is most popular or most magnetic. Dr. Bushnell's doctrine of "unconscious influence" is strikingly illustrated in every theological seminary, and indeed wherever a young preacher has had before him some controlling mind as a model or a teacher. A gifted young man was lately called to be the colleague of one of the most distinguished preachers in Scotland. The senior pastor being asked what he thought of his associate's sermon, replied, "O, it was an excellent sermon; but some one who

knows him well enough to speak to him on such a matter should give him a hint about hitching his shoulders at such a rate. It is not only awkward, it is really ludicrous." And ludicrous it was; for it was the most characteristic action of the senior pastor himself, which the young man had unconsciously imitated, and of which his critic was quite unaware. Let the preacher first of all be natural.

It will not be imagined, then, that in these random notes upon a few eminent preachers, I am about to hold up any one as a model, or to single out peculiarities for imitation. The debated question as to the relative merits of extemporaneous and written discourse loses much of its importance in a comparison of eminent preachers. I heard Mr. Newman Hall and Canon Wordsworth in carefully written discourses; and Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Candlish in sermons entirely without notes, — all fine examples of the men and their gifts; but the written discourses were to me the most impressive, and seemingly the most effective upon the hearers.

I adhere to the judgment formed fourteen years ago, that the ablest preacher in Great Britain within my knowledge is Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh; clear, strong, earnest, instructive, spiritual, "able to teach others also," and "apt to teach," according to the requirements of the text or of the times. Dr. Alexander preaches written sermons, commonly prepared with great care. He always has something worth saying, and he always says it well; and when these conditions are fulfilled, the question of written or oral discourse is altogether secondary.

Dr. Alexander represents the solid thinking and the cultivated scholarship which we so much admire in certain men, whom we place in the front rank of our New England preachers; and he enjoys that freedom from conventional forms, whether of dogma or of ritual, which is the glory of our Congregational polity, and which favors the best development of the individual. I was glad to find that Edinburgh had learned to appreciate him, and that the old, dingy little

chapel, in which he seemed as a light in a dark place, had been exchanged for a commodious and attractive edifice, well situated, and filled with an intelligent and appreciative congregation. Dr. Alexander approaches more nearly the American style and standard of preaching than any Dissenter whom I have heard; and the weight of this compliment will be appreciated when I quote the exact words of an excellent English brother who had spent much time in the United States: "American preachers *think* where we Englishmen *talk*." Yet there has been a great advance in the thinking power of the Dissenting pulpit in England, and I do not quote the above in any spirit of disparagement.

I heard the Rev. Newman Hall in a finished address before the Congregational Union, upon which he had evidently expended his whole force. It was a masterly performance, and I could discern in certain parts of it the secret of his popular power. Mr. Hall does not seek to sway men by mere rhetoric, though he is capable of very fine effects of style. He thinks; thinks closely and sharply, and speaks to his hearers as thoughtful men, in well-defined sentences, that carry home his mind to theirs. Many of his sentences have a ring that causes them to vibrate in the memory long after their utterance.

The strength of this address lay in its vindication of the doctrine of atonement as the central, vital truth of the Gospel. The fervor and earnestness of the speaker in his argument showed with what power he might move the plain masses of men, giving them thought and argument in clear phrase, and with that glow which kindles the brain through the heart. Some of his figures were exceedingly beautiful, and they had always the merit of being pertinent and well sustained. His manner is easy, graceful, and effective. I hope you may yet judge of him in American pulpits.

I heard Mr. Spurgeon in his own Tabernacle, — where I sat an humble unit in the gallery, amid a concourse of six thousand human atoms drawn together and held together by

the strange power of one voice and mind. I must own, however, that Mr. Spurgeon himself did not get hold upon me very deeply, though the congregation did, and the singing, and the whole sublime spectacle. His sermon, as to substance and structure, was about what you and I, my dear "Congregationalist," would carry with us to an evening lecture or a conference talk, but would hardly offer to one of our trained congregations for their Sabbath-day food. Yet it was good, wholesome, profitable, with occasional passages of real power, and with very few objectionable phrases. His rare felicity of utterance, his homely phraseology, with much of the quaintness of Bunyan, his masterly self-possession, his evident sincerity and earnestness, his close adherence to Scripture, with somewhat of that spiritualizing habit which is always fascinating, his strong theology, his downrightness in asserting the truth, — these seemed to me the qualities that cause "the common people to hear him gladly."

His text was, "If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" — a sermon suggested by the financial panic, and making that its most telling illustration. We should rejoice that the masses in London have two such preachers as Mr. Hall and Mr. Spurgeon.

I had the opportunity of meeting Mr. Spurgeon quite at his leisure at Lowwood Inn, near Windermere, and was deeply interested in the strong, simple, resolute character of the man, in his devotion to principle, his charity toward men, his catholicity for the saints, especially his advocacy of communion with all *believers*, irrespective of the question of baptism. He said to me, by the way, that, in his breadth and variety of mental endowment, Mr. Beecher seems to him more like Shakespeare than any man who has lived since his time.

How shall I picture Dr. Candlish, with his broad shoulders, wriggling and twisting spasmodically with every utterance, his wiry hair twisted and untwisted by the nervous clutching of his fingers, his broad Scotch jerking itself out at

first in slow periods, then rushing like a torrent, but always keeping its channel, and finally broadening out into a full, steady, clear-flowing stream. His text was, "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure," &c., and his treatment of it was textual to a most minute degree. Yet, without forcing the construction, he contrived to put a rich meaning of doctrine or precept into every word, and he has lodged that text in my mind by so many points of suggestion and instruction that it will be sure to remain. *That* is a good test of preaching, and a good fruit also. Dr. Candlish's illustrations were chiefly drawn from the Scriptures, and were very tersely and often strikingly put.

I did penance at Westminster Abbey, in standing through a long service, thus learning to have compassion upon some who, in other places, have had to endure long sermons without relief from a change of position. Here, however, it was the service that was tiresome; the sermon was a positive refreshment. When Canon Wordsworth appeared, had I judged only from his carriage, his hair, his general expression, I should have said that Professor Hitchcock, of New York, had put on the surplice. But the sing-song tone of delivery soon undeceived me. The sermon was on the promise of paradise to the penitent thief. Instead of linguistic criticism and patristic lore, such as Wordsworth's Commentary had led me to expect, there was a grand simplicity of statement, a clear and forcible putting of the Biblical doctrine, — showing that the paradise of immediate felicity is to the heaven of perfected bliss as the king's garden to his palace; and an application at once so tender and so pungent that I could have fancied myself in an old New England meeting-house in a time of revival. I came away from that sermon with the conviction that the preaching which brings out clearly and strongly some truth of the Bible, and that presses this home with force of conviction, so that it carries both judgment and conscience with it, is the preaching that lives, and, however commissioned of men, is ordained of God unto life from the dead.

"WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR, PRAY."

LORD, I have shut my door, —
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise:
Here in this silence they intrude no more;
Speak thou, and heavenly joys
Shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm,
A holy psalm.

Yes, I have shut my door
Even on all the beauty of thine earth,
To its blue ceiling from its emerald floor,
Filled with spring's bloom and mirth.
From these thy works I turn, thyself I seek,
To thee I speak.

And I have shut my door
On earthly passion, all its yearning love,
Its tender friendships, all the priceless store
Of human ties. Above
All these my heart aspires. O Heart divine,
Stoop thou to mine!

Lord, I have shut my door!
Come thou and visit me. I am alone!
Come, as when doors were shut thou cam'st of yore,
And visitedst thine own.
My Lord! I kneel with reverent love and fear,
For thou art here!

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS.

THERE seems to be a general movement in the towns and cities of this Commonwealth, as well as in other States, for erecting memorials to the honored dead who fell in our great struggle for freedom and Union. The feeling which prompts this is a noble and a generous one, and should not be discouraged; but it is highly desirable that it be wisely directed.

There are two forms in which we may rear these memorials, — one by stone or marble monuments, the other by buildings dedicated to the purpose. The choice is between these two modes. Which is most desirable, most rational, most beneficial to the living, as well as most honorable to the memory of the dead? That is a question of great interest at the present time, because millions on millions of dollars are to be expended in Massachusetts alone for these monumental purposes.

If marble or stone monuments are desired, the consideration arises that a large sum must be expended to make any considerable show. Five thousand dollars will accomplish but little, ten thousand dollars will rear nothing very striking or impressive. If marble be selected as the material, in most cases it will soon become discolored and more or less disintegrated; for our climate is too severe for most marbles. If granite or sandstone, the expense of cutting inscriptions is heavy, and besides this require a great deal of room. Nothing can be put upon such monuments as a general fact but the mere names of the fallen. The remaining consideration in regard to these monuments is, that they have no utility except as perpetuating the names inscribed upon them.

On the other hand, suppose it be decided to erect a Memorial Hall in memory of the patriots who had given their lives to the country. In the first place, such a building may be

erected as cheaply as a monument; in the second place, when completed, if made, as it should always be, of brick or other durable material, it may be made more conspicuous and ornamental than any ordinary monument of equal cost; in the third place, when completed, it may be used for many desirable purposes, and in such a way as shall be a constant source of happiness and improvement to the living; and in the fourth place, the memory and history of the dead can be in this way more fully secured. This will appear from the following illustration: —

Suppose in one of our thrifty and growing New England villages such a building were erected, say a brick, two stories high, and of dimensions adapted to the size and wants of the town. The lower room of this building to be fitted up as a reading-room, with a library attached, open to all the citizens on prescribed conditions. The upper story to be the Memorial Hall, suitably finished and ornamented. In the walls around the room may be inserted marble tablets, upon which are inscribed the names of the departed, the regiments in which they served, the battles in which they fell, or the hospital or prison in which they perished. These tablets arranged around the Hall will afford ample room for all the inscriptions that may be needed.

Besides this, if desired, the portrait of each person may be hung upon the walls. The present state of the art is such that this can be easily done; for the cases are few in which pictures of the deceased of some kind are not to be found. These, by the happy art of photography, may all be copied of uniform size, and be put in uniform frames if desired; and what appropriate ornaments they would make for such a place, and what pleasing mementos, recalling the forms and features of the departed!

Besides this a cabinet might be formed in this Hall of all the relics of the great contest which may have been brought or sent home by those who have been engaged in it. How interesting would such a collection be! How much would

thus be saved that would otherwise be hopelessly scattered and lost! What a place of resort, not only for the citizens, but for all strangers visiting the place!

But there is an argument above and beyond all this. Such a hall, so used, would be a great benefit to the young men who survive. It would meet one of the great wants of our age. Young men, especially in New England, need a building of this sort. We are a manufacturing people, we are gathered into densely populated villages. Young men come into these in great numbers for employment. They live in boarding-houses and work in shops. After the toil and confinement of the day are over, where shall the young man spend his evenings? At home? He has got no home. He is a boarder. He may go to his chamber, which he most likely occupies with others, and sit there if he will; but it is a cheerless, comfortless place, perhaps, without even a chance to make a fire to keep it warm, even if he could incur the expense. He is not welcome anywhere else within the house. Boarders are not wanted around the family fire, nor in the dining-room, except at meals. The young man feels all this, so he takes to the street. He must go somewhere, to the stores, shops, groceries; but in none of these places does he feel contented for a great while. But there is one place where he will be welcomed, one place where he will find room and a seat, a fire and plenty of company. That place is the saloon. True, the room is filled with the fumes of lager-beer and tobacco-smoke; but these, though offensive at first, he will get accustomed to. Here he finds a home, and, poor as it is, all the home he can command. Of necessity he accepts of it, and of course accepts of its hospitality. They "do not sell intoxicating liquors" at this place, nothing but "lager-beer," and the like innocent drinks! But young men get intoxicated, and learn to be drunkards at this place continually, notwithstanding no intoxicating drinks "are allowed" to be sold!

Is not this the position of thousands and tens of thousands

of the young men of Massachusetts to-day? If so, ought there not to be an earnest effort to relieve them of the disabilities they suffer and dangers to which they are exposed? And what better provision can we make for them, than a pleasant, cheerful, well-lighted, and well-furnished reading-room, where all their week-day evenings can be spent in reading or conversation? How can we more suitably do honor to our illustrious dead than by providing for the welfare and happiness of those who have survived them?

We have heard of but one objection to the erection of a hall instead of a monument; and that is, that the former may "be burned, and then the names be lost." There is no force in this objection at the present day. Suppose the hall destroyed, the names are all safe, — the history of every officer and private is preserved in the archives of the State, in the reports of the Adjutant-General of the Commonwealth. All can be recovered; all can be restored. Once it was not so; but the time has gone by when the names of any who have honored and served their country can be buried in oblivion.

Monuments of stone were very well in the days of the Pharaohs, in dark and barbarous ages, when there were no securities for civilization and its works; but that day has long since passed by. We are not obliged to build pyramids, or mausoleums, or marble columns, to perpetuate the name and fame of a departed hero. It is an idle waste of human labor to do so. We have better means, and we should have higher aims. We should subserve the interests of the living, while we do honor to the memory of the dead.

HOME DEBTS.

"MY husband and myself think we *owe as much to each other as to anybody;* that we should be as painstaking in each other's society as in the society of friends, for our mutual pleasing as for the pleasing of others. This is the philosophy of our domestic economy, so that we are ready to receive our friends at all times, and welcome them without embarrassment to that which we provide as good enough for ourselves."

Such was the expression of a wife and mother, in moderate worldly circumstances, with a young family growing up around her. Seldom has the true philosophy of domestic life, and its relation to social life, been more happily or profoundly expressed. Home, husband, family, are words which convey a wealth of practical meaning, and are rich with the life of the mind and heart of her who so thinks of them. They were not spoken for public ears, but the words are worthy to be repeated from every pulpit, shouted along our busy streets and quiet valleys, to be nailed to the door-posts of every habitation, that all who enter might read and feel them, — "husband, wife, you owe as much to each other as to anybody." None would doubt his welcome there, or fear for his happiness. You owe as much painstaking, as much personal care to render every meeting around the family board, every welcome from toil and care abroad to rest at home, every conversation by the cheerful evening fire, every communing with the heart in which your life is hid, and out of which must flow your own joy or sorrow, pleasing and satisfying, as you bestow upon the friend who once a year or month drops into the sacred circle of your domestic life. Ah, this painstaking, this delicacy of thought and feeling and expression, how little of it do we see in the greater part of our Christian homes, when it is said, "no-

body is here to-day," "we are alone to-night." There is nobody for whom we need to take special pains to exert ourselves to interest and delight, to whom we are debtors, for it is "only the family."

The door-bell rings, and the mother hurries away to make herself more lovely in dress, or remove the litter from the apartment, and the father bestirs himself in his equally necessary preparation for a friend, whom they greet with glowing countenances and tender words, because they are felt to be due to a friendly visitor. What an amount of real improvement has been made, during the five minutes that have passed since they were quietly seated in each other's society around the same hearth, where now they entertain and delight a friend.

The smallest child feels the change which brings a new joy, though the circle from which the visitor has come is always made happier by his or her absence. If he comes to dine, what new and unwonted attractions are added to a table already spread for the husband and father, or what delicacy will he secure after a friend accepts his invitation. Why may not the few minutes so fruitful of reforms give zest to the quiet evening at home or the family dinner, where such care would sweeten the daily bread, lighten the daily toil, divide or prevent life's sorrows, give a new relish and value to conversation, and fill the cup of domestic bliss to overflowing. The philosophy of the domestic economy is at fault, and gives its chief concern to the transient and external, and too little to the ever-present and interior life. A stranger eats the feast of our attentions, and too often of our only expressed affections, and then is gone forever, and leaves domestic happiness to starve upon the crumbs of our social prodigality. The child, too, may often see attentions and endearments lavished upon its companion, for a day or hour, which itself has never delighted in. The principle with which we began our remarks finds a place as a ruling fact in but a few of our homes. There is little painstaking to

make them as attractive to those who live in them as to those who visit at them.

But there is more due of all that is delicate and fitted to please every sense, and the payment day will come erelong, when time brings forth fruit according to the seed sown. Then all shall suffer loss, for domestic debts admit no day of grace. Every day has its own account, and is its only time of discharge. Let it be thought upon and acted upon, that the members of the family "owe more to each other than to anybody else," — more to domestic than to any other relations; that home debts paid will afford us the greatest means for discharging all other obligations. If there is carelessness, let a stranger bear it, and not those whose very life is daily dependent upon our own, and on whom our own depends. Home is the garden of our joy.

LABAN WHEATON'S QUESTION.

LABAN WHEATON, SENIOR, the founder of the Seminary at Norton, which bears his honored name, was distinguished alike for his manly form and vigorous mind. The dignity of his bearing, the decorous gravity of his countenance, and the full, clear tones of his voice, were sure helps to the classic diction and stern logic of his discourse, whether in the forum, at the bar, or in the elevated discussions of more social life. Few men of his profession in Massachusetts were so wise counsellors or so successful advocates.

Mr. Wheaton was a member of Congress during the stormy period of Mr. Madison's first Presidential term. As he was no orator for Buncombe, so no member was less likely to vex the House with flippant or impertinent speeches. He spoke only when he had something to say, and nothing to take back.

If an occasion, however unexpected, called him to meet it, his thoughts and his words seemed to be as well chosen as if he had weighed them carefully for months, with a distinct foresight of their time of need. In the course of some stirring debate, at that period when "trifles light as air" were watched with eager suspicion, Mr. Wheaton, in the progress of his speech, made some pertinent remarks on the subject of slavery, — a topic then wholly tabooed in Congress, where the slave power was holding an almost absolute supremacy. The allusion to that contraband subject was as a spark to gunpowder. In an instant a dozen hotspurs sprang to their feet with loud, rapid, and imperative cries of "ORDER!" One of the fieriest of the combustibles, catching the eye of the Speaker, fiercely renewed his demand of order, exclaiming, "Mr. Speaker! the gentleman from Massachusetts would excite the slaves to cut their masters' throats!" Then, as if having fully exploded, he dropped like a stick into his seat.

Mr. Wheaton, still keeping the floor, calmly resumed his speech, very gravely putting the question, "And why, Mr. Speaker, should n't the slaves cut their masters' throats? We cut our masters' throats to secure our liberties, and why should n't they cut their masters' throats to gain their liberties? I put the question to the honorable gentleman who has so earnestly called me to order. Will he have the goodness to answer it?" Suffice it to say, there was no response, and Mr. Wheaton finished his speech without further interruption.

Though no man would have been slower to rouse the slaves to blood than Mr. Wheaton, and though no one knew better than he not to be pertinacious of every right which he might strictly challenge as his own, yet, when a just and necessary freedom of debate was domineeringly and intolerantly called in question, none was more careful, none more prompt, to poise himself on that right, and to vindicate it with manly honor. Nor in that defence did he neglect to reassert, by a question full-fraught with the spirit of liberty, the inborn and

inalienable rights of *mankind*, the right of the black as well as the white bondman to break his chain, and to lift himself up from his low servitude to the dignity and manhood of a freeman. He saw no "*rhetorical flourish*," no "*glittering generality*," nothing to be mocked at with sneering contempt in that great safeguard of humanity so solemnly published to the world by the collected wisdom of this new nation, and so triumphantly vindicated by the sacrifices and achievements of a seven-years' war with the strongest and haughtiest power of the Old World.

That timely question, as yet unanswered, had, when put, a fulness of meaning which a later, but less experienced age scarcely comprehends or dreams of. Its rebuke of the insolent tyranny which had brought its whip from the plantation to the Congress of a free Republic was both a sarcasm and an argument, against the point and edge of which there was neither shield nor hope. The cowardice of the attack was equalled only by the cowardice of the retreat, a counterpart which Nature herself has fitted for the protection of all rights from usurpation and tyranny. The man, the people, that will be free must dare to be so. If wisdom must *seek*, courage must *make* opportunities. What to the coward, the heartless in Church or State, seems only a murky failure, is to the brave a brilliant success. The one sees the beginning in the end, the other the end in the beginning. The one looks only at the gallows, the other scorns it for the unfading light which shines from the heaven beyond it.

THE DARKENED CAGE.

IT is a curious fact, that, while some birds refuse to sing when the cage is darkened, others have softer, sweeter notes of song. And so it is in human existence. When the soul of one comes under "the shadow of a great affliction," it has no longer the voice of melody. The resources and the heart of joy are gone. But another sits in shadow, and sends up to God the purest tones of music, the loftiest strains of praise, from the chastened spirit. It was thus with David, whose harpings are never so heavenly as when they rise from "the depths" of his sorrow. It is not strange that those are dumb when "the days of darkness come," whose song of delight lived only in the glare of earth's fitful, transient splendor.

CHRIST AS A PREACHER.

THE best method of presenting the Gospel to the men of our day has been somewhat discussed in the "Congregationalist," and I have been interested in the arguments for and against the written or the unwritten discourse, — interested, but not satisfied. As the great object of the preacher is, without controversy, to preach Christ, it has seemed to me strange that so little account has been made of *Christ's own method* in preaching. I do not now call to mind that it has once even been directly referred to, as of the smallest importance in settling this mooted question. Now, for the purpose of drawing out something on the subject from abler pens, rather than with the hope of enlightening others myself, I wish to call attention to some facts of the record, and propose some queries in reference thereto.

1. The Master adopted, in his preaching, the unwritten method exclusively.

2. His speech was of the simplest possible character. All he sought of language, apparently, was to carry the thought to his hearer.

3. He made almost no use, if any, of what would be called graces in style or oratory, delivering his discourses mostly while sitting, in conversational style, with abundant illustration from common, and, generally, passing events and objects.

4. This was through no lack of ability or poverty of resource. He could, if he had chosen, have electrified the intellect and ravished the imagination. He could have swept the chords of feeling with a master's hand, and taken the sensibilities captive. Eloquence and poetry and passion would have yielded him all their highest powers, if he had only willed it; but he did not. Burning and vivid description of past, present, or future, the joys of heaven and the woes of hell, he might have given as no Chrysostom or Whitefield ever could; but he never dilated on either. Never man spake like this man, might be said of him in these respects, in a very different sense from that in which the words are usually accepted. Such simplicity, such reticence, stands alone in its own divinity.

And now let me present a few queries that are suggested by this state of facts.

1. Was this extreme simplicity in his method of preaching due *solely* to the age in which he lived and to the habits of the people whom he addressed?

2. Was there any special reason in his character or mission that would forbid his being the great exemplar of the preacher through succeeding ages?

3. Granting the difference in the habits of Oriental and Occidental nations, and the higher style of modern civilization, is not the contrast too great between the standard of preaching as approved and practised by the Master, and that of the present day?

4. If Christ should again appear among us as a simple, unknown minister, exhibiting the same disregard of the graces of style and of eloquence, conforming, of course, so far as he would deem needful, to the modern habits of thought, what standing would he be accorded among ministers, and to how many of our churches would he be welcomed as a preacher?

I cannot doubt but there would be a power of attraction that would sooner or later draw to him all who allowed themselves to know him, and I think it would be admitted, as a curious thing, that there was a marvellous power in his simple talk. But I query much if the current opinion would not be something like this: "Brother —— is not a great man, but he is a good man. He is a lovely Christian, if he is not much of a preacher"; and some would add, charitably, "We believe he might excel as a preacher, if it were not for his morbid dread of anything that savored of show or display."

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

"Die, Herr, zu deiner Ruhe kommen.'

HOW blest, O Lord, the tranquil slumber,
Of those who to thy rest have come,
And join to swell the happy number
Who there have found a lasting home!
On earth with toils and cares oppressed,
In heaven they now forever rest.

There in that bright celestial dwelling
They join the sweet angelic strain,—
That song, all earthly songs excelling,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
Redeemed from earth by him alone,
They cast their crowns before his throne.

Our Father! while on earth abiding,
May we their faith and patience share,
And to thy heaven our footsteps guiding,
Give us to meet among them there.
So shall thy praise our lips employ
Through ages of eternal joy.

"GOOD AT A BARGAIN."

THIS was the praise which Mr. Hallett oftenest bestowed on his eldest and favorite son. When he first wore jackets, Ned proved himself an adept in small trades, swapping off his worn-out and damaged toys for the better ones of his playmates.

Before he was ten years old, he had changed knives a half-dozen times or more, making a good bargain each time, until he was the owner of a double-bladed, pearl-handled one, of the best make, instead of the broken jackknife, bought with his school dinner, with which he had begun the knife business.

Of course some persons suffered loss for his gain, but this, he professed to think, was nothing to him. "Look out for number one," was his motto. If he had ever heard the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," he paid no attention to it. His compassion was never moved by the pain and regret of his victims, those whom he had duped; and when they plead with him for redress, he coolly claimed that he had made a fair bargain, that they had eyes and ears, and could look out for themselves as well as he for himself.

He tricked a poor little fellow out of a silver pencil-case, which he had received for a birthday present, by fascinating him with a whistle of trifling value. When the first charm of the whistle was gone, and the tender birthday remem-

brances connected with the pencil had come back to the victimized child, he urged Ned to receive again his whistle, and restore him his pencil. He added inducements, but Ned was not to be moved. He had the best of the bargain, and he kept it.

In similar ways he obtained a wealth of boys' treasures, to the admiration of his companions, and his own great delight. But was he happy? Surely not. Has God made the soul to be satisfied with knives, pencil-cases, balls, and tops? Can a boy be happy when he is full of selfishness, meanness, deception, and unkindness? He may laugh, he may sing, he may talk largely, and walk proudly, but he must be wretched. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Ned was once sent by his father to buy himself a pair of shoes. He was to buy such as are usually sold for a dollar and a half. With his habitual acuteness, he obtained the promise that, in case he could buy them for less, he should have the surplus money. At the shoe-store he found such shoes as he wanted, and tried them on, but complained that they did not fit. He tried pair after pair, with the same complaint. At last he found some for which he thought he could make a good bargain, since one of them had a defect in the leather in a place where neither strain nor wear could come. He tried them on, pronounced them a perfect fit, examined them, dwelt upon the flaw, condemned them, and flung them aside.

He tried other shoes, but none of them suited him. The salesman recommended several pairs; but no, they pinched him. Ned said he could not endure them.

At last he pretended to be discouraged, and took up the defective pair, declaring them the only pair that fitted him, and expressing his deep regret that they were not perfect. The salesman examined them, and pronounced the defect unimportant. Ned re-examined, complained, and regretted again. The salesman, growing weary, offered them at a re-

duced price. Ned offered a still lower price, tried the shoes again, threw them from him, and rose to leave the store.

The salesman, unwilling to lose a customer, wrapped up the shoes, and handed them to him, saying, "There, take them at your own price."

Ned took them, and left the store, greatly pleased with his cunning and its success, triumphant. He had saved a quarter of a dollar for himself. He had haggled, deceived, had been mean, had been false, for a *quarter of a dollar*, and he was satisfied! Are good behavior, manlines, justice, honesty, worth no more? What! will any one sell his truth, his honor, his good conscience, for *money?* Ned sold his for *twenty-five cents*, well pleased with the bargain.

"What do you think of that?" he said to his father as he boastfully exhibited his purchase, and the silver he had retained.

"You always were good at a bargain, Ned," was his father's complacent answer. "I could n't have done as well. These shoes are well worth a dollar and a half."

But he did not tell Ned that he ought to have paid the full price for them. He had never taught him that every man should have a fair equivalent for his property. On the contrary, he had encouraged him in taking advantage of others by praising his tricks in trade, commending him as "good at a bargain."

Grown to manhood, Ned Hallett still cultivated and practised his sharpness, and for a time with success. But he became known, and people were suspicious and watchful, and gave him few opportunities to make his good bargains.

At last his skill and cunning were employed in an insurance fraud, which was discovered, and led to his conviction and imprisonment. His father was an anxious listener at his trial, but no one could think that he had any satisfaction in the sharpness then developed.

When the shameful and dread sentence of guilt was pronounced, he covered his face with his hands. He could not

look upon the son whom he had helped to ruin, whom he had encouraged in his first steps toward crime.

It was a heart-sickening scene when father and son first met in the narrow prison-cell. Each looked at the other with reproach. Each blamed the other for the pain and shame he suffered.

"This is a bad bargain, Ned," said the old man, weakly. "You 've ruined us all."

"*Ruined* you! Who ruined *me?*" exclaimed the prisoner, in a tone that stung the old man to the heart. "*I* was ruined when you called me 'good at a bargain' instead of dishonest, when you praised my trickery instead of punishing it. 'Good at a bargain,' when for knives and pencil-cases I must pay in prison-walls, convict labor, and a felon's name! Call you a man 'good at a bargain' when he sells even his soul for a bawble? for a piece of gold?"

MARANATHA.

WHAT single verse of the Bible contains more that is suited to awaken anxious inquiry than is the one containing the word heading this article? "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema; maranatha."

The original word, here rendered *any man*, is the same found in Christ's address to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"; and it is the most *comprehensive* possible. By *anathema* is meant what is devoted to destruction; an accursed thing or person. Applied to the latter, it denotes one excluded from the favor of God, and delivered over to perpetual despair. *Maranatha* is a "Syro-Chaldee expression signifying 'the Lord is to come, i. e. will come to take vengeance on the disobedient and vicious.'"

What constitutes a person, *anathema?* By doing or by not doing *what*, will an accountable being on earth become accursed, devoted to destruction? The passage of Scripture already quoted informs us. "If any man *love not the Lord Jesus Christ*," he is anathema. It is not, then, necessary that an individual should be extravagantly wicked in the estimation of the *world*, in order to be accursed. Not a *single outward act* of transgression is *requisite* to render one anathema. He may be such, while regarded as a model of politeness in the fashionable world. A person may be adorned with the highest intellectual gifts and acquirements, yet be anathema. Simply a *lack* of love to Christ brings one under this condemning term. This is what the Holy Ghost affirms, and we do not believe that he has said aught anywhere which demands more serious meditation. They are anathema that do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, and *who* are they that fall thus under condemnation? Who have not such love? Are instances rare or of frequent occurrence in which it is wanting? Would it be difficult to *find* an individual, whether young or old, who is anathema, because he loves not the Mediator? Is it probable that ten of such could be found in any community of a thousand souls?

The Lord Jesus Christ! He is altogether lovely; the beloved of the Father; the compassionate friend of sinners; the world's Saviour. Who can read the holy records of his coming, and doing, and suffering, without loving him? Does not every knee, where Jesus is known, bend in adoration of him? Can there be a heart which does not glow with pure and enrapturing delight in him? If any man do not feel thus toward him, how must the delinquent's rational powers all cry out against him! Surely *reason* commands the heart to love God's Son, *sincerely* and *supremely*. Every honorable motive prompts to the same course. What is the actual state of the case? How do most persons stand affected toward the Saviour? Is he *enthroned* within them? In the presence of Him who searches the heart, what, reader, is thy response? Dost

thou love the Lord Jesus Christ? Art thou an anathema or not? By thy fruits thou mayst know thyself. Is the will of the Messiah thy law of life? Canst thou, for Christ's sake, part with a foot, a hand, or an eye? Wouldst thou burn at the stake, rather than forsake this holy Master? Art thou hated of the world, because thou belongest unto the Saviour? "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Thus spake Jesus to his disciples, and furnished them with one test of attachment to himself. "The prince of this world cometh," said the Saviour, "and hath nothing in me." How much of a hold has that *prince* upon *thee?* Is thy "life hid with Christ in God"?

The above questions have been varied and multiplied, to assist the reader to settle the point whether or not he is an anathema. For "if any person love not the Lord Jesus Christ," he *is* anathema. O what *terror* this Divine announcement contains for those destitute of the specified love! Alas! what numbers are without it!

It is not difficult to find persons who have no more affection for Immanuel than have the rocks of the earth. Ah, the difficulty is in finding examples of devout attachment to Jesus. Omniscient God, thou seest thy well-beloved Son despised of men. The great majority of all to whom he is named hate him with all the heart. We seem to see anathemas falling in showers upon every community. O thou Most High! in thy presence myriads are labelling themselves as candidates for a woful eternity. Upon their own souls they are writing the designation, — anathema.

THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

THERE are many things not revealed to us in "the Oracles of God" which we are very desirous to know. We sometimes wonder why the curtain hiding these things is dropped, when other matters, which we account of far less interest to us, have so much light shed upon them. Had it devolved upon us to have made a volume for the instruction of mankind, and had all knowledge been committed to us for this purpose, we should probably have made known the nature of the sin, and particulars of the fall of the apostate angels; have unfolded more minute descriptions of the invisible world, the relations of the departed dead to the living; many items touching the personal appearance, domestic habits, and childhood of Christ; the manner in which he passed his time between his resurrection and ascension; a much more full statement relative to Mary his mother; many forms of prayer instead of one form; and an exact form for the administration of Gospel ordinances, instead of no form whatever. This we probably should have done, because that communications on these points would be especially welcome to the curiosity of men is apparent from the fact that this deficiency apocryphal Gospels, Mohammed, Swedenborg, Romanists, and Mormons have endeavored to supply.

Now the sacred penmen doubtless felt as we do. They had curiosity as well as we, and as strong as we, for they were flesh and blood as we are. Had they, then, been left to themselves, they would have discoursed upon these very subjects which we have specified. They would have deemed such a course peculiarly fit and important. Had uninspired men written the Bible, knowing how glad they themselves would have been to be informed of curious matters, and aware that others were like themselves in this particular, and conse-

quently that a book imparting knowledge on these topics of inquiry would be eagerly sought, they would not have failed to make their volume popular and attractive by teaching concerning them. And why have they not so done? Simply because they were under the guidance of a Power above themselves! They "wrote as they were moved to write by the Holy Ghost," wrote "what the Spirit within them signified," and that only.

Hence the very silence of Scripture is evidence of the inspiration of Scripture. Truly is it observed by Archbishop Whately, "The Christian revelation stands distinguished from all other religions in its omission of everything that would serve merely to pamper vain curiosity. We have in the contrast thus presented, in the wisdom and dignified simplicity of the Scriptures with the idle and arrogant pretensions of human fraud and folly, a plain proof that our Scriptures were *not* of man's devising, that no impostor *would*, and no enthusiast *could*, have written them."

Was the Bible a human production, it would be found attempting to clear up those mysteries which now perplex mortals, and essaying to open up avenues of light to those things into which mankind earnestly desire to look.

Says Trench, in his Hulsean Lectures: "It is not only what Scripture says, but its very silence, which is instructive for us. It was remarked by one wise man of another, that more might be learned from his questions than from another man's answers. With yet higher truth might it be said that the silence of Scripture is more instructive than the speech of other books."

Not from neglect, but from wise design, are the utterances of Scripture confined within their present range. It is well that "the Oracles of God" are silent where man would have them speak; for it shows that they are "the Oracles of *God*, and not of *man*, — the Oracles of Him "whose glory it is to conceal a thing," though thereby the pride of creatures is humbled, and the curiosity of creatures disappointed.

LILY BELL.

WHEN the autumn winds were sighing
All among the leafless trees,
And the autumn leaves were dying,
Floating down on every breeze;
Where the chilly, damp winds dally
With the trembling asphodel,
Down into the silent valley
Went our darling Lily Bell.

Angel bands we knew were waking
Sweetest music for her ear,
And our weary hearts were breaking,
While she knew no shade of fear.
Angel bands were bending o'er her,
And she heard their music swell;
Heaven's bright gate was just before her,
Darling, loving Lily Bell.

Where the pale, sweet blossoms quiver
By the dark and swelling tide,
Entered she the silent river;
Soon she gained the other side.
Angels welcomed her to heaven,
Evermore with Christ to dwell,
And a golden harp was given
To our darling Lily Bell.

So we smoothed the golden tresses
From the pallid marble brow;
And with many fond caresses
Touched the lip and cheek of snow.
Then we brought a snow-white blossom,
For she loved the flowers full well,
And we placed it on the bosom
Of our darling Lily Bell.

And we twined some fragrant flowers
'Mid her clustering, golden hair;
Oft in morning's dewy hours
Had she gathered such to wear.
Then, where autumn leaves had shaded
All the quiet woodland dell,
And the blossoms fair had faded,
Laid our darling Lily Bell.

OUR SENIOR DEACON.

WE think our Senior Deacon is a good man, a sincere friend of Christ and the Church. But he has such an odd way of showing his piety that many have little confidence in it. He is generous to a fault; will labor and deny himself for the cause of Christ, and the interests of the Church. Though a poor man, he will give liberally for the support of the Gospel, and for the house of God, and for missions. He gives from principle, cheerfully. But then his money must be expended precisely according to his plan, or there will be trouble in the church and society. If others decline to give according to their means, he would, if possible, force them to do it. He is a man of power, and he knows it, and will make others feel it. While the cause advances, he is hopeful, and zealous, and useful.

He is industrious and fond of business, always ready for a new enterprise. He will rise early and work late, if he can only at once see the visible effects of his labor. He is extremely impatient if he can't see energetic action in the Church.

He is very ingenious, able to construct machinery, and almost any kind of building, from a vessel to a dwelling-house. It is said he can build a church and seat it, and, with a little aid, organize the body to occupy it, and feels confident that

if he could hire a minister of the right kind he could run the whole machine. He has a plan for carrying on everything of this kind, and feels sure of success if others would only fall in with him, and lend him their aid. He thinks that if we only put the machine in order, and then apply the power, we shall inevitably obtain the result. He does not deny the influences of the Spirit, but says it is promised, and he would vigorously apply the means to secure a revival at once. If the iron is blunt, he would put forth more strength. If the iron is too cold and hard to be shaped, he would smite it till it gets heated.

His peculiarities are prominent, and he seems proud of them, and nurses them so that they grow with his age, become more apparent and unyielding. Though younger than his pastor in age and in his religious life, he imagines he has vastly more experience. He reasons as if a man of education and reading cannot be a man of observation and experience. In his opinion, his own experience is worth more than the experience of all his brethren.

He has one habit which I have been sorry to notice in some preachers. It is a habit of fretting and finding fault with the coldness and carelessness of the Church, when the cold and careless ones that need the rebuke are mostly absent. Why is it that some preachers are so pleasing and laudatory in fair weather, when the house is filled with worldly professors and impenitent hearers, and on the next stormy Sabbath (when the worldlings, self-satisfied, are at home) pour out the vials of their censure on the few faithful ones that have denied themselves and exposed themselves to get to the house of God?

Though getting old, the Deacon is fond of new things. He is opposed to a permanent ministry, and believes in evangelists and stated supplies. He believes the world is going faster, and if we would keep up with the times, we must often get fresh hands, and use engines operating upon the high-pressure principle. He would put the Ark of the Lord

in a new cart, and propel it by locomotives of the highest power constructed with the last improvements. His oddities and eccentricities render him unpopular, and some say there is a streak of monomania in his mind; but others affirm that "there is method in his madness," and adduce facts to prove it.

His poverty will doubtless follow him through life; for he is so enamored of the credit system, that he has no sooner paid *one* debt than he contracts two more if he can. The hardest charges against him respect his pecuniary affairs. He has a horror of that text, "Owe no man anything"; and I hardly know how he could endure a faithful sermon on that text. Of course, his earnest prayers and generous contributions are by many counted of little value.

How sad is the fact that many religious men of talent, energy, and influence will, by such means, paralyze their moral powers and destroy their usefulness!

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I 'm bound for heaven; and, when I 'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back.
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray;
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat:
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Doctor Watts, with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And Hymns as many, — a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you 'll see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I 'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You 're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I 'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left, — his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down:
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And, concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You 're in the old way, and I 'm in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true";
Or, "I 'm in the old way, and you 're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked, and meek;
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'O, let the women keep silence all'?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met:
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side, —
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES.

SO essential to spiritual life is the faith which they cherish, that it is important for Christians to familiarize themselves with lucid statements of the cardinal truths of our religion. It were well for the members of our churches habitually to study their creeds. And we would commend to our readers, for contemplative perusal, the following formula of Christian doctrine, which happily expresses those great principles of the faith once delivered to the saints which it has ever been the object of the "Congregationalist" to maintain and defend: —

"We believe that there is but one God, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the Universe; a Being of perfect and adorable attributes.

"That the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration of God, and are the only perfect and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

"That the Godhead is revealed in the Scriptures as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that these three, equal in all divine attributes, are one God.

"That God's eternal purposes respect all actual events; that in forming and executing them, he takes counsel only of himself, and that the principles and administration of his government are holy, just, and good.

"That man was originally holy; but that, by sinning against God, he fell from that state, and that, in consequence of the fall, all mankind are by nature entirely destitute of holiness, and disposed to sin.

"That Jesus Christ, by his humiliation, sufferings, and death, has made an atonement sufficient for the redemption of all mankind; and that pardon and eternal life are, through him, freely offered to all.

"That repentance and faith in Christ are the only con-

ditions on which any can avail themselves of the offers thus graciously made; and that all, while left to themselves, do refuse to comply with these conditions.

"That the Holy Spirit, by his regenerating energies, doth influence some to comply with these conditions; and that those whom he renews are 'kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.'

"We believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in a day of judgment; when all mankind are to receive a sentence of retribution, according to what they have done; and that the righteous will then enter into life, and the wicked will go away into punishment, both of which will be without end.

"Moreover, we believe that in this world the Lord Jesus Christ has a visible Church, the terms of admission to which are a public profession of faith in Christ, sustained by credible evidence. That Baptism and the Lord's Supper are ordinances to be observed in the Church to the end of the world; that none but members of the visible Church, in regular standing, should partake of the Lord's Supper, and that only they and their households are proper subjects for the ordinance of Baptism."

THE END.

Cambridge: Stereotyped and Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

The Congregationalist.

A FAMILY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

Price, $2.50 per annum, in advance.

THE high degree of popularity and prosperity which THE CONGREGATIONALIST has attained prove that it is meeting most acceptably the demand for a *family religious newspaper* which shall be worthy the patronage of a discriminating public. It has long been indorsed as ABLE in its editorials; SOUND in "the faith once delivered to the saints"; CONSERVATIVE in holding fast that which is good; PROGRESSIVE in all that pertains to man's social, moral, and religious improvement; EARNEST in its support of the just and true on all subjects of popular interest; and in all spiritual things "not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God."

THE CONGREGATIONALIST is a true exponent of sound Congregationalism; and, adhering strictly to the religious faith of the Pilgrim Fathers as modified by Edwards and his school, its constant endeavor is to retain all that is good in the past, secure and use all that is true in the present, and, so far as is possible, throw a sound influence upon the future. A strong editorial corps, a long list of able contributors, and a liberal expenditure of money wherever and whenever the value and interest of the paper can be promoted, justify the publishers in their belief that THE CONGREGATIONALIST has in the future a career of even greater prosperity than has so emphatically characterized its history in the past. The paper is made up with a careful regard to the

Various Wants and Tastes of the Reading Public, and especially of the Family Circle.

Not satisfied with able and scholarly articles alone, it is the constant endeavor to furnish a fair proportion of lighter and easier religious reading for those for whom abstract metaphysical, ecclesiastical, or theological discussions have few attractions, however valuable they may be to others.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

discusses promptly and impartially subjects of importance to the religious and reading public.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

is believed to be more fully and carefully presented than in any other paper in the country, — a feature of great importance to Congregational clergymen.

SECULAR INTELLIGENCE

is given in a connected, racy style, and the Summary of Weekly News has long been a very popular characteristic of the paper, sufficiently comprehensive to preclude the necessity of any other journal for those whose means are limited.

THE LITERARY REVIEW

gives from week to week a discriminating treatment of all new books, and is intended to be a truthful representation of what is transpiring in the literary world. The old form of Book Notices has been discarded, and in the manner now adopted, which has proved very acceptable, greater freedom is gained, and a juster view of current literature presented.

THE SELECTED ARTICLES

are gathered with great care, and are designed to include the most useful and entertaining reading to be found in American and English papers, periodicals, and books.

THE JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

has always been a great success; and our articles for the "young folks" are read with eagerness, and widely copied.

THE POETRY

of THE CONGREGATIONALIST merits the name, and the selections and the original contributions are always worthy of careful reading. As to

CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS,

it is confidently believed that THE CONGREGATIONALIST has no superior among the religious journals of the country. In intimate relations with pastors and churches, and in sympathy with all that is wise and good in this progressive age, the Publishers intend that their paper shall keep parallel with all the great movements of the day, and do its part earnestly and fearlessly.

IN POLITICAL MATTERS,

THE CONGREGATIONALIST advocates EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL MEN, and, in accord with the sentiments of all loyal Christian citizens, will continue "to fight it out on this line."

We ask attention to the articles in this volume as a fair specimen of what may be expected from week to week in the columns of THE CONGREGATIONALIST, both as regards variety and ability, while the list of names in the Table of Contents will show that our contributors comprise many of the ablest thinkers and writers in the denomination. In short,

HOUSEHOLD READING

will speak more for the general character of the articles in our paper than any detailed description we might give. THE CONGREGATIONALIST will preserve the same characteristic features which have secured its present prosperity and popularity, while the Proprietors and the Editors will give their undivided energies to make it still more deserving the patronage of the religious public.

GALEN JAMES & CO., Publishers,
15 Cornhill, Boston.

GALEN JAMES,
C. A. RICHARDSON,
W. L. GREENE.



GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall.

DATE DUE

MAR 15 2005

Demco, Inc. 38-293